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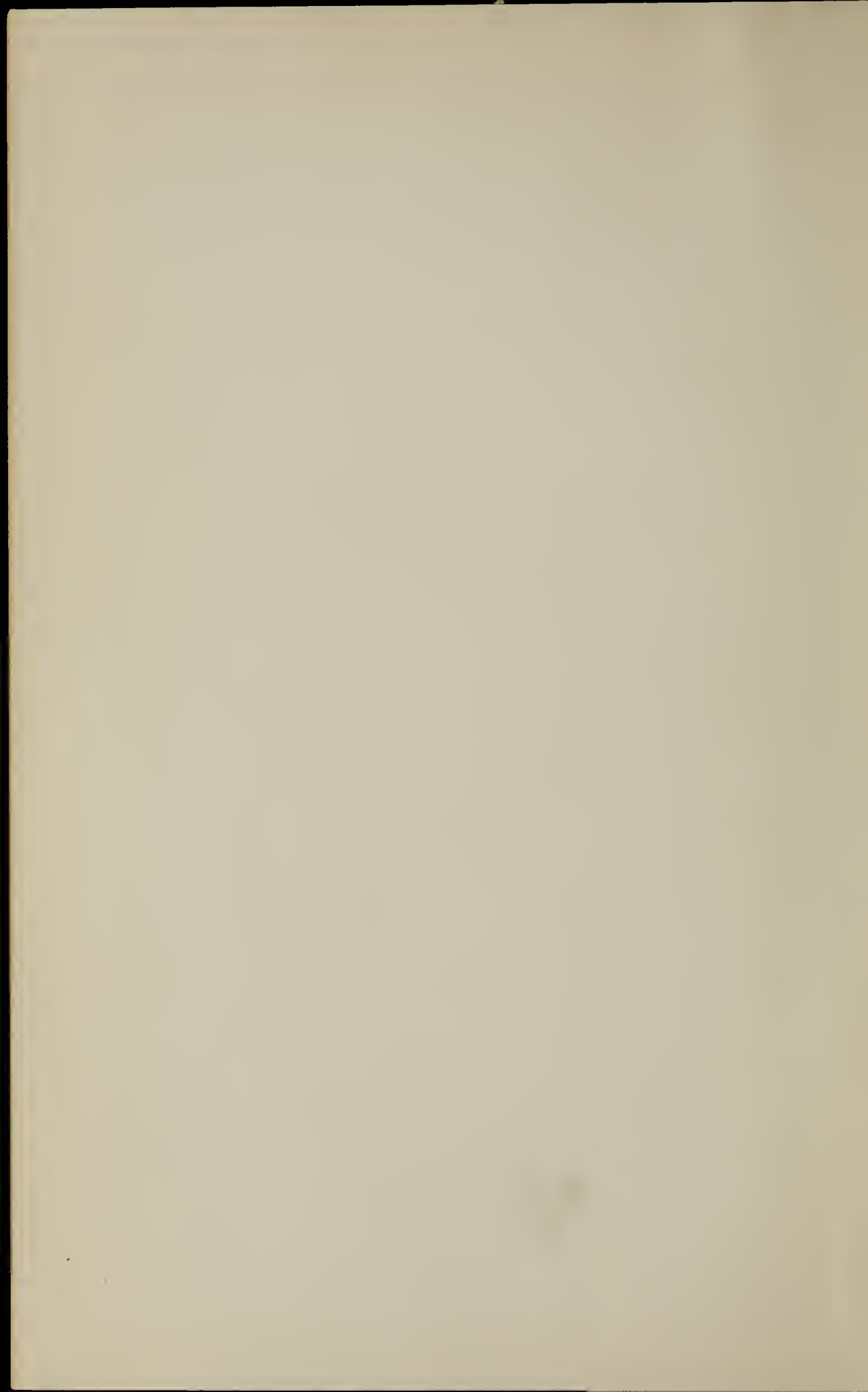
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Manchester on the Merrimack



MANCHESTER
ON THE
MERRIMACK
THE STORY OF A CITY

BY
GRACE HOLBROOK BLOOD



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, II

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Manchester, New Hampshire

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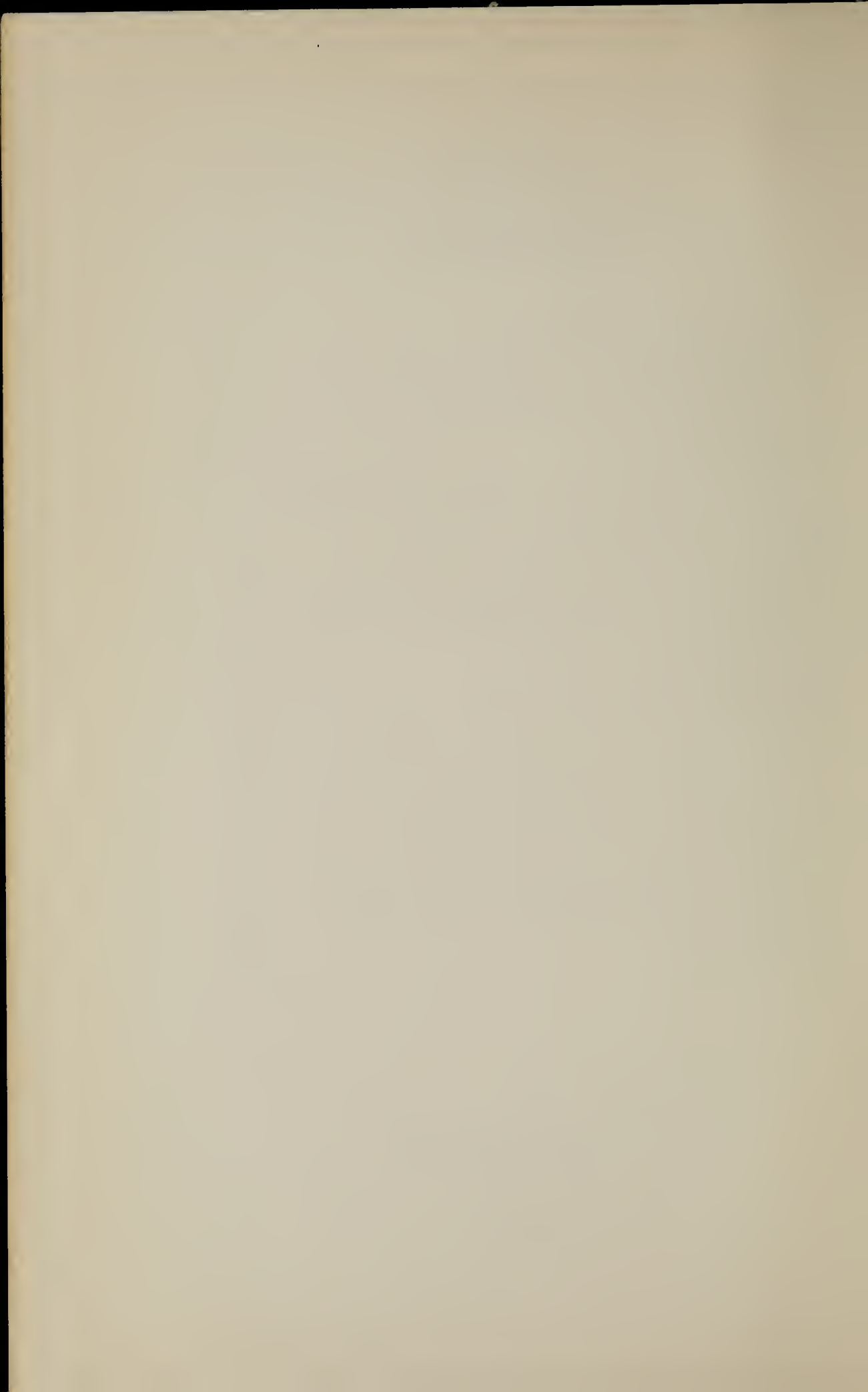
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Gratefully dedicated to the memory of Fred W. Lamb whose careful researches in Manchester history furnished the foundations and the framework for this story of a city. Long director of the Manchester Historical Association he was for many years the vital link between the community's past and present, opening the dusty doors of yesterday that the light of today might touch to living the events and people of by-gone years. His devoted service to the city he loved lives within these pages.

"It is a cheated life that cannot discover unexpected things in the past. It is a poor house that has room only for the present."

John Mason Brown

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The task of acknowledging my indebtedness to others would be a joyful one but for the fact that the list becomes too long for inclusion within reasonable limits. To all those friends whose oft-repeated "How's the book coming?" has given me courage at critical moments I wish to voice my sincerest gratitude. Their interest was a form of cooperation more effective, perhaps, than they realized.

To Mary Carpenter Manning, above all others, goes the deepest gratitude of my heart for help and inspiration not to be compassed within words. She is the origin of this book and she has been its sustaining power. From foreword to finis these pages are for her.

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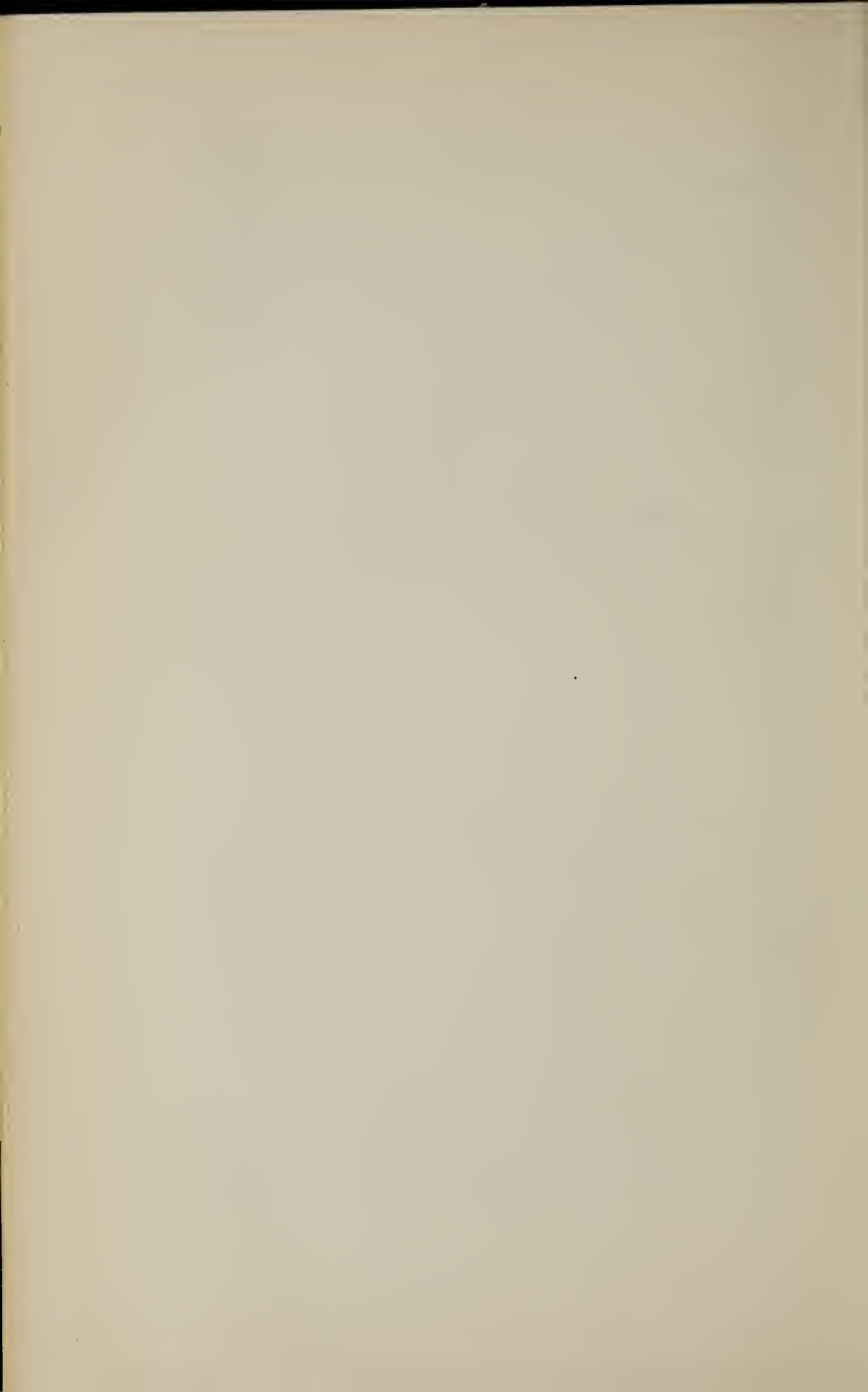
My gratitude goes out to Caroline B. Clement, Librarian of the Carpenter Memorial Library, and to her willing and efficient staff. Especially am I grateful to Mrs. George M. Kibbee, of the historical department, whose enthusiastic cooperation has never flagged in the long months when I haunted her domain with questions and queries for which she always supplied the answer.

I am most appreciative of the interest and kindness shown by the publisher, Lew A. Cummings, whose craftsmanship in the making of the book has been a source of confidence. And I would thank William P. Goodman, of

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Finally, I wish to express the sincerest thanks to Elsie Daniels Fairbanks, former chairman of the department of history in Manchester Central High School, who many years ago handed me the key to history and taught me how to unlock the door of its glowing visions.

Grace Hallbrook Blood.



MANCHESTER ON THE MERRIMACK

Foreword

What is history but a record of the flow of time?

After the important work of assembling events and dates, what is the fundamental function of the historian but to strive to catch the meaning of the swiftly-moving current of the years—not merely to note what was borne along the surface, but to take careful soundings of the undercurrents and to consider the question, Whither? In other words, dates and names and happenings are important chiefly because of their lasting significance, whether in the case of an individual, a city, or the world. The biography



UP STATE ON THE PEMIGEWASSET

Foreword

of any man is a sterile, husk-like thing if all that it accomplishes is the presentation of a series of word-pictures of that man walking through the years of his living, without interpreting the spirit that gave that living purpose and meaning. For after all interpretation is the key that unlocks doors. And the essential significance of every thing in every age has been a fleeting thought about that thing caught and held briefly in the heart of the beholder.

So, in assembling the remembered and recorded events comprising the history of Manchester, the author has tried first for accuracy, and then for a sustained awareness of the spirit that *is* Manchester, moving always beneath the outer seeming. Sometimes that spirit has spoken with power and confidence; sometimes it has subsided to a whisper; sometimes it has been almost submerged under the chaos and confusion of the world about it. But never has it been lost. Surviving everything, it has lived on, conditioned by the minds and hearts of men and women who have contributed time and toil, wealth and wisdom, ideas and ideals, to the development of the city. It has lived on, symbolized by the river flowing through its deep channel from north to south—seeking, questing, as a river always does.

Thus "Manchester On The Merrimack" becomes an explanatory, indeed an inevitable title for the tracing of our city's history. For

Foreword

without this "silver river", "river of broken waters", "stream of the mountains", as it was called by the Indians, the Manchester that we know never could have existed. From the period when the red men proclaimed "Namoskeag" the high place for fish down to the realization of Samuel Blodget's dream, and on into this era of Amoskeag's diversified industries, the city and the river have been one.

"And away flows the river,
But whither, who knows?"

And whither our city? Never were the implications of that question more portentous than today, when the miracle of the split atom has placed in the hands of men such limitless power. In common with the rest of the world, we share the terrifying sense of insecurity which the knowledge of that unleashed power has wrought in the human heart; we share too the responsibility for checking and directing its course. It would seem that the times demanded a further miracle, one in the realm of the spirit. Around the turn of the century, Dr. Burton W. Lockhart, long-beloved pastor of the Franklin Street Church, warned his congregation in one of his sermons that the mind of man was dangerously outstripping his soul. It may well be that only by heeding those words spoken by a man of vision can we find any hopeful answer to the interrogation, Whither our city?





SOURCES OF THE MERRIMACK—THE SMITH RIVER

Nature and the Past

It was the New England philosopher, Emerson, who wrote these words: "The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind of the scholar is that of nature. The next great influence is the past."

Here in the Merrimack Valley, here within the thirty-four square miles of the humming, industrial city of Manchester grown so miraculously from a straggling hamlet, we have nature and the past merging, blending, coming together in an integrated whole that is our heri-

Manchester on the Merrimack

tage. It is unquestionably true that distance both in time and space does lend enchantment. Strange places far away and times shadowy in the mist of long ago possess a peculiarly potent charm. But we do not need to go far afield to be aware of Emerson's two great influences. Here in our midst nature offers lavish gifts to those who will take them, and the past speaks plainly and significantly to those who have ears to hear.

To begin with, Manchester's position geographically is unique. She is the only city on the continent set squarely and exactly on the forty-third degree of latitude. The line runs between Harrison and Brook Streets, and its effects are very real. Butterflies and insects at home around Dorr's Pond never get as far beyond that invisible line as South Manchester, and both animal and vegetable life native to the vicinity just south of the city are not found northward.

Then there is the river. The consideration of rivers, *a* river, *any* river, is always a rewarding experience, because rivers have innumerable facets for reflecting life. Materially, they are inextricably bound up with the destiny of mankind. It would seem that they attract human beings like lodestones, to so great degree have they determined the

Nature and the Past

history and development of the race. Some tale or legend of a distant river has always lured the explorer on to tempt his fate farther and farther in the wilderness. Primitive settlements and sprawling cities alike have played their dramatic parts on river banks. Commerce has plied up and down, with and against their currents, and their mighty power has been harnessed to machinery and made to furnish the driving force for progress. So, in following the course of a river we are very often following the history of a cross-section of the race. Emphatically is this the case with the Merrimack in its relationship to our city and its people.

Captain John Smith may be honored as the discoverer of New Hampshire, but to a French explorer by the name of Samuel de Champlain belongs the credit for having discovered the Merrimack during the summer of 1605. Along with the credit for discovery should go a few words of genuine appreciation of the merits of a man so richly endowed with the qualities that make a really great explorer. In him courage, persistence of purpose, passion for adventure, were all happily combined with a high degree of physical endurance. Surely here was a man well fitted to play a major role in the drama of opening up a new continent.

Manchester on the Merrimack

The story goes that under the direction of his patron, Pierre du Gast, Sieur de Monts, he was exploring the coast of New England that summer, and that when he entered the harbor at the mouth of the Piscataqua and he was about opposite the Isles of Shoals, he caught sight of natives on the nearby mainland. Approaching them with gifts, he inquired about the territory bordering on his course. They told him of a bay into which flowed "a great and beautiful river", and thus he sailed on and discovered the mouth of the Merrimack River and Plum Island.

Some time before this, however, the existence of the Merrimack was known even to Europeans and was identified by its present name. The historian, Potter, tells us that Merrimack means "a place of strong current", from mer-roh—strong and awke—place. But back in those shadowy days of dawning American history, it had many picturesque designations. The Indians described it variously in their inimitably lovely and brief phrases, as "bright, rapid water", "the water that comes from the high place", "the beautiful river with the pebbly bottom." Savages they were, these simple children of the forests, but in these musical names they used for mountains and streams, they left behind them enduring proof

Nature and the Past

that the bright thread of poetry ran through the dark texture of their spirits.

That descriptive phrase, "the water that comes from the high place", suggests the questions, where and how? Where does the river rise, and how does it find its way to the sea? A lad up in Franklin, in response to a question posed in a geography class, is said to have answered promptly, "The Merrimack River rises behind Mr. Daniel's barn." Very likely he may have been right. At any rate, it is at Franklin that two streams—the Winnepesaukee and the Pemigewasset—meet to form the Merrimack. And thus joined and renamed they flow on as one unit southward and finally sharply eastward to lose themselves in the Atlantic. The Winnepesaukee branch has its source in the lake of that name and is much the shorter of the two tributaries. By far the longer and more important contributing stream is the Pemigewasset, whose name signifies "the crooked mountain-pine place", and this river having its source far north in the famous Willey Mountain, six thousand feet above sea-level, flows southward through some of the most austere beautiful regions to be found anywhere in the United States.

"Nature and the past": here where the Merrimack has its origin surely they are beauti-

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fully and significantly blended. Geologists tell us that Mount Washington is very likely the oldest bit of land on the continent. Hence the sparkling water flowing "from the high place" may be the very earliest to find its way down through rocks and forests, blazing a trail as it were for a river destined eons later to be harnessed by civilization and to furnish the driving force for modern progress. It is well for us children of this mad and feverish twentieth century to pause a moment in the presence of these probabilities and consider the methods of time, so wise and so old, which works with such unhurried patience and accomplishes its purposes with such unerring precision. These far-off beginnings of things-familiar may well "influence the mind", as Emerson put it, but how many of us have stopped really to see or to ponder on the sublimity and the grandeur of this up-state country from whence our river flows? Have we ever nourished our spirits on the lessons and the underlying meanings to be found there, or given ourselves even briefly to the sense of wonder and mystery they evoke? Sometimes it would seem that this capacity for wonder, so patent in the faces of children, is of all qualities the most worthy of preservation in adults. Because without wonder there can

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be no worship, and without worship the spirit of man is lost.

While giving first place to the consideration of the river, we must not fail in due attention to other familiar features that are part of the warp and woof of Manchester's history. There is the Piscataquog, a large tributary to the Merrimack, flowing through the western portion of the city, with its two branches rising in Weare and Henniker and in Frankestown respectively. And there is Massabesic Lake, lying four miles east of the City Hall, which since 1874 has furnished the water supply for the city. It is a picturesque and lovely sheet of water, divided into two parts by a slender stream called Deer Neck, and having as its outlet the clear trickle of Cohas Brook. Then there are the Uncanoonuc Mountains over to the west, not actually within city limits, but seeming nevertheless to stand as guardians of its welfare. They too are part of us.

As the river symbolizes the questing spirit, so the mountains in their changelessness draw our attention to the unalterable and eternal verities without which as a foundation no civilization can survive. A river stimulates; mountains rest and restore. It is interesting to speculate as to what these mountains, so readily visible from our busy main street, may have

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meant in the way of courage and confidence to generations of Manchester folk. Another familiar and important landmark is Rock Rimmon, a ledge rising from the high plateau west of the Merrimack, and of interest alike to the student of Indian lore and of geology. Without doubt, it indicates the original height of the whole Merrimack valley. Through uncounted centuries, the softer portions of the surrounding territory have worn down to their present elevations, leaving this ancient rock and its sister, Hooksett Pinnacle, still withstanding the erosive effects of time. It is rather interesting to note that the author of a geological work published in Germany many years ago referred to these two phenomena. Thus does the familiar and the often-ignored gain distinction by foreign recognition.

It is indisputable that of all the natural features around Manchester, except of course the river as a whole, Amoskeag Falls is of foremost importance. From the standpoint of both "nature and the past" they are distinctive, and they weave in and out of our local history continuously, always a source of story and legend and also of material power.

Amoskeag originally was written Namoskeag, and there are varying explanations concerning its derivation, the most plausible being

Nature and the Past

that it is compounded of Namaos, "small fish" and "kiig", to take. Hence it may be translated loosely as "one takes small fish". The name so aptly applied by the Indians emphasizes a phase in the history of the Merrimack that we moderns are inclined to slight. In the days of the red man and even much later, this river and its tributaries and neighboring brooks fairly swarmed with fish: salmon, shad, alewives, eels. They were so abundant that they were used not only for food but as fertilizer for corn. It is good exercise for the imagination to try reconstructing the periodic scenes of activity around the falls during the fishing seasons down through the years: the watchfires by night; the pushing, jostling, milling crowds; the excited shouting as the inevitable disagreements occurred—"pandemonium let loose". It is easy to paint the picture in our minds, first of the Indians, and later of the white men, both lured to the spot by the practical consideration that has called humanity always: the never-ending need for food. But neither race ignored the breathtaking beauty and magnificence of the falls. The Indian in his own simple, primitive fashion payed tribute to it, and the transplanted European was so awed as to refer to the "terror" of this wildly-rushing water, pouring with such reckless and

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relentless power over its rocky ledges. Cotton Mather himself even went a step farther, describing the turbulent phenomenon as "the hideous falls of Merrimack River".

But Cotton Mather was interested also in another of the curiosities of this primitive region: the famous pot-holes. In a magazine article published by the Philosophical Transactions of London, he wrote: "At a place called Ammuskeag, a little above the hideous Falls of Merrimack River, there is a high rock in the midst of the stream, on the top of which are a great number of pits made exactly round like barrels or hogsheads of different capacities, some so large as to hold several tons. The natives knew nothing of the time they were made, but the neighboring Indians have been wont to hide their provisions in them in wars with the Maquas."

Of course "the natives knew nothing of the time they were made." Not yet had they learned the ways of patient time. Countless ages ago, in a period of high water, smaller rocks were swept down the river by the flood currents and lodged in small, uneven places on top of larger boulders. Whirled around year after year by the endless rush of water, they cut their way gradually into their resting places, until finally these cavities worn smooth by

Nature and the Past

friction appeared and took the obviously appropriate name of pot-holes. It is regrettable that in the process of building the present dam, these interesting relics of past ages were either blasted away or submerged under the rushing water.

There are other tangible reminders of the days when the Indian found happy hunting grounds in the vicinity, relics such as spear heads, arrow points, gouges, and until recent years when the collector has combed the land so thoroughly, rude pottery dishes. Especially is this true of the two small islands immediately to the south of the Falls, known as Grand and Fishing Islands. Mr. Harlan Marshall of Manchester has a most interesting collection of these long-buried relics and is an authority on the traditions and customs of this race, the pattern of whose living is all but lost in oblivion. The whole region is also rich in lore and legend, and in spite of the emergence of the allegedly ruthless industrial age, it still retains its scenic loveliness and its power to stir the imagination. Truly "nature and the past" around the famous old Falls are yet vivid realities.

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Three souls shall meet in our gracious river,
The soul of the mountains, stanch and free,
The soul of the Indian "Lake of the Spirit",
And the infinite soul of the shining sea.

One hath its birth by the granite mountain,
Where a mighty face looks out alone,
Across the world and adown the ages,
Like the face of the Christ in the living stone.

One flows from the water of Winnepesaukee,
Bearing ever where it may glide,
As the Indians named that beautiful water,
"The smile of the Spirit" upon its tide.

And the soul of the sea is at Little Harbor
Or Strawberry Bank of the olden time,
Where first DeMonts and his dreaming voyageurs
Sailed in quest of a golden clime.

Unchanged and changeless flows the river,
But blended now with its ceaseless chime
Is the rhythmic beating of mighty hammers,
And a hum like the bees in summer time.

But the hum of the looms and the clank of the hammers
Will hush to the chime of the Sabbath bells,
While the soul of the stream from the Lake of the Spirit
The story of Eliot's Master tells.

The years flow on like the flowing river,
With peaceful eddies and daring falls,
But if ever the life of the state is perilled,
If duty summons or country calls,

The soul of the hills and the stream will waken
As it woke in the ancient minute-men,
And the hearts of the sons like the hearts of the fathers
Will bleed for their country's life again.

From "At the Falls of Namoskeag" by Allen Eastman Cross.



INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE BLUFF OVER AMOSKEAG FALLS

War-Whoops and Wigwams

For the sake of convenience, it is well to divide the history of Manchester into three distinct periods: first, that of Indian occupancy, sometimes referred to as the Stone Age; second, that of the early white settlements—the pioneering period; and third, that of industrial expansion and development into a modern city. There can be only approximate and overlapping dates as fences around these divisions, for history never lends itself readily to confinement in neat little garden-plots, with tags on

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every shrub and flower. Broadly speaking, however, we may say that the first period includes all between the dawn of recognizable New England history and around 1725, when the greater portion of the Merrimack Valley Indians, reduced by smallpox and by war, had abandoned their homes along the river bank and fled to Canada, where they joined the St. Francis tribe. The years from 1725 to 1807, when Judge Blodget completed his famous canal, may be defined as the pioneer period. And the time from 1807 to the present fairly deserves the descriptive title of years of industrial expansion.

In attempting to record the annals of the red man, quite inevitably we run into romance, fascinating and colorful tales about these simple, childlike, but paradoxically savage tribes of a vanished race. It is wise to accept these stories as a feature of our heritage, and to concede to the Indian his part in our early history. Whatever else he may or may not have done, he painted a picturesque backdrop for the somewhat austere scenes of the period that was to follow. He touched our landscape with the loveliness of memorable names, and he exhibited again and again in his character patterns of conduct worthy of paleface emulation—gen-

War-Whoops and Wigwams

erosity, hospitality, simple gratitude and heroic courage.

Through the mists of lore and legend some bits of data do emerge as authoritative. We know that at the beginning of the white man's exploration, our Merrimack Valley and nearby portions of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and southern Maine were occupied by members of the strong Pennacook confederacy, a sub-division of the Algonquin tribe, and that the two most important seats of this branch were at Pennacook and Amoskeag Falls. The Pennacooks were constantly exposed to the hostility of enemy tribes, and many and violent were the battles fought all along the river, battles where valor and courage and endurance were as glorious as the bearing of the heroes of the ancient world. Indeed one author called this region "the Thessaly of olden New England". Equipped with a vigorous imagination, even today one may fancy faint echoes of the blood-curdling war-whoops, heard above the roar of a plane overhead or the hoarse notes of a Diesel-engined streamliner gliding up the valley.

Or again, one may stand on the new Amoskeag Bridge at the falls, and closing his senses to the proofs of modern progress literally beneath his very feet, reconstruct a picture of

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that long-ago past when the proud Pennacooks held sway, and all along the river banks were their clearings and their cultivated fields. For the pursuits of this tribe included more than fishing and warfare. It embraced a rude form of agriculture, especially corn production. An Indian village of that day, occupying three or four acres, was a picturesque bit of scenery. The wigwams pitched closely together and arranged around a center left open for the performance of village games and ceremonies, were constructed of saplings set firmly in the ground, bent together, fastened at the top, and covered with bark or mats. It would seem that they could have afforded only a very inadequate degree of protection against the bitter New England winters, but they were snug and dry. Furthermore, constantly-blazing fires were alight in the center of each hut, which was provided with a hole in the roof to permit the passage of smoke. These wigwams were furnished with low, raised bunks, covered with skins or boughs, and around the walls were the woven baskets used to hold corn, the stone household utensils and the bark pails, all standard equipment for the dark-skinned housewife who doubtless moved among them with a pride similar to that of her twentieth-century sister in her all-electric kitchen.

War-Whoops and Wigwams

The typical Indian brave did not condescend to any share in domestic duties. Warfare was his proud profession, and except when engaged in fighting or in the subsidiary business of hunting or fishing, he spent most of his time in indolent ease, gorging himself with food if it chanced to be plentiful, and amusing himself in field sports or in gambling games, for which he used rushes or brightly-painted pebbles. All the drudgery, except that involved in the cultivation of tobacco, was left to the women, who tilled and cured and cooked and wove, growing old before their time with the hardships of their living. One may picture them, deprived of all feminine grace beyond their brief girlhood, squat, clumsy and unlovely, toiling at their crude farming or bent like Shakespeare's witches over the steaming caldrons of their famous stews, concoctions of every available kind of flesh, fish and vegetable, boiled together and thickened with powdered nuts. The imagined flavor and consistency fails of appeal to the modern palate of a paleface, but two other favorite Indian dishes were adopted by white settlers and appear in modified versions on our tables today: corn mush or samp, and succotash.

The respect of the Indian for nature was instinctive, wondering and unlimited. He had

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no wish to meddle with its varied manifestations but chose rather to adapt himself to conditions as he found them. This attitude would seem to be the very foundation of his religious belief. Everything had its spirit, the deep woods, the waterfall, fire, cold, the tempest. And this spirit must be treated with due consideration. Then, too, the gods of the average Indian were not moral preceptors, but rather dispensers of good or evil fortune, and he was at pains to regard and appease those that could inflict ill upon him. Believing thus, the red man was not a ready convert to Christianity, and only with difficulty could he comprehend the essential elements of the white man's faith. Due to the zeal of white missionaries, however, there came to be a goodly number of "praying Indians"; and even before their conversion they did, in a vague fashion, pay tribute to one Supreme Being, "Kichtou Manitou", offering thanks to him for plenty, for victory in battle, and for various benefits. John Eliot was the outstanding and highly successful missionary to the Indians in New England. Tradition has it that he came by invitation of Passaconaway, the great chief, and preached a sermon at Amoskeag Falls, but unfortunately the story cannot be verified.

War-Whoops and Wigwams

Passaconaway, whose name signified "Child of the Bear", was the sachem and the hero of the Pennacook Indians. For many years, in peace and in war, he led the tribe, and well did he deserve the prominence and the authority accorded to him. For he possessed a rare combination of qualities: valor and ability as a warrior and vision and wisdom as a statesman. It appears also that he was not averse to working on the credulity of his people by performing supernatural wonders. It was reported that he could restore fresh green color to a dry leaf, that he could handle the deadly rattlesnake without harm, that he could cause water to burn and then transform it to ice. The day of the circus juggler was on the far-off wave of the future, but it may be that Passaconaway was a herald.

It is not as a panderer to superstition that he is remembered, however, but as the wise leader who preferred peace to war and who sought to preserve friendly relations with the white men who, he seemed to recognize, would inevitably conquer and perhaps replace his people. During the warm summer seasons, Passaconaway occupied Sewall's Island, just above the present city of Concord, but his year-round residence was on the bluff to the east of the Amoskeag Falls, on the site of the home of the

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late ex-governor Smyth, familiarly known as "The Willows". It is a location well suited for royal residence, commanding as it does a view up and down the Merrimack and off toward the Uncanoonucs in the west. At some period in his life, Passaconaway accepted the Christian religion, and one may wonder if, following the beautifully-expressed words of the psalmist, he also drew comfort and inspiration by lifting up his eyes to these very hills that still stand for us today as symbols of things imperishable.

There is a story concerning the final days and the passing of this grand old chief of the Pennacooks, a story that may be legendary in detail, but nevertheless is well worthy of preservation both for its beauty and its spiritual overtones. We are told that when he was very old and worn with the heavy cares of his position, he determined to give over his high place to his son, Wonalancet, and that with this thought in mind he called together the warriors and chiefs of the confederacy and delivered to them a parting speech. The meeting place was somewhere in the vicinity of the falls, and we may be sure there was drama in that farewell, spoken with the roar of the falling waters in the background.

After reviewing the achievements of his long years of leadership, he went on without bitter-

War-Whoops and Wigwams

ness or rancor to speak of the coming of the pale-faces. "Like the budding leaves of spring," he said, "they come in great numbers." And they would continue to come, he warned, as he closed his speech with a plea for peace. "Tell your people peace, peace is the only hope of your race," he repeated with all the fervor of his conviction and the sureness of his vision. He lived on, though inactive, a short while after this. Then, the story tells us, he went one day to Massabesic Lake, pushed quietly away from its western shore in his canoe, and glided silently along toward Loon Island, a place of poignant memories for him, since it had witnessed many an important pact in the days of his glory and power. Suddenly the placid sky was overcast with an enveloping black cloud, and in the cloud the old sachem knew was the presence of the Great Spirit, that invisible presence whose voice he had heard so often and whose leadings he had followed through long years. He rose in his canoe and lifted his arms toward the vision. Darkness spread over the landscape, darkness like that of night, and the usually quiet waters of Massabesic rose and fell in great waves. The air seemed filled with mystery and strangeness—but only briefly. In a few moments the cloud and the storm had passed, and with them had

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gone the old chieftain of the tribe of the Pennacooks.

Look out toward Loon Island in Massabesic Lake some day, and you may catch a glimpse of an encircling rainbow, like the one that followed Passaconaway's journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds. And perhaps too, sounding above the clamor of today, you may hear an echo of his final message to a people, bewildered as we are bewildered, with confused doubts concerning an unknown future: "Peace—peace is the only hope of your race."





ARCHIBALD STARK'S FORT (NUTT'S POND)

Surveys and Settlements

Following the course of events in the period bracketed for convenience by the dates 1689 and 1725, we observe a gradual blurring of the colorful pageantry of Indian occupancy in the Merrimack Valley.* Twilight tints make vague the pictures of bark canoes gliding up and down the river, of smouldering watch-fires on its banks, of swarthy warriors padding through its adjacent woodlands. The stage is being set for the white man to become chief actor in the drama of history. Civilization is catching up

1689—Date of the Cocheco incident. 1725—Date of "Lovewell's War".

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with the Merrimack. And what about the Indian, during this transition period? How did he fare in this shifting about of territory and of privilege in which he in his childlike ignorance played the part of a "minority group"?

Dr. Cyrus A. Wallace had something to say about this question, and he said it with force and eloquence in the course of a historical address delivered in 1851. He hammered home the fact that there had been pathos in the passing of the red men, pathos and more than a suggestion of injustice in the ruthless methods of their successors. He said, "It is sad to see a mighty people pass away, even though a nation more mighty may take their place. And a deeper sadness comes over us from the conviction that this was a much injured race, and though themselves guilty of cruelty, yet experiencing cruelty perhaps still greater from those who became possessors of the soil."

No one would presume to dispute the fundamental truth and justice of those words of "Father Wallace", spoken nearly a hundred years ago concerning events even then long past. They have the ring of a warning and a challenge, calling us to furnish proof that beyond a doubt our civilization is worthy of permanence and preservation. We are the "nation more mighty" that came and without a by-your-

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leave dispossessed "the savage". And yet, in the face of today's threatening and menacing disorder, and in the weird light still cast by two great wars within a generation—where is our boast?

The beginnings of paleface domination hereabouts were accompanied by confusion, and the foundations of our city were laid among difficulties. The early days were full of the futile controversies, the human errors and stupidities that always seem to put brakes on man's progress. History underscores the fact that man never slides forward: he has to climb, he has to dig his way. Perhaps it is because of this recurrent call for sturdiness of mind, body and soul that mankind may hope to emerge one day as a truly superior race. The record of these years is a bewildering story of grants and counter-grants, geographical misconceptions and faulty surveys, combines and separations. And when finally we read of the granting of the town charter of Derryfield in 1751, we feel like a spent traveler glimpsing daylight after a night pilgrimage through a tangled forest. It is difficult to obtain a thoroughly clear and authentic picture of those years. We can, however, get a bird's-eye view, and rest assured that it is highlighted by truth, even though there may be conflicting theories about the details.

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It is well to bear in mind that nearly all the permanent settlements in New Hampshire were preceded by quasi-settlements, and that the Merrimack valley of the transition period was peopled by nomadic wanderers roaming about in search of a place to fish, to hunt, to set their traps. A few, perhaps, were genuinely eager for home-sites, but it is probable that the majority were motivated by the spirit of adventure or of greed. One writer even uses the term desperadoes in referring to them. The wilderness was traversed by four well-defined trails leading from coastal points to the St. Lawrence country, and these main routes were connected by cross-country paths, one of which at least led to Amoskeag falls. Lines of traps ran between depots of supplies, and rough log cabins sprang up here and there to provide storage for furs. It was a hazardous existence they lived, these early white men of this turbulent time, and even though we may deplore the greed and the lack of ethics that characterized some of their transactions both with the Indians and among themselves, yet we may well salute them for the fortitude with which they met and conquered almost incredible obstacles.

And who were these frontiersmen who blazed the trail and paved the way for the future city around Amoskeag? And whence did

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they come? They were recruited from various sources. Some may have been sent out by the French companies in Canada. Others pushed their way up from Massachusetts, or across country from points east—Dover and Portsmouth. Seen through the haze of distance they furnish a picturesque page of history, beating their way through the wilderness, weighed down with their equipment—musket, hunting knife, powder horn and axe, with possibly a frying pan and a blanket for luxury. They had neither guide nor compass, they lived with danger and privation for daily companions and camped with only the most primitive shelter wherever night overtook them. These were the men who kept open the old Indian trails, who made note of mountains and lakes as landmarks, sometimes sketching rude maps on birch bark. *They were the forerunners.*

But in a day when settlements were springing up all over New England, it was not to be expected that the Merrimack valley in the vicinity of Amoskeag falls, long famed for its fishing, would remain a backwoods and a happy hunting ground only for the roaming explorer. With the progress of the era of grants and patents and colonizing companies, it was inevitable that men should seek permanent homes in such a favorable locale. But their purposes

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were not accomplished without setbacks and difficulties.

In the first place, there was the geographical misconception by which the Merrimack river was believed to flow from west to east, as it does along the last few miles of its course. The Massachusetts Bay Colony charter of 1629 rested on this false idea, and indeed the inaccuracy led to serious misunderstandings and was a source of dispute for two or three hundred years. Hunters and rangers had known for a long time that the river made a sharp turn at Dracut, and eventually the authorities among the Massachusetts Bay people began to wake up to the fact and to send out scouting expeditions to get at the facts. In 1638 they dispatched a "committee to find out the most northerly part of the Merrimack River". It was this expedition, or the one following the next year, that led, with very little doubt, to the first map of our river, drawn by one John Gardner, a youth from Salem. This map was found comparatively recently among the old papers of Essex county, a carefully-drawn, quaintly-spelled document, plotting the course of the river from "Winipisocke Pond" down to its mouth. It is almost certain that the map was the work of young John Gardner, and that he was a member of the 1638 or 1639 party which fixed the

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northern boundary line at a big pine tree standing three miles north of the junction of the Winnepesaukee and the Pemigewasset rivers.

The expedition of which young Gardner was a member started out in the fall of the year, and it is interesting to picture the courageous little band of explorers blazing their northward trail at the season when New England air begins to sharpen and frosts are prophesying of bitter cold to come. Up through what is now Hooksett, Pennacook, Concord, Franklin, they forged ahead through the unknown, toward the unknown, traversing a region beset with dangers, that knowledge might be served. Richly do they deserve the tribute of our admiration. Later, in 1652, another survey of the Merrimack was undertaken by Captain Willard and Captain Johnson, and the historian Potter tells us that "a rock in the bed of the river at the outlet of the lake was established as the head of the Merrimack". Upon this rock was cut the inscription which, deciphered, reads: "Edward Johnson, Simon Willard, Worshipful John Endicott, Governor." Thus we understand the origin of the famous Endicott Rock, preserved today and aptly marked by the figure of an Indian.

But misconceptions concerning the course of the Merrimack were not the only sources of

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confusion in the early days. Surveys were inaccurate, and grants to and by competing parties in some cases covered identical territory. Thus certain land around the highly desirable Amoskeag falls came to bear the name of "debatable ground". There were settlers from Londonderry who based their claims on the ancient Wheelwright purchase of land from the Indians. There were ambitious men from Massachusetts. There were survivors of the famous Tyng expedition who had received grants as a reward for their hazardous sortie against the Indians, an incident of Queen Anne's War. Then too we must not forget the remnants of roving hunters, trappers and fishermen, some of whom probably in common with all these other claimants had hopes of establishing permanent homes around Amoskeag falls.

We may imagine the sense of impermanence, of insecurity, that accompanied these early settlements. It seems to have been a period of watchful waiting, with every man cocking a suspicious eye at his neighbor and looking for a chance to drive his own claims more firmly and his roots more deeply. A fact-finding visitor from Mars might have been dubious concerning the probability of any stable community ever emerging from the prevailing confusion. In the general uncertainty about bound-

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ary lines, fences were far from being the universal custom, and the distinctions between mine and thine must have been difficult to establish in many cases. One writer tells us that cattle and hogs careened about according to their own sweet will and it was not unusual for an owner to turn his cows out to pasture in Haverhill and discover them a few days later in Hooksett.

These "early settlement" days saw various names identifying the community that later was to become Manchester: Tyngstown, Old Harrytown, Harrytown and Derryfield. It was in 1719 that Londonderry was settled by a group of Scotch-Irish people who for a time called their community Nutfield, because of the profusion of chestnut trees in the vicinity. These Londonderry pioneers supposed that Amoskeag falls was included in their grant, but their surveys were inaccurate, and a strip of land between Chester and the Merrimack, eight miles in length, from Hooksett to Litchfield, was ruled out. This tract bore the name of Harrytown. There was also another strip of land, lying between the river and the present-day Elm Street business district, that was called Old Harry's Town, so named because it was said that the soil was so poor Old Harry himself wouldn't settle on it. It seems that in this

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case the term Old Harry did not refer to "the evil one", but was applied to a famous member of a group of "bad Indians" who were chased up the Merrimack Valley in an expedition that terminated where the city now stands. Whether or not Old Harry did shrug a slighting shoulder at the sandy soil his name persisted in connection with it.

Tradition has it that the first genuine home-builders in the future Manchester were John Goffe and his brothers-in-law, Edward Lingfield and Benjamin Kidder, who set up their respective establishments on Cohas Brook at Goffe's Falls. This was in 1722. Around the same period, John McNeil and John Riddell boldly settled on land near the falls, although they found that some Massachusetts people had already preceded them and taken possession of this ungranted land. Archibald Stark, father of the Revolutionary hero, was also one of the Londonderry residents to move his household to the vicinity. Whether or not this move had been for some time in his mind we do not know. But in 1736 his Londonderry home was destroyed by fire, and since he must move somewhere, why not to Amoskeag? He built the house now owned by the Molly Stark chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and under this roof the youth

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John spent a part of his boyhood. In the Mammoth Road section, later to be known as the Center, there were William Gamble, John Hall and Michael McClintock. Gamble, Goffe, Hall, Kidder, Lingfield, McClintock, McNeil, Riddell, Stark, the brief list is a roll of honor. Quite aside from any later glory earned by their bearers, these names glow with a certain imperishable luster. They belonged to the first permanent settlers in the community one day to be known as Manchester.

Now at the very same period when these hopeful Londonderryites were putting down roots around Amoskeag, other groups were laying elaborate plans for a settlement. All this was an aftermath of Captain Tyng's famous snowshoe expedition which had set out from Groton, Massachusetts, during the winter of 1703 for the purpose of dealing a blow to the Indians up north who were harassing the whites in that section. It is said that six Indians were killed, as a result of this punitive raid, and that several of their winter villages were cleared of the hostile tribes. The accomplishment would seem to have been of only mediocre value, but it was a custom of the times to grant territory as a reward for such services. So the survivors and the heirs of others who had lost their lives in the undertaking petitioned Governor

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Belcher for a grant of land situated on the Merrimack between Litchfield on the south and Suncook on the north.

Those in power granted the petition and the grantees held their first meeting in May, 1735, at the home of Jonas Clark, in Chelmsford, Massachusetts. Here they discussed the disposition of the territory, comprising twenty-three thousand acres of land east of the Merrimack, extending back three miles. Here were the beginnings of Tyngstown. The first meeting within the limits of the township was in June, 1741, but even prior to this, detailed plans were outlined for what was hoped would be a thriving community. They were men of action, these Tyngstown founders, and they did not intend to allow grass to grow under their feet. At a Groton meeting they had voted to build a meeting house, and to raise one hundred and fifty dollars for the preaching of the gospel. They had also granted to Jonathan Perham a mill site and sixty acres of land at "Namoskeag Falls". There was the magic name and the enchanted ground on which Massachusetts had its eye. The mill site was presumably on the river bank just north of what is now Dean Street. But in the meantime, in 1735 or 1736, Major Hildreth had built a sawmill a bit to the eastward of what

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was later known as the old Harvey Mill. This was the first mill of any description built within the limits of Manchester.

Reading of what the Tyngstown grantees were planning and doing, one may readily understand the apprehensions of the settlers already established around Amoskeag, and the appropriateness of the term "debatable ground" in describing the territory. "Debatable ground and disputing people" would presumably best describe the character of those years. But the beginning of the end of Tyngstown was set in motion when in 1740 twenty-six townships were cut off from Massachusetts, and this little settlement was among them. Possibly the significance of this severance may not have been apparent immediately, but in time the heirs of Captain Tyng's associates, feeling that their grant might be slipping through their fingers, took action in the Massachusetts courts. After a long and tedious fight, they were awarded another grant, this time in Maine, and here they hopefully founded another Tyngstown, predecessor of the present town of Wilton, Maine. Thus did Tyngstown-on-the-Merrimack complete its brief cycle, and the memory of Captain Tyng's snowshoe expedition became part of the heritage of Maine as well as of New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

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In 1741, the year following the severance of the twenty-six townships, the union between Massachusetts and New Hampshire was completely dissolved, and the latter became a separate province, under Benning Wentworth as governor.

The next few years were difficult and dangerous ones for the little community. The Indians were a constant menace as King George's War began and Captain John Goffe was placed in command of a company of rangers to roam the woods as a protective measure against their depredations. His home at Goffe's Falls was pressed into service as a garrison house, and Archibald Stark, father of John, built a large fort near the outlet of Swager's Pond (now Nutt's Pond) on the bank just south of the brook. This fort was given the name of Fort Stark, and its location has been suitably marked by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Meantime the settlers were acutely conscious of other reasons for uneasiness. What was their status? What was their future? A town charter was granted to Bedford in 1750; "Gofestown's" proprietors had been awarded their grant in 1748 (although they were not incorporated as a town until 1761.) The community around the falls had no wish to be ab-

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sorbed by any other towns and thus lose its identity. Finally they petitioned Governor Wentworth and his council and on September 3, 1751, they were granted a charter as a full-fledged town. This charter included eighteen square miles of the southwestern part of Chester, about nine square miles of the northwestern portion of Londonderry, and the approximately eight square miles of Harrytown. It was given the name Derryfield, in recognition of the fact that the stockmen of Londonderry had been in the habit of using this territory as a grazing field for their cattle: thus Derry's field.

Thus 1751 becomes a year of the greatest importance as the birthyear of the future Manchester-On-the-Merrimack, which was known as Derryfield until Samuel Blodget's dream and its fulfillment should give it the name of England's proud city. The population at this time consisted of thirty people.

Namoskeag, Tyngstown, Harrytown, Derryfield. Among the tangled threads of history, it is difficult sometimes to select one thread, draw it clear of its neighbors and appraise it with accuracy and fairness. Too often a strand that furnishes strength and durability is ignored, perhaps because it is rough or dun-colored. There may be those who would remind us that Namoskeag was nothing but a

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gathering-place for the savages; that Tyngstown was an abortive attempt at settlement ending in failure; that Derryfield had its humble beginnings in pasture land and was chartered partly because its citizens feared absorption by their neighbors. But whatever their mistakes or weaknesses, these early settlements contributed much of inestimable value, and their importance cannot be overlooked. They laid the foundations, laid them in spite of insecurity and uncertainty, with hope and high courage, and with the stubborn will-to-survive that is the spirit of Manchester.





OLD MEETING HOUSE ON MAMMOTH ROAD

Cross-Currents

It would be agreeable to record that once Derryfield had become a chartered town, it sailed at once into a placid harbor, leaving the stormy seas of instability and discord behind. But such was not the case. The Scotch-Irish and the English who made up the community simply did not harmonize. From the very beginning it was obvious that the requirements for "one world" to be enunciated so many years later by Wendell Willkie were definitely lacking in the small world of Derryfield. "In-

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truders!" sneered the Scotch-Irish, cocking a contemptuous eye at their neighbors. "For-
eigners!" came back the English. And they
turned a cold shoulder on the Scotch-Irish.
Social and business intercourse were dis-
couraged and intermarriage was a scandal and
a curse. So there was neither tolerance nor
tact in the bearing of the majority of the men
who met for the first town-meeting in John
Hall's tavern on the third day of September,
1751. The site of this tavern of so much im-
portance in the early days is just south of the
Boylston Home on Mammoth Road.

It is perhaps unfair to pronounce sweeping
judgments concerning this period of strife.
Time blurs the past always, and though we may
possess facts, we do not necessarily have the
wisdom to interpret them accurately. A cer-
tain impatience is inevitable, however, as we
read of the senseless and futile contentions
that all but wrecked the town in those early,
struggling years. The two factions would not
or could not bury the hatchet. The town meet-
ings must have been stormy sessions, and it
seems that when one party carried the day and
secured a motion, the victory was promptly
nullified at the next meeting.

We may imagine the dour countenances that
faced each other in that room in John Hall's

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house, and hear echoes of the vindictive verbal exchanges that flew across its spaces. Where was the godliness we like to assume was part of the Puritan character? Where was the sound common sense we attribute to the Founding Fathers? One writer tells us that the early citizens of Derryfield, with some leavening exceptions of course, were not of the typical variety of New England settler, but that they were more like the frontier type. He speaks of some of them as "rollicking, devil-may-care roysterers, who spent their spare time in wrestling, bowling or pitching horse shoes."

We may imagine that this element of the population would seize with lusty enthusiasm any differences arising among the more stable citizens, and though having small interest in the issues involved, would link them up with their own love of lawless excitement. Brawls and fights appear to have been part of the picture, and it is probable that those of higher ethical and cultural ideals found it hard to weather the gales of indifference and hostility. The point to be noted is that they did. Otherwise the Manchester of today never would have evolved. "Whither our city?" surely was a pertinent question in those precarious days, when as a city Manchester was only a dream and as a town its new life was threatened by storms

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of discord. But history testifies again and again to the ultimate triumph of good over evil, and points up the fact that time preserves what is worthy of being imperishable. And men of good will and courage are the agents of this preservation.

Among the articles in the warrant for the town meeting on November 26, 1751, we find this one: "(3) to see if the town will reise money for preaiching and how much." Perhaps they raised the money, but there is no record that a preacher appeared. In 1753, certain barns were designated as places of worship, and a call was extended to one Alexander McDowell. But apparently he did not consider it his duty to accept. It may be that he was reluctant to attempt sowing the seed on what he recognized as barren ground. Or perhaps he considered the rafters of a barn no suitable sounding-board for his eloquence. Presumably he was "guest-preacher" on a few occasions, but if so he was fired with no inspiration to establish himself in Derryfield.

Cross-currents continued to short-circuit the spiritual lighting system of old Derryfield, but finally in 1758, the frame of a meeting house was raised. The following year saw it boarded and shingled and possessed of one door and one layer of flooring, but without under-

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pinning or pews. The historian Potter says, "The house was fit for a place of worship at no time, but in summer and of a fair day it answered better than a barn." The site of this never-completed meeting house on Mammoth Road, just in front of the old cemetery, is suitably marked today. Losing its identity as a church, the structure was transformed into a dwelling house, and is still standing just south of the cemetery. Wind and weather had their way with the neglected meeting house, while dissension continued between the warring factions of the congregation, and the religious life of the community seems to have gained no great uplift from the visible presence in its midst of the structure for worship that "answered better than a barn." Four walls failed to make a temple because the essential spirit of worship was submerged beneath layers of intolerance and petty quibbling.

And what about education during this period? That shared the same neglect as religion. It seems incredible, but we are told that there were no schools in Derryfield prior to or during the Revolution. The cultural level of the community may be judged from the fact that "for nearly a century after the settlement of the town, there was neither lawyer, physi-

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cian nor minister among its permanent inhabitants."

But if Derryfield's local politics, religious life and education presented a discouraging picture at this point, its participation in colonial affairs was notably commendable. The year 1754 saw the beginning of the Old French and Indian War, or the Seven Years' War, and we may well read with pride the record of Derryfield in this struggle. Colonel John Goffe, Samuel Blodget, Ezekiel Stevens and John McKean all played a prominent role, and John Stark was in the thickest of the fight with the famous Rogers Rangers. Derryfield furnished more fighting men and officers to the provincial forces in the British army than any other town of its size in New England.

Notwithstanding its proud war record, the little community was in danger of proving that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Some of the more desirable of its citizens were shaking the dust off their feet and departing to settle among less contentious neighbors, while at the same time possible purchasers of home sites from outside by-passed the town as an unfavorable place to build. Gone were the days when the famous Falls were a sufficient lure to newcomers. Rich fishing grounds could

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not counterbalance poor standards of ethics and culture.

Matters were brought to a climax when in 1766 two sets of town officers, one from each rival faction, tried to function at the same time. Excitement ran high, feelings were tense, and we may imagine that the bitterness was not confined to the town meeting alone.

Finally, the more stable elements in the town were able to bring their judgment to bear on the disgraceful situation, and something in the way of a compromise was effected. Seventeen men representing both factions laid a petition before the legislature, asking that "we may have town officers choisen as the law directs, and that our Confusion may be brought into order." The petition was granted, and here were the beginnings, at least, of something resembling unity among the dwellers in Derryfield, though it is probable that bitterness still lingered on in the hearts of the prime movers among the warring factions.

In 1771, Governor Wentworth divided the province of New Hampshire into five counties, attaching Derryfield to Hillsborough, named in honor of the Duke of Hillsborough. This was a stabilizing and favorable influence. Amherst was chosen as the shire town, and courts of general session, common pleas and

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probate were established. Captain John Stark was chosen the first grand juror from the town, and Honorable Samuel Blodget of Goffstown was appointed to the office of justice of the court of common pleas.

As we come to the eve of the Revolutionary War, we see the town in a relatively favorable state of stability, with its cross-currents pulled into a semblance of unity. The population at this time was two hundred and eighty-five: one hundred and forty free males, one hundred and forty-two free females, and there were three slaves. Among the free men were two negroes, Caesar Harvey and Caesar Griffin. The highest individual tax in the town was nineteen shillings, indicating probably that there were no men of great means in the community.

But whatever their financial status may have been, we may be sure that many of these inhabitants of old Derryfield were aware of the far-off rumblings of change. The terms "colony" and "province" were fading in significance, and the America-of-the-future was calling to the men along the Merrimack.



STARK HOUSE AT AMOSKEAG FALLS (STARK'S BOYHOOD HOME)

The Revolution Reaches Derryfield

It might seem, in retrospect, that the periods covered by the two previous chapters, the settlement periods, were decidedly lacking in luster, revealing Derryfield as no shining light among the New Hampshire towns now emerging from the wilderness. A neglected church, indifference to education, wrangling in the town-meetings, the activities of "roysterers" who contributed nothing of worth to their community: the list of liabilities is a long one. But it must be remembered that always there

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was sufficient stability to strike a balance; always there was at least a minority whose sails were set in the right direction, and who, come a favorable wind, could be counted on to steer the craft straight toward ports of promise. Furthermore, as is so often the case both with individuals and with groups, an emergency seems to generate in unexpected places the human qualities necessary to meet it. Nobility suddenly clothes nonentities, and the heroic becomes a commonplace overnight. One suspects it is always there submerged beneath the everyday: tinder waiting for the spark.

So it was with old Derryfield. Her record in the war for independence is a shining one. If she lost face during the turbulent years of getting underway as a town, certainly she regained it by the quality and the constancy of her response to the needs of the hour from '75 on to the surrender of Cornwallis.

Wherever the scene is laid and whatever the viewpoint, the story of colonial America's emergence into a nation is a story packed with thrilling drama. And the exploits and accomplishments of those men who laid the foundations of the nation with such powerful odds against them deserve all the fame and the glory accorded them. Bunker Hill, Bennington, Valley Forge, Trenton: the very names are

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enchanted words, symbols quick with power to stir any American awake to the glory of his heritage. And Manchester-On-the-Merrimack shares richly in this heritage: the men of Derryfield were in the forefront of the historic struggles to defend the basic principles of liberty.

The following is a list of the Revolutionary soldiers contributed by the town:

Derryfield men in the First New Hampshire Regiment:

John Stark, Colonel	Benjamin Baker
Archibald Stark, Lieutenant	Nathaniel Boyd
John Harvey, Lieutenant	Charles Emerson
John Moore, Captain	George Emerson
Caleb Stark, Adjutant	John Goffe
Joshua Blodgett	Arthur Hart
Benjamin George	Lemuel Harvey
Isaac George	Nathaniel Martin
Jona Griffin	Timothy Martin
Joseph Hazelton	David McKnight
David Merrill	John C. McNeil
Ichabod Martin	Goffe Moore
Ephraim Stevens	David Farmer
Daniel McCoy	William Boyd
James Aiken	

Robert McKnight

Of these men John Stark, Archibald Stark, Caleb Stark, John Moore, Benjamin George, Benjamin Baker, Nathaniel Boyd, Charles Emerson, George Emerson, John Goffe, Arthur

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Hart, Lemuel Harvey, Nathaniel Martin, Timothy Martin, David McKnight, John C. McNeil, Goffe Moore, David Farmer and William Boyd were present at Bunker Hill. David Martin was with Stark at Bennington. Nathaniel Martin was with Arnold in his march to Canada and was taken prisoner at Quebec.

Derryfield men serving in other regiments than the First New Hampshire:

Theophilus Griffin	Ebenezer Newman
Timothy Dow	Robert Cunningham, Jr.
Enoch Harvey	William Nutt
Samuel Harvey	Samuel Moore, Capt.
John Nutt	John Hanson
James McCalley	Benjamin Stevens
Nathaniel Baker	Mark Duty
Alexander McMurphy	Peter Emerson
James Thompson	Moses Chandler
Ebenezer Costa	Archibald Gamble
Oliver Emerson	Amos Martin
John Thompson, Lt.	Daniel Hall, Lt.
Oliver Townsend	John Ray
Robert Cunningham	Oliver Pierce
Archibald Campbell	James Gorman
John Russ	Joseph Barron
Samuel Boyd, Lt.	Joseph George
George Graham	Zachariah Holden
Nathaniel Graham	

In this second list, Theophilus Griffin, Enoch Harvey and John Nutt were with Stark at

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Bennington. Isaac Huse was in the Massachusetts service.

Samuel Blodget, according to Chase's History of Haverhill, was actively engaged on the field at Bunker Hill.

As we read these names, it is interesting to remind ourselves that history's glow and glory is kindled not alone by the bearers of famous names and titles of honor but by the rank and file as well, without whose courage and loyalty the leaders would have been helpless. These men of Derryfield who with such unquestioning readiness dropped their peacetime pursuits and picked up those of war were not of any extraordinary backgrounds or abilities. They were the same individuals who had bickered and quarrelled in town meetings only a few short months before. They had neither great possessions nor towering ambitions. Above all, it is almost certain that they had no conception of the tremendously powerful chain of events they were forging. They had no vision of "America the Beautiful" stretching from coast to coast. They saw only that their rights as free men were being threatened, and immediately their course was clear before them, undebated and unquestioned.

For such is history's pattern, such is humanity's way: the working out of that compelling,

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instinctive urge away from oppression and toward freedom, even if untold dangers and death itself stand in the way. It is an unalterable law, like the law of gravity. Again and again the race bows before it, and its would-be trespassers go down to ignominious defeat. "It's against my principles, therefore I fight it". In a nutshell this is the motivating force behind some of man's greatest accomplishments, leading to cleansing reformatations and world-shaking revolutions.

And thus it was that the Revolution reached out and drew Derryfield within its widening circle.

Before going on to relate what the town contributed in the way of military service, it is interesting to glance at the civilian measures taken to safeguard the community and to insure its sharing in the burden of war. It is to be noted that all this urgent and vitally necessary business was a welding influence among people so recently split up into disputing factions. Small disagreements are pared down to their normal proportions when a common danger threatens all alike, and a common goal begins to take shape before their eyes. To follow Derryfield's town meetings during these years when war was raging beyond its borders is to follow the gradual process of a small group

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becoming nation-minded. It is to see the beginnings of America in microcosm.

As early as January, 1775, at a special town meeting it was unanimously voted that the citizens of Derryfield should raise their "equal proportion of money toward paying the cost of the General Congress, as any other town in the province." And the following June it was voted that John Harvey, Lieutenant James McCauley, Samuel Boyd, Ensign Samuel Moore and John Hall should be appointed as a committee in behalf of the town "to act and do anything that relates to our present safety in defence of our liberties." Other committees of safety were appointed from year to year, the personnel changing so that responsibility was shared.

An important commentary on the changing attitude of the people was a phrase in the town warrant of 1776: "In the Name and Virtue of the thirteen Yountighted States of America." Regardless of spelling, the "Yountighted States" idea was tremendously significant. A new spirit was abroad along the Merrimack. In 1777, a tax was laid upon polls and estates to the amount of 1321 pounds, 13 shillings and 4 pence, to discharge the bounty of five men who enlisted in the Continental army for three years. Later, in 1780, it was voted that the

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hire of soldiers, "if they cannot be got by enlistment", should be paid by a rate levied on the polls and estates of the inhabitants of the town. Along the same line was the beef tax. According to the arrangement agreed upon in the town meeting of March, 1781, the selectmen were to divide the town into three classes, and each class was expected to provide its due proportion of beef to feed the men on the fighting front.

But the civilian conferences were not entirely restricted to soldier's support and committees of safety. Derryfield's interests were widening, merging with those of other communities.

Derryfield's enlarged outlook was not the result of any miraculous transformation; indeed its accomplishment was uphill work. To proceed slowly and with caution seems to have been the rule here and in neighboring communities. For instance there was the matter of accepting or rejecting the "plan of government" for the state. The report of the Convention reads in part: "Six times we have met and adjourned, and twice have been at the pains of printing such a form as we thought would be best for, and most acceptable to the people—all at an amazing expence to the State, and yet not half its inhabitants have thought proper to give themselves the least concern about it."

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Finally on September 23, 1783, the submitted plan was accepted in this town. The committee to whom the matter had been referred consisted of General John Stark, Major John Webster, Lieut. John Hall, John Goffe, Jur. Lieut. John Perham, Ensign Samuel Stark and James Gorham.

So much for a brief survey of Derryfield tending the homefires during the crucial years when the question of national existence was being determined. Thus did those disqualified by age or circumstances unite to form a background for the hastily-formed army, recruited from the able-bodied. The long list of soldiers from the town proves how generally and how generously they responded to the needs of the hour, relinquishing their comfortable and accustomed patterns of living and setting out on the path that led to poverty, sickness, danger and death. For it was no well-organized army they were joining, nor one financed by any able or well-established government. Ill-equipped, ill-fed, miserably-clad and paid belatedly or not at all, they endured incredible privation and suffering, uncertain of the outcome, but fighting doggedly on, not, be it carefully noted, for a place among the great, but *for a principle*. Well did their distinguished leader, John Stark, ex-

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press that principle with typical New England succinctness in the words: "Live free or die."

"Backwoodsman" is a descriptive noun sometimes used derisively of these early settlers, but to read the record of Derryfield's men who fought in this world-shaking war for independence is to make of it a title of honor. In very truth these soldiers were backwoodsmen. They had neither the courtly manners of old Virginia nor the learning of Boston. The northern wilderness had afforded few advantages. We have recorded the absence of schools in the immediate vicinity, and it may be noted that not until 1781 did John Phillips found his famous academy thirty miles to the east, and that Dartmouth did not come into being until 1769. But if the men of Derryfield lacked formal learning and familiarity with the amenities of life, they were richly endowed with what the times urgently needed: they had backbone.

In 1775, to be a backwoodsman was to *act*—as did John McKnight, who when the news of Lexington was relayed to him left his axe imbedded in the tree he was felling and with scarcely a goodbye to his family sped on his way to Massachusetts. It was to have the never-say-die courage of those men under John Moore, "the knight of Derryfield"—those unskilled, untrained soldiers who again and again

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repelled the attacking British storming up over Breed's Hill. It was to possess the clear-headed initiative of Sergeant Ephraim Stevens at Trenton, and the capacity for team-work of those ragged, bare-foot men who cooperated with him in his strategy.

After the Battle of Trenton, Sergeant Stevens led his handful of soldiers into a wood on the road to Princeton to lie in wait for the retreating Hessians. When the Hessians approached, the tattered farmers of Derryfield charged out toward them, managing to create an effect of tremendous din and confusion as they shouted repeated commands, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" The bewildered Hessians, apparently believing themselves completely surrounded, threw down their weapons and surrendered. Their chagrin may be imagined when they discovered that sixteen men had trapped sixty.

To be a backwoodsman, in one distinguished case, was to have soundness of mind, vigor of body and some rare quality of spirit all combined in such perfect balance as to give their possessor extraordinary power over men and circumstances alike. It was to have the keen vision and the clear understanding of a military genius, one capable of swinging a victory at the critical moment when a defeat would have

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written American independence off the books perhaps permanently. For John Stark, the backwoodsman, was at one tense point the pivot on which America's future was poised. He was, in truth, Derryfield's man of destiny.





JOHN STARK'S HOUSE ON RIVER ROAD

Derryfield's Man of Destiny

“The victories of Bennington, the first link in the chain of successes which issued in the surrender of Saratoga, are still fresh in the memory of every American, and the name of him who achieved them dear to his heart.”

Thus wrote Thomas Jefferson to General John Stark in 1805, finishing his letter with these words, “I salute you, venerable patriot and general, with affection and reverence.” Definitely and unmistakably he identified this man as the person responsible for the victories

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that led directly to American independence. The great war was not long over when that very significant letter was penned by one not accustomed to throw his words about with prodigal carelessness. Thomas Jefferson had lived through the Revolution and he was in a position to appraise wisely the men and events of that critical period. It is well for us to pause and give consideration to his pronouncement, rendered long enough after the war clouds had cleared to give unblurred vision and yet not so long after as to be a matter of hearsay. Briefly and with directness he gave unqualified credit to the Derryfield general for maneuvering successfully one of the most critical moments in the war.

That the Battle of Bennington was the turning point of the struggle no one can doubt. In an address given before the New York Historical Association, in 1904, Dr. William O. Stillman plainly and concisely gave this battle its place in history:

“The battle on the Walloomsac* was undoubtedly the turning point of the British success in America. It made possible the great victory at Saratoga which determined the des-

*The so called battle of Bennington was in fact fought on the banks of the Walloomsac river in New York State.

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tiny of a continent, and is ranked along with Marathon and Hastings as one of the fifteen great battles in the history of the world."

But Bennington was not the sole contribution to General Stark's military glory. There were also Bunker Hill and Trenton. The three were considered together in an address given in 1894 in Washington by the Honorable Henry W. Blair. He said:

"Without John Stark, Bunker Hill would have been a useless slaughter and a precedent of subsequent defeats and general demoralization, instead of a substantial victory which brought encouragement and hope of ultimate success. Without him, Trenton probably would have been a failure; Bennington never would have been fought at all; Burgoyne would have completed his mission and laid waste this section of the country and there would have been no surrender at Saratoga. Without Saratoga, there would have been no recognition by France, no French fleet and troops, no surrender by Cornwallis at Yorktown, no independence, no independent, happy, free united America."

The years 1805, 1894, 1904 are the dates of these three separate and mutually independent judgments concerning the war contribution of John Stark of Derryfield. They mark three concurring appraisals, and it would seem that these

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pronouncements might be regarded as convincing.

And what manner of man was this who could so deftly accomplish the transition from the role of an ordinary farmer and saw-mill operator to that of high-ranking military strategist and who could so swiftly emerge from obscurity into the glow of fame? What was his background, his ancestry? By what steps did he rise to fulfill his high destiny?

What an individual owes to inheritance is always a matter of interesting speculation, and in considering the life of General Stark we cannot omit reference to at least one preceding generation. He was the son of Archibald Stark of Glasgow, Scotland, who in Londonderry, Ireland, married Eleanor Nichols, also of Scottish descent. Adventurous blood ran in the veins of Archibald Stark, and in 1720 he and his wife joined a company of people bound for the new world across the Atlantic. New Hampshire was their objective, but because of numerous cases of small-pox aboard ship, they were not permitted to land at the port of Boston. A sea-coast town called Sheepscot, near the present Wiscasset, Maine, became their haven, and from this settlement, after a year of privation and hardship, Archibald Stark emigrated to Nutfield, New Hampshire, territory now

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Derry, Londonderry and vicinity, where friends of theirs were already settled.

Here John Stark was born, on August 28, 1728. In 1736 the home at Londonderry was destroyed by fire, and Archibald Stark moved his family to Derryfield, where he built the house that still stands, a veritable historic shrine, just below the Falls. Part of the six hundred acres purchased by Archibald Stark included what is now the site of the Governor Smyth estate, and material for the new home was furnished by trees on this land. Transportation was easily accomplished: the logs were simply rolled down the hill to the building lot. It may be imagined that the whole process of bringing the home to completion was equally simple. There was no waiting for hardpressed plumbers, for harried electricians or for priority-regulated fixtures. Life was simpler in 1736.

In this house, Eleanor and Archibald Stark reared their four sons and three daughters, giving them personally what they could provide in the way of education. It is well to remember that Archibald Stark had attended the University of Glasgow, and to realize that although John was to be denied the advantages of much formal schooling, it is probable that he was encouraged in any attempt at self-education he may have made. His correspondence reveals

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him as a master of clear, terse English, the result, undoubtedly, of carefully-chosen reading. And if we are led to question how a frontiersman of that day could have mastered so readily the art of military strategy, we find the answer, in part at least, in the boy's eager interest in the study of history, and particularly the history of warfare. It is said that he was thoroughly familiar with the campaigns of Frederick the Great and of Charles XII of Sweden, whom he greatly admired. Thus unwittingly as a lad he was laying the foundations for his later brilliant accomplishments as a military leader. Life began early to groom him for her purposes.

But young John's interests were by no means confined to books nor to concern with battles long-ago. Today presented its challenge and its problems. His parents were in very truth pioneers, and the pattern of his boyhood was a rigorous one, calculated to develop sturdiness of body and resourcefulness of mind. There coursed in his veins the adventurous spirit that had sent his father from the comfortable old world to the untried new one, and we may well imagine that the wilderness to the north of Derryfield called to him more than once. It is related that when he was twenty-four years old, having gone with a party of hunters up into the vicinity of Baker's River, he and a friend were

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captured by the St. Francis Indians and held for ransom. Part of their experience was to run the gauntlet. One of the captives, making ready to speed between the two lines of brandished rods, shouted, "I'll beat all your young men!" This angered the Indian braves, and they meted out severe punishment to the hapless youth. But young Stark displayed tact and resourcefulness. "I'll kiss all your young women!" he sang out as he advanced toward his captors. The warriors were so amused and delighted by this unusual approach that they let him off with only light punishment. He found favor in their eyes also because of his aptitude in learning to speak their language. Finally his ransom was paid, the sum of one hundred three dollars, and he was released. The following year he repaid the ransom money with earnings from his trapping. Shortly after this adventure, young John enlisted under Robert Rogers and served with distinction as one of the famous Rogers Rangers in the French and Indian Wars, carrying the rank of captain.

In 1758, Archibald Stark died, and eventually his son John acquired that part of his large farm property extending from the present Brook Street on the south to the vicinity of the Hooksett line, and from the Merrimack River to what is now the westerly boundary of Derry-

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field Park. Around this period, it would seem that adventure and warfare occupied a place of lesser importance in the young man's mind: possibly he was going through the psychological process sometimes termed "settling down". He married Elizabeth Page of Dunbarton, the famous "Molly Stark" known to history. Why he chose to ignore the name by which she was christened and to substitute "Molly" is not explained, but this playing with names seems to have been a life-long habit, a whimsical twist affording variety to a somewhat austere nature. When he was in a mood to tease his Molly, he delighted to call her "Debby", a name she particularly disliked because it was associated in her mind with a relative held in scant regard.

In 1765, John Stark built his own home, something less than a mile to the north of the old Stark homestead. It was a substantial and rather more commodious house than his father had built, but simple and dignified in line and proportions. The house was a two-story structure, with an ell. The interior was carefully finished with costly material and General Stark enjoyed pointing with pride to the width and quality of the native woods used in the paneling of the large rooms. Pediment caps ornamented doors and windows and there were generously

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decorated corner cupboards with glass doors at the top and sliding shelves.

But the general had his own notions about modern trends and would not permit either paint or paper anywhere in the house. The symmetry of the outer appearance was spoiled during his later years when age and infirmity confined him more and more to the house. He chose for his own use one of the lower rooms with an eastern exposure and in order to secure more sunlight he caused one of the front windows to be enlarged to double its original dimensions.

Unfortunately this house was destroyed by fire in 1866, but the old well in the yard has been preserved by Molly Stark Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. This organization has erected around it a high granite curbing over which there is a replica of the old well-sweep. A tablet fronting the street carries the inscription, "Stark Well 1765".

Eleven children were born to John and Molly Stark, and they enjoyed some happy, uneventful years as ordinary citizens of old Derryfield before the fateful nineteenth of April when the shot heard 'round the world was fired in Massachusetts. That was the day when John Stark, quietly performing a humdrum, everyday task at his mill, up where

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Dorr's Pond flows into Ray Brook, heard the call of destiny.

Without even stopping for his coat (Molly could bring his clothes later), he seized his musket, flung himself into the saddle, and was off down the old J. Hall Road on his way to Cambridge, gathering followers as he went. Arriving at the scene of action, he organized at once a large regiment later known as The First New Hampshire Regiment—and by hand vote he was elected Colonel. And thus began the Revolutionary career of one of the greatest and ablest in America's long list of military great. Stark at the rail fence at Bunker Hill: the story is old and familiar, but its repetition may well cause the blood of Derryfield's descendants to course more swiftly. Space forbids a detailed recital of that encounter here, but we know he was opposed by the crack regiment of the British army, that he repelled them not once but thrice with terrible slaughter, and that it is to his imperishable glory that he so long held the line that day.

Stark at Bennington, where he executed what may be considered the most brilliant coup of his career, turning the tide of the whole struggle in favor of the colonists. "Boys, yonder are the red-coats. Before night they are ours, or Molly Stark sleeps a widow." Stark in

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New Jersey with General Washington, whose strategy had been well-timed retreats, followed by the construction of protective earthworks; then more retreats and a repetition of the same tactics. "You'll have to begin to fight this war with muskets instead of spades if you want to win," said John Stark with characteristic bluntness. Exposing himself to the most dangerous hazards in battle, sharing the bitterest privations and hardships with his men, pleading for clothing, begging for supplies for his troops; winning, retaining and deserving the loyalty of his subordinates everywhere: all these well-known facts reveal General Stark the soldier.

For fourteen years, counting his service in the Colonial and the Revolutionary wars, he devoted himself to military activities and came through miraculously without a wound. Someone has said that he led a charmed life, but without doubt his good fortune was quite as much due to resourcefulness and cool judgment as to luck. He had almost supernatural instinct in scenting the approach of danger, but no one ever saw him display the slightest indication of fear. His self-control was complete; like a perfectly-balanced precision instrument it was always to be depended upon. That it was self-control rather than devil-may-care recklessness is indicated by a brief anecdote. After the bat-

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tle of Bennington, an officer remarked: "I would give a fortune if I could rap my snuff-box with your coolness when giving orders." "Ah, sir," replied General Stark, "the coolness is all on the outside."

But what of the man behind the soldier—the man who, after the surrender of Cornwallis, returned to his farm by the Merrimack River and resumed the peaceful activities of an ordinary civilian? No history of Manchester would be complete without a picture of sturdy, broad-shouldered John Stark, the citizen, somewhat austere of countenance, bluff of speech, and direct of manner, who trod old Derryfield's muddy thoroughfares or rode the outskirts on his favorite bay horse, Hessian, attending to the business of his extensive lumber trade or that of his farm. It is an attractive picture, against a background of peace and plenty, and it reveals a man whose stern exterior concealed qualities of unexpected gentleness and humor.

Life at the Stark homestead would seem to have been a series of animated Currier and Ives prints. All the essential features were there—full barns, sleek flocks and herds, and a gay and happy household given to hospitality. In the autumn, the General celebrated what he was pleased to call his Harvest Home, a festival for

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relatives and friends from far and near. In his anxiety that no one should be absent who wanted to share in the gaiety, he provided conveyances for the old and infirm, and even clothing for those who might feel they lacked suitable raiment for the festivities. One may imagine the pride and pleasure with which he shared his full harvest with his guests, and how he delighted in providing personally-conducted tours over the premises for the purpose of making one and all acquainted with his pet animals. His love for animals extended even to his poultry, and for them also he had individual names. Apparently his feathered friends responded gratifyingly to his attentions, for it is related that one might see him frequently seated on his sunny lawn surrounded by his prize birds, with the patriarch of the flock perched on his cane, crowing "for Jimmy Madison" or "for Jimmy Monroe", according to request.

These touches throw a revealing light on the character of Derryfield's hero, an individual unique, whimsical and above all human. And being human, it is altogether likely that he did possess the human faults and frailties of which he has been accused. He had undoubtedly a hot temper and when it boiled

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over considerable steam arose. One may easily visualize him blustering about, under provocation, creating emotional tension in his immediate neighborhood, storms that probably subsided as quickly as they arose. One may even imagine him trying his hand at governing Molly. But, studying her portrait and giving ear to a few legendary tales convinces one that Molly was amply able to cope with any attempts at domineering on his part and is in need of no retrospective sympathy. On more than one occasion she outwitted and outmaneuvered him and very obviously stood in no awe of the celebrated Stark temper. Molly had things "under control", and her resourcefulness equalled his.

The following story bears out the truth of this statement. Molly was younger than her famous husband, and the frivolities of society were more agreeable to her than they were to him, especially after he became somewhat handicapped with rheumatism. So it seems that frequently she participated in some of the gay doings of the period without his escort, presumably without his complete approval. On one such occasion, when nine o'clock in the evening arrived with no sign of a returning

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spouse, the General stalked to the door, threw the bolt, and chuckling mumbled to himself, "Time for decent folks to be in bed! Let her go back to them that has kept her out so late, the idle hussy! This will be a lesson, maybe." But was Molly dismayed when at a later hour she tried the door and found it fast against her? Not at all. The evening was bright with moonlight, and as she speculated on "What next?" her quick eye spied an open window just above the gleaming shingles of a low shed. In a twinkling she was up over the slanting roof, through the window, and in short order was in the guest-room sleeping the sleep of one who never allowed circumstances—nor a husband—to get the better of her. Next morning when the General came downstairs, he found his truant wife already at her accustomed duties. "Did you have a good night's rest, John?" she asked solicitously.

If Molly Stark did on occasion disturb her more serious-minded husband with her taste for gaiety, we may yet be sure that throughout the fifty-six years of their married life she proved herself again and again the perfect helpmeet. And there is no doubt that General Stark's devotion to her was a constant and beautiful thing. She died in 1814, leaving him, then eighty-six years old, to mourn her loss

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for eight years. When she went, age had already laid a withering hand on his rugged health, and he was unable to accompany the funeral procession to the little knoll, in what is now Stark Park, where Molly was laid to rest. From a window he watched the family and friends on their way to the burying ground. "Good-by, Molly," he was heard to say softly. "We sup no more together on earth."

There is another story connected with Molly Stark's funeral that emphasizes the simplicity and sincerity of her husband's character. The clergyman, in the course of his remarks, detoured a trifle in the direction of praising the General, calling attention to his illustrious career. John Stark, bowed with grief though he was, straightened in his chair and rapped his cane sharply on the floor. "Tut! Tut! No more of that, an' it please you," he said sharply, "this is Molly's funeral!"

In 1809 General Stark wrote the now famous letter with the enclosure of a "volunteer sentiment" which has since been adopted as the state motto of New Hampshire—"Live Free Or Die". The dignity and restraint of expression in this letter is so typical that it seems fitting to present it unabridged, with the letter from the Bennington committee that prompted it.

Derryfield's Man of Destiny

First Letter from Bennington Committee
To General Stark

Bennington, July 22, 1809.

Honored and Respected Sir—

You can never forget that, on the memorable 16th of August, 1777, you commanded the American troops in the action called Bennington battle, and that under divine providence, astonishing success attended our arms. Our enemy was defeated and captured, and this town and its vicinity saved from impending ruin. It has been usual to hold the day in grateful remembrance, by a public celebration.

On Thursday last, a large and respectable number of leading characters in this and the neighboring towns, met to choose a committee of arrangements for a celebration on the 16th of August next. More than sixty of those who met were with you in the action. They recollect you, sir, with peculiar pleasure, and have directed us to write and request you, if your health and age will permit, to honor them with your presence on that day. All your expenses shall be remunerated.

No event could so animate the brave “sons of liberty”, as to see their venerable leader and preserver once more in Bennington; that their young men may once have the pleasure of see-

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ing the man who so gallantly fought to defend their sacred rights, their fathers and mothers, and protected them while lisping in infancy.

Should this request be inconsistent with your health, we should be happy in receiving a letter from you, on that subject, that we may read it to them on that day. Sentiments from the aged, and from those who have hazarded their lives to rescue us from the shackles of tyranny, will be read by them with peculiar pleasure, and remembered long after their fathers have retired to the silent tomb.

Accept, sir, our warmest wishes for your health and happiness, and permit us, dear general, to assure you that we are, with great esteem,

Your cordial and affectionate friends,

Gideon Olin,

Jonathan Robinson, —Committee

David Fay;

Answer to First Bennington Letter

At My Quarters, Derryfield

31st of July, 1809

My Friends and Fellow Soldiers—

I received yours, of the 22d instant, containing your fervent expressions of friendship, and your very polite invitation to meet with

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you to celebrate the 16th of August in Bennington.

As you say, I can never forget that I commanded American troops on that day at Bennington. They were men who had not learned the art of submission, nor had they been trained to the arts of war; but our "astonishing success" taught the enemies of liberty that undisciplined freemen are superior to veteran slaves.

Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to meet your brave "sons of liberty" on the fortunate spot; but, as you justly anticipate, the infirmities of old age will not permit it, for I am now more than fourscore and one years old, and the lamp of life is almost spent. I have of late had many such invitations, but was not ready, for there was not oil in the lamp.

You say you wish your young men to see me; but you who have seen me can tell them I never was worth much for a show, and certainly can not be worth their seeing now.

In case of my not being able to attend, you wish my sentiments. These you shall have, as free as the air we breathe. As I was then, I am now, the friend of the equal rights of men, of representative democracy, of republicanism, and the declaration of independence—the great charter of our national rights—and of course

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a friend to the indissoluble union of these States. I am the enemy of all foreign influence, for all foreign influence is the influence of tyranny. This is the only chosen spot of liberty—this the only republic on earth.

You well know, gentlemen, that at the time of the event you celebrate, there was a powerful British faction in the country (called tories), a material part of the force we contended with. This faction was rankling in our councils, until it had laid a foundation for the subversion of our liberties; but, by having good sentinels at our outposts, we were apprised of the danger. The sons of freedom beat the alarm, and, as at Bennington, they came, they saw, they conquered.

These are my orders now, and will be my last orders to all my volunteers, to look to their sentries; for there is a dangerous British party in the country, lurking in their hiding places, more dangerous than all our foreign enemies; and whenever they shall appear, let them render the same account of them as was given at Bennington, let them assume what name they will.

I shall remember, gentlemen, the respect you and the inhabitants of Bennington and its neighborhood have shown me, until I go to the

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"country from whence no traveller returns".
I must soon receive marching orders.

JOHN STARK.

Hon. Gideon Olin,
Jonathan Robinson, Esq., — Committee
Davis Fay, Esq.,

Enclosed in this letter was the general's
"volunteer sentiment": "Live free or die—
Death is not the worst of evils."

On the first day of May, 1945, the Legislature of New Hampshire adopted this sentiment of John Stark as the official motto of the State of New Hampshire, and it will be added to the state emblem and become a permanent tribute to the memory of this great patriot.

In 1822 General Stark died, the last surviving general but one of the Revolutionary War. He was buried with full military honors beside his wife in the little burial ground by the river, so fitting a resting place for him whose memory is an imperishable honor to the city on its banks.

In 1899 the Louis Bell Post, Grand Army of the Republic, presented to the city of Manchester forty-five elm trees, one for each state in the Union, that were planted in Stark Park. At the ceremonies of presentation, Rev. Charles Staples spoke in part as follows:

"After his strenuous battle, the strong-

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hearted hero here sleeps well. Here he still speaks his sturdy message of rugged and down-right manhood. The grim reality of war has never disturbed these quiet vales. But out of the heart of that New England he loved and fought for, he will never cease to tell his people that no peace is worth having that is not worth fighting for, if need be, with sword and pen, with arm and brain, until we shall be one, not in name and by force, as we are now, but one in heart and spirit, in life and love."





SAMUEL BLODGET'S HOUSE AND CANAL

Derryfield's Pioneer of Progress

As we read history, we are impressed with the manifold forms of human greatness, the variation of its pattern that changes and adapts itself to the needs of the hour. In the previous chapter we followed briefly the career of John Stark, soldier, military strategist, Derryfield's "man of destiny." Life needed him and his peculiar gifts in 1775, needed him urgently, desperately. And he was ready; he played his part greatly and with high distinction. We, his successors in Manchester-On-the-Merrimack,

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are immeasurably enriched by the heritage he has left to us.

But even while echoes of the Revolution were still audible, time, always busy with her sure and deliberate processes, was slowly spelling out the word "change". During those years when General Stark was enjoying the well-earned serenity of a peaceful old age, one era was dying and another was coming to birth. America, assured of her existence as a nation, was passing on into the next phase of her history, that of growth. And Derryfield, with its enviable position by the falls of Amoskeag, was destined to be in the forefront of the new development. The third period of the community's history was opening: the period of industrial expansion.

Enterprise was the key word of those years, and it found its exponent and symbol in the person of Samuel Blodget, "pioneer of internal progress in New Hampshire." Again life produced the man for the need, and just as the demand differed from that of '75, so did the personality that responded to the call. Not the cool, calm judgment of a master of military strategy was required now, but rather the forward-looking vision of a man who could pene-

Derryfield's Pioneer of Progress

trate the mists of the future and visualize possibilities. "I see a city on the banks of the Merrimack, by these falls," said Samuel Blodget, "a city that shall be the equal of the great manufacturing city of Manchester, England." And no misfortune or discouragement was ever to blur that vision before the eyes of its beholder.

As John Stark had triumphed again and again on the field of battle, so Samuel Blodget, against powerful odds, was to triumph in the field of business enterprise. Contrasting these two men who were so nearly contemporaries is a rewarding study, and to note where one outstripped the other is by no means to disparage either. One little anecdote that has come down to us serves to illustrate that military genius, so miraculously skilled in planning and executing brilliant maneuvers in the stress of war, may lack what we might term "peace-time vision." In 1792, the first bridge over the Merrimack at Derryfield was built. When the plan was being discussed, a few months before, General Stark shook his head dubiously. "It can't be done," he declared. Wars might be won and a nation might be born from a frail little group of colonies, but a bridge across the

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familiar Merrimack, virtually in his back yard—that was beyond the range of his imaginings.*

But Samuel Blodget possessed in high degree this “peace-time vision” so essential to the growth of Derryfield, so essential to the growth of the nation. His advent was opportune: he was needed and like John Stark he was ready. So it was that in the drama of history, as General Stark in full military regalia made his exit from the stage, the stocky figure of Samuel Blodget emerged from the wings. He had heard his cue in the rush of water over Amoskeag Falls. “Such power should be harnessed and made to perform a purpose,” mused Samuel Blodget. And the plan that has led through devious paths to the mill-lined river banks of the Manchester of today began to take shape in his forward-looking, constructive mind. No longer was Derryfield to be a mere farming and fishing community.

Samuel Blodget was born in Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1724, and though little is known concerning his very early years, we may assume

* This bridge was at the foot of what is now West Bridge Street. It was an outstanding enterprise for the times, and was accomplished largely through the efforts of Robert McGregor: hence the name, McGregor’s Bridge. He lived in the house now occupied by Jutras Post of the American Legion.

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that they followed the pattern of his contemporaries in those frontier days, and that he was acquainted with hardship and privation. We learn that "he was a fair scholar for his times", and that he "was possessed of a speculative mind, prone rather to theory than to practice". Whatever else his mind may have been, of one fact we are sure: it was versatile. Merely cataloguing his activities during the middle years of his life would convince one of that. He had a farm on the banks of Black Brook in Goffstown; he had potash works and a store in Haverhill, Massachusetts, and more potash works in Hampstead, Goffstown and New Boston. Military experience was also included in his career. We find him at the siege of Louisburg in 1745, at the siege of Fort William Henry, and in 1775 acting as sutler to General Sullivan's Brigade. He made extensive purchases of lumber land in Goffstown and Hooksett and he dealt in furs. He went to London where he had business arrangements with Sir William Baker and others. He invented a contrivance for raising foundered ships from the bottom of the ocean, and spent four years in Europe in the interests of this machine. Not only wealth but civil honors came his way, and when New Hampshire was divided into counties, he was appointed justice of the In-

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ferior Court of Common Pleas for the county of Hillsborough. Indeed the range and variety of his activities reminds one of the career of Anthony Adverse.

The historian Potter tells us that in 1769, Samuel Blodget "removed his family to Goffstown and took up a permanent residence upon his farm. Here he soon obtained an advantageous position in society." But in 1793 he moved to Amoskeag and established his home on the east bank of the Merrimack. The time seemed auspicious for him to carry out his dream of canalizing the Falls, and of harnessing the power inherent in them. He had succeeded in amassing considerable wealth, and so firmly did he believe in his project that he was willing to risk all in the venture. It must be remembered that this was the age of "boating" on the Merrimack, and the age of canals. The famous Middlesex Canal was completed about this time, and the shipment of merchandise from Boston and the seaboard cities up the river as far as Concord, New Hampshire, was an important and lucrative industry. The Middlesex Canal was about twenty-seven miles long, thirty feet wide at the surface, and four feet deep. It boasted many bridges in its course, and was possessed of twenty locks. Remnants of this once-famous canal, abandoned, moss-

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grown, almost obliterated, may be seen today by the careful observer who values a backward glance to the days when boats on the Merrimack were both picturesque and a source of income.

It is interesting to note that Isaac Riddle of Bedford and Caleb Stark played an important role in the drama of this era. It was they who built the boat "Experiment" at Bedford Center, superintended its transportation to the river by forty yoke of oxen, and thereafter did a considerable business with it between Derryfield and Boston. Concord, Piscataquog, Litchfield and Nashua all had their lines of boats, forming a sizable fleet. From the time in early spring when the ice broke up in the river until the late frosts in the succeeding fall, boats on the river and its canals were busy transporting all sorts of country produce to Boston, and returning laden with hardware, paints, glass, oils, molasses—goods in endless variety. These boats, so familiar a part of the scene of that day, deserve a word of description. They were about seventy-five feet long, nine feet wide in the middle, and somewhat smaller at each end. A large, square sail furnished the means of propelling the craft when the wind was favorable, but usually the motive power was provided by boatmen with their "setting poles". Two boat-

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men, each equipped with an iron-shod pole, twenty feet in length, stood on the bow of the boat, and thrusting their poles against the river bottom at an angle, they threw their bodies forward and walked with a measured tread to the stern, thus propelling the craft forward. Boatmen were paid twenty dollars a month plus board, and skippers received one dollar and a quarter, and sometimes one dollar and a half per day. A trip from Concord to Boston on one of these boats required from seven to twelve days. These boating days on the Merrimack are worthy the pen of a novelist, and their pageantry might well tempt the brush of an artist whose "sense of the past" was in working order. As for the unfolding of Samuel Blodget's dream and its translation into a reality, that is material for the dramatist.

Not until May the second, 1794, did work on the canal around the falls actually begin. Samuel Blodget had made careful preparations for the undertaking, acquiring most of the land adjacent to the falls, and becoming sole owner of the mill at its head that had been a joint enterprise between him and General Stark. Thus he had completed his title to all the privileges on the east side of the river. The efficiency and painstaking forethought of his planning were worthy of youth in its prime, but at the actual

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beginning of work on this long-cherished project Samuel Blodget was seventy years old. The next thirteen years were to witness a struggle between the spirit of this man and powerful forces, within and without, that sought to defeat him. A less rugged character would have broken beneath the buffetings and blows that rained upon his head. But the word failure was not in his vocabulary, and the story of Blodget's Canal is a story of persistence rewarded.

To begin with, the operation of the check gates, so very plausible in theory, proved a complete failure in practice. The idea was that the boats, routed from the reservoirs through the slip, would gather just the right amount of momentum to open the check gates, placed at convenient intervals along the length of the canal, and thus gain smooth passage down its entire course. Unfortunately, the descent of the slip was too steep, and the boats, picking up too much velocity, crashed disastrously against the gates. Judge Blodget and his engineer, Colonel Adams, thought they saw a way around this difficulty. They would construct locks of sufficient strength to prevent a recurrence of any such mishap. But the forces of nature proved too much for their human wisdom: the sides of the locks were lifted from

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their places by the upward pressure of the water, and all the laborious work was wasted in a moment of time. As if insufficient engineering skill were not enough of a setback, a high freshet the following year carried off the locks entirely.

Meantime, financial difficulties arose. But Samuel Blodget was not to be thrown off the track by dwindling resources, so he set about the business of selling stock in his enterprise. His efforts extended as far as Philadelphia, and from his experiences there comes the story of the "Categorical Concert". It seems that the city had not responded very generously to his salesmanship, and after a stay of several weeks, he found himself in an embarrassing situation. Not only was his stock unsold, but funds for his return to New Hampshire were not available. A dweller in the twentieth century, caught in similar straits, would have called up friends or family and solicited a loan. But even had the convenient telephone been at hand in those days, it is presumable that Samuel Blodget would have chosen to call up his own ingenuity. At any rate, things being as they were, he advertised far and near that he was sponsoring a Categorical Concert, naming the time and the place on widely-circulated handbills. Curiosity prompted a very generous re-

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sponse, especially since admission was gained for only twenty-five cents. On the appointed evening the hall he had engaged was crowded to capacity. What was a Categorical Concert? The curtain rose and Judge Blodget appeared with a bulky bag under his arm. After a few introductory remarks, he threw the bag to the floor—and pandemonium immediately broke loose. The musical instruments proved to be a quartette of large, snarling and thoroughly angry cats, capable of providing a categorical concert indeed. They also provided the judge with the wherewithal to return home.

Still determined not to be defeated in his canal project, Judge Blodget next secured from the legislature of New Hampshire permission to raise nine thousand dollars by lottery. Massachusetts also granted lottery privileges in the interest of the canal. But unscrupulous speculators threw obstacles in the way of completing the work, with the idea that the property might depreciate because of delayed operations, and in that case it would come into their hands at a bargain price. There was, moreover, extreme unpleasantness and discord between the judge and the lottery managers. Criticism and recriminations were mutual, ill-feeling was general, and how one of Judge Blodget's years could have endured the strain of

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difficulties and discouragements is a source of wonder. But he never lost sight of his dream. He foresaw not only the successful operation of his canal, but the possibilities in the water power provided by the tremendous force of the falls. He had seen to it, in constructing his canal, that there should be a basin at its upper end, and already he was using the water-power to operate a grist and saw mill of his own, hopeful that other capitalists might be encouraged to invest in the vicinity. Eloquently he pled his cause, pointing out that the hydraulic possibilities promised advantages not only to Derryfield but to the state as a whole. There seems to have been no limit to his energy and enthusiasm. Anticipating the need of bricks for the construction of future factories, he had already bought the clay banks in Hooksett, thus proving again his confidence in his own judgment.

It is satisfying to record that in December, 1806, the work on the locks was completed. Judge Blodget, though still pursued by trouble with his managers, was buoyed up by his anticipation of the next May Day, the date appointed for the "opening of Blodget's Locks and Canal." It was a grand occasion, that opening on the first of May, 1807, significant for Samuel Blodget, for the community, and for the future. He was to live only a few months

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thereafter, but he was seeing justified his faith in the first part of his dream, and the applause of the crowds on the river banks was his audible reward. The next hundred years were to unfold the second portion of his vision, as the city came to be, indeed, the equal of Manchester in old England. And we of today, looking backward and visualizing the sturdy old judge, eighty-three years of age, riding in triumph the length of his canal, through the locks and out into the river, add our tribute to the plaudits that reached his ears. Persistence, tenacity of purpose, faith had conquered.

“Whither our city?” Economically and industrially the question was answered that May morning in 1807 by a man, rich in years, whose “peace-time vision” had never once forsaken him. “Whither our city?” In terms of human values and relationships hopeful beginnings had been made, but the complete answer was not yet.



VIEW OF MANCHESTER FROM THE AMOSKEAG BRIDGE
—From the Bachelder Print

The Genesis of Manchester's Mills

The year 1810 was of signal importance to the little town by the Merrimack. In the first place it marked the end of its identification as Derryfield: henceforth, as a tribute to Samuel Blodget and his dream, it was to be known as Manchester, namesake of the prominent manufacturing city on the River Irwell, in old England. There is a fascination in traveling back through the mists of yesterday and discovering the origin of this name, Manchester. The old Saxon records reveal that in 923 King Edward

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sent some of his Mercian troops to repair and garrison a fortress at Manigceaster, and the place was mentioned in the Domesday Book as one of four in western Lancashire. As early as the thirteenth century the manufacture of woolen goods was an industry there, and in 1532 laws were passed in Parliament regulating the length of "Manchester cotton", a term presumably used for what was in reality Manchester *wool*.

The town meeting of March 13, 1810, was the occasion of voting for a change of name. One may wonder if some of the assenting voters secretly clung to the more euphonious Derryfield, though outwardly conforming to the will of the majority. And certainly it is doubtful if any of the citizens who met on that March day had any conception of the place their Manchester would occupy eventually in the commercial world, or caught from the future the hum of the thousands of spindles so soon to be a daily sound. Thomas Stickney, a grandson of Samuel Blodget, John G. Moor, and Amos Weston were appointed a committee of three to petition the General Court for a change of name, and at the June session of the Legislature, the request was granted. Derryfield officially became Manchester. The town at this time had one-hundred-thirteen resident and seventeen

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non-resident taxpayers. Isaac Huse, assessed the royal sum of sixteen dollars and thirty cents, headed the list. In 1815, he became the first representative of the town in the state Legislature. This was just after Manchester had been granted separate representation, after having been for a period classed with Litchfield. Thirteen hundred and fifty dollars was mentioned as the sum the citizens had at interest, and of this, seven hundred belonged to General Stark. Five chaises were listed in the inventory, three valued at one hundred dollars each, one at eighty, and the fifth, the property of General Stark, at fifty. The population at this point was six hundred and fifteen.

Far more significant than the change of name was an event in the same year, 1810, that was a prophecy of Manchester's future, indicating the path her progress was to take for the next century and more. This was the establishment of the Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Manufactory. It was a small beginning for the gigantic industries of the years to come, and even less significant were the tiny business enterprises that had marked the preceding half-century and laid their foundations. We have noted that General Stark and Judge Blodget operated a mill at the Falls. About 1760, a man by the name of Patterson built a saw mill on the west

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bank of the river, at what was presumably about the same location. It is very likely that this mill flourished briefly, but eventually it fell into ruins.

By the year 1795, however, the advantages of the site had appealed to one James Pollard, and he erected another mill. Later, he sold the property to Jonas Harvey who in turn passed it over to the Stevens brothers, Ephraim and Robert, who were joined later by an uncle, David Stevens. Around the year 1804 or 1805, Benjamin Prichard, having completed the construction of a mill in New Ipswich, came to Derryfield and erected a mill on the bluff just below the Harvey property. Not satisfied with what he alone could accomplish, he interested others in this enterprise, among them James Parker and David McQuesten of Bedford, and Samuel Kidder and John Stark Jr., of Derryfield. The company petitioned the General Court for an act of incorporation, and at the June session, 1810, the same session that changed Derryfield to Manchester, they were recognized as the Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Manufacturing Company. It should be noted in passing that the organization of this company, the preceding January, as "Proprietors of the Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Manufactory", marked the first use of "Amoskeag", since to become world-re-

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nowned, in connection with manufacturing. James Parker was chosen president of the new corporation, Jotham Gillis was elected clerk, and due to the unwillingness of Dr. William Wallace to serve, Mr. Gillis was appointed agent as well.

Simple and crude were the milling methods first employed within this shabby, weathered, old mill. The only machinery was the spinning jenny, invented by Hargreaves and equipped with eight spindles. The picking was a hand performance, requiring a frame about two feet square crossed at right angles by hemp cords placed half an inch apart. The women of the vicinity did the weaving on hand looms, and it was reported that a "smart weaver" was capable of earning thirty-six cents a day. These weavers were of course scattered all over the countryside, and the agent's duties included riding horseback around the outskirts of the town distributing yarn to these home-working employees. One writer describes these "agents-on-horseback" as being "fairly enveloped by big bundles of yarn secured to the saddle."

Early in its career the little company enlarged the original mill and introduced a bit later an Arkwright spinning frame, and a mechanical contrivance for winding balls of cotton thread, the invention of Preserved Robinson. It en-

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joyed a season of phenomenal prosperity when the War of 1812 stopped the influx of foreign goods to this country, but it suffered inevitable reverses when at the close of the war importing was resumed on a large scale. The courageous spirit with which the Amoskeag Company tried to weather the gales of adversity is deserving of high praise.

In 1819, a power loom was introduced at the little mill, and weaving was established on a more efficient scale than was possible with the "smart weaver" and her thirty-six cents a day stipend. Early in 1822, Samuel Slater, one of the founders of the cotton industry in this country, became interested in the Amoskeag project, and encouraged one of his employees, Olney Robinson, to purchase the mill. Thus the property passed from the hands of a corporation into the possession of a single individual. It is evident that Mr. Robinson was in earnest about his new investment, for he acquired also the Stevens brothers' property, with the idea of building a new mill on that site. Anticipating a real-estate boom as a result of his intended improvements at the Falls, he invested in the McGregor farm, lying along the west bank of the Merrimack. But he seems to have encountered rough going financially, for in 1825 we find the property in the hands of

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new owners, Messrs. Gay, Pitcher and Slater. They were men of energy and enterprise, with the further asset of years of experience behind them, and they decided not only to complete the mill begun by Mr. Robinson, but to build a third on the little island a short distance from the western bank of the river. For the purpose of financing these enlargements, they enlisted the interest of Dr. Oliver Dean of Medway, Massachusetts, Lyman Tiffany of Salisbury, Massachusetts, and Willard Sayles of Boston. Dr. Dean was chosen agent, and the new firm was launched under the name of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. This was in December, 1825, and in a short period of time the suggested expansions of the plant were underway and the development of manufacturing at Amoskeag Falls was assured.

Thus in these three humble wooden buildings we may discover the nucleus of a great and famous corporation. The grouping of these three structures made an attractive picture, and it is worthwhile prodding the imagination a bit in an effort to reconstruct the scene. The "old mill", already showing signs of age, clung precariously to the rocky bank, threatening to topple into the stream. A little beyond was its mate, the "Bell Mill," so-called because of the bell in its belfry used to summon the operatives,

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and also as a curfew. Nearby a worn pathway led down to "Ben's Bridge," connecting the mainland with the island and its mill. This bridge owed its name and indeed its existence to Samuel Blodget's son, Benjamin, who had found it no easy task to throw a bridge across the surging river at just this point. As a background to the mainland mills, there was the thriving little hamlet of Amoskeag, with its homes, its Inn, and its daily excitement when the stage arrived bringing passengers and news of the outside world. It is interesting to note that Peterson's Magazine published a story with this picturesque setting. The author was Eliza Jane Cate of Sanbornton, and her literary work, described as a "novelette", bore the title of "The Old Mill At Amoskeag". Why it should have carried the diminutive "novelette" is hard to explain, inasmuch as it ran to thirty-one chapters, developing the theme that working in a mill need involve no social stigma.

It should be noted that at this point and up to the year 1836 there was no sign of commercial activity on the east bank of the Merrimack at the falls, except that occasioned by the river boats. One writer describes this area as "acres of sand dunes, a picture of desolation, framed in with a background of pitch-pine forest." To keep this description in mind is to

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be more keenly aware of the remarkable changes a few brief years were to accomplish.

On July 1, 1831, the New Hampshire Legislature granted an act of incorporation to the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, with an authorized capital of one million dollars. The Company began immediately in a quiet way to acquire land for future enlargement of its plant, on the east bank as well as on the west. With keen vision it foresaw the possibilities waiting just around the corner, and numerous large farms and other tracts of land came into its possession. It also secured undisputed rights on the river, obtaining ownership of the Union Locks and Canal Company, the Hooksett Canal Company and the Bow Canal Company.

The year 1836 marked the beginning of actual work in the project of preparing the east bank of the river for manufacturing. The wooden sections of the dams built by General Stark and Judge Blodget were put into repair, and those of the Stevens brothers were renovated. The following year the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company began a new dam with guard locks at Amoskeag Falls, a few yards below the entrance to the old Blodget Canal. They also built a reservoir approximately where Judge Blodget had his mill-pond. This dam was constructed by David Bunton,

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with the aid of W. A. Boyden as chief engineer. On April 12 of that year William Amory became Treasurer of the Company, beginning a period of service that was to last thirty-nine years.

The year 1838 is another important milestone in the history of Manchester's mills. The Stark Mills Corporation, named in honor of General Stark, was organized and chartered with a capital stock of five hundred thousand dollars. The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company sold to them fourteen acres of land, granted them water rights, and erected for them a large brick mill, the first one to stand on the east side of the river. Six tenement blocks were built for the operatives and their families, and it is reported that "the transformation of the scene amazed the inhabitants." These "six tenement blocks" were significant and prophetic. They were the advance guard of long lines of identical brick apartment houses, plain and unadorned in design, with small gray-painted wooden ells in the rear, that even today stand up sturdily against time and the weather on the streets leading off the river, familiar landmarks of Manchester old and new. The mid-nineteenth century workers in the new industry who found homes there were the forerunners of those thousands

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who through the years to follow came to "live on the corporation". "He works on the Amoskeag and lives on the corporation," became an identification tag reeled off as glibly as an A.B.C.

In 1839, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company built another mill for the Stark Corporation. It was just to the south of the first one and was its duplicate in every detail. Together, with a connecting structure, these became later, Stark Mill, Number 1. The same year marked the organization of another corporation, the Manchester Mills, with a capital stock of one million dollars. This was followed, in 1840, by the beginning of the construction of Number 1, Amoskeag Mill, and by the addition of a machine shop to the equipment.

The transformation of the quiet river bank to the busy scene indicated by these startlingly rapid developments might well have "amazed the inhabitants." A few years earlier there had been only two small mills, on the west bank of the Merrimack, plus the island mill. And it was but thirty-three years since Samuel Blodget had made his spectacular and triumphant journey down his new canal. How far toward reality had his dream progressed in but little over a quarter of a century!

Having sketched briefly this outline of the origin and early development of Manchester's

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mills, we are aware that the words of Rev. Cyrus W. Wallace, spoken in 1851, have a peculiar significance. He had noted the revolutionary changes taking place in the little community by the Falls. He had heard the undercurrents audible as the Merrimack was harnessed to progress, and he was concerned as to their possible portent. "Whither our city?" was in his mind. He said: "We point to our spindles and looms, to our forges and machine shops, to our railroads and steam-presses, and call it prosperity. But is it real, substantial prosperity? Is it an advancement for which the generations to come will bless us?" He then went on to acknowledge the absurdity of attempting to impede the advance of material improvements, while he urged a sane, middle-of-the-road course. "Instead of going backward," he continued, "till all labor-saving machinery should be silent, and commerce swept from the ocean, my hope and belief is that the world will yet go onward, mind constantly making new triumphs over matter, till a point is reached as far in advance of that which we now occupy as the present is in advance of the remotest past. Such is the destiny of our race, and the man who most helps to roll on this tide of improvement, stands among the greatest of the earth."



MANCHESTER CITY HALL

Preface to a City

Someone has said that the history of Manchester is the history of her mills. Careful study reveals the fundamental truth of this statement, even though a superficial interpretation of the words might lead to a misconception of their real meaning. Perhaps a supplementary clause is necessary: that *because* of her mills Manchester is infinitely *more* than her mills.

For while a great industry was developing down by the river, parallel processes involving

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an entirely different set of values were in operation in the little settlement up over the hill, the vigor of which very obviously was conditioned by the growth of the mills. Without this parallel development, Manchester might have become a mere "mill city", and its history a record of sterile counting-room statistics. On the other hand, without the counting-room the Manchester we know today never would have come to birth.

Man always mounts a dangerous steed when he sets out in pursuit of prosperity. Investing the shining prize with all the properties of idealism, he may have every intention of holding a steady course toward the goal. But all too often his hand falls slack on the rein, and before he can recover control again, he is hopelessly lost in the jungle of materialism. If only civilization could have devised a system of checks and balances by which material gain would be accompanied always by a corresponding progress in the direction of culture and ethics, history would tell a happier story, and the hazards of today be less breath-taking.

The history of Manchester during the middle years of the nineteenth century provides an example of the operation of something approximating that ideal system of checks and balances. As the mills flourished and waxed strong, so

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grew the little town up beyond the river. Forces other than materialism were at work. Churches, schools, the germ of a city library—all the elements of city culture—were beginning to take form, with provision for their development. The mills, symbolizing that magic word “prosperity”, contributed force and effectiveness to these elements. In other words, the mills were building a city. Not merely the enlargement of plants, erection of new factories, purchase of modern equipment, but also “the intangibles” were given place in the plans. The horizon was not limited to the boundaries of the mill-yards; the vision was not focussed on the ledger.

In the forefront of those who not only developed a thriving industry but laid the foundations for a proud city stands Ezekiel A. Straw. Connected with the mills for forty-four years, he was their guiding force for nearly that entire period. His interests and endeavors also reached out into state affairs. He was governor for two terms, and an active leader in shaping New Hampshire policies over a much longer time.

Once more the times produced the man at the precise hour of need. John Stark had been ready for the military call of '75. Samuel Blodget had been ready when the opening

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nineteenth century required practical imagination. Ezekiel Straw was ready when industrial outlook must be supplemented by vision and all-around perspective. He first came to Manchester in July, 1838—a youth only a few months out of school and six months beyond his eighteenth birthday. Expecting to remain for only a brief period, he was destined to spend his life here and to put upon the city of his adoption the indelible imprint of his personality and his vision.

Mr. Straw was a native of New Hampshire, having been born in Salisbury, the son of James and Mehitable Fisk Straw. When he was five years old, he moved to Lowell, Massachusetts, and was graduated from the High School in that city. After study at Phillips-Andover Academy, he entered the employ of the Lowell and Nashua Railroad as an engineer. Soon after this, he was discovered and his abilities were recognized by Mr. Carter and Mr. Boyden, engineer and consulting engineer respectively for the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, and they were successful in securing his services. Thus began a long career of singularly high achievement.

At the same time Manchester-On-the-Merrimack, the city as we know it today, began to take shape. It was Ezekiel A. Straw, who, with

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careful forethought and wise vision, mapped and planned its early layout. To him more than to any other person belongs the credit for the wide, straight streets, the public parks and commons and the happy choice of sites for public buildings, churches and schools. Elm Street, the principal thoroughfare, was routed parallel with the river. Because of its width, one hundred feet, some of the citizens suggested the appropriateness of Broadway as a name. But with commendable regard for nature's contribution, it was ultimately decided to call it Elm Street, after the magnificent elm tree that towered over its junction with what is now Spring Street. Rows of elms were planted on each side of the highway, and a line decorated the middle. In 1855, leaking gas pipes destroyed the center row. The parallel streets, Chestnut and Pine, were charted, and at right angles five branch thoroughfares were laid out: Merrimack, Manchester, Hanover, Amherst and Concord. Two open squares, Concord and Merrimack Commons, each with its small, picturesque body of water, were thoughtfully reserved for the public's use and enjoyment. After World War I, Concord Common became Victory Park. Today it is a regrettable commentary on the victory of material expediency over less tangible

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considerations, that a large portion of this beauty-spot has been transformed into a parking-lot for the city's overflow of cars. The stately, old elms, planted with careful consideration for the future and preserved through long years, are sacrificed on the altar of progress.

On October 24, 1838, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company held the first of its famous land sales, and the enthusiastic public response might well have been regarded as prophetic of the rapid and almost phenomenal development about to take place as the little community mushroomed into a city. Eighty-four lots were sold that first day. The first person to build on land purchased at the first sale was one Anna Hayes of Londonderry, who erected a house on the lot later occupied by Sweeney Post, American Legion, on Concord Street. By the spring of 1839, the significant sounds of hammer and saw were heard on all sides. Several blocks shot up on Elm Street, a dwelling for the agent of the Stark Mills was built at the corner of Hanover and Pine Streets, and construction had already begun on the tavern which the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company had previously voted to erect at the corner of Elm and Merrimack Streets. This was the original building so long known as Shepherd's

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Inn (for the man who was its first proprietor), later becoming the Manchester House, and now called the Rice-Varick Hotel. It was built on the present site of the James W. Hill Store, but was moved later to its present situation at 32 Merrimack Street.

As we read of the activities developing around the new streets and buildings in what is now the downtown section of Manchester, we may wonder what was becoming of the old Manchester Center on Mammoth Road, site of the old meeting-house, scene of the early town meetings, and center of general interest over a period of years. It is not surprising to find that the astonishing progress beside the river had met with distrust and hostility in some quarters, and that bitter discord had arisen between the new and the old. The intense feeling culminated at the annual town meeting held in March, 1840, a stormy session reminiscent of the first town meeting in 1751, when the opposing factions had glowered at each other across a room in John Hall's house. Finally the citizens of the "new village" won their point and elected their candidates for selectmen and other officers. The new selectmen chosen were Amos Weston, Jr., J. T. P. Hunt, and Hiram Brown. The old guard did not retreat without the satisfaction of firing a final shot, however.

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At the close of the session, John Stark, Esquire, known as Justice Stark, advanced to the moderator's desk and briefly and emphatically spoke his mind:

"Who are ye that are here to act and to tread upon us in this manner?" he demanded angrily. "I'll tell ye who ye are! You're a set of interlopers who have come here to get a living upon a sand bank. And a d---d poor living you'll get, let me tell ye!"

But Justice Stark's wrath could not rescind the votes of that town meeting; neither could his direful predictions concerning the poor living on a sand bank stem the tide of prosperity already on its powerful way.

Early in the same year the post office at Manchester Center was discontinued and this department of the town's activities found new quarters in Duncklee's Block (site of the present Weston Block) on Elm Street. President Martin Van Buren appointed Jesse Duncklee to the position of postmaster, but feeble health prevented him from attending to the routine duties, and he lived only a few weeks following his appointment. His successor was Paul Craig Jr.

This establishment of the post office on Elm Street was something in the nature of the handwriting on the wall. Very obviously, irrevo-

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cable changes were at work and the Mammoth Road village, the old "Centre," was being bypassed. It is not surprising to learn that the next year, 1841, saw the movement for a new town hall getting well under way. This was only a logical step: the vigorous young community must have suitable quarters in a convenient location for carrying on the expanding civic activities that were keeping pace with the rapidly-growing industry down by the river.

One may surmise that there was a plentiful display of street-corner oratory in those early days of 1841. Should there be a new town hall, anyway? Where should it be located? How much should it cost? How large should it be? The board of selectmen, having conferred with the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, made their formal report at a town meeting held February 1, 1841, in old Washington Hall, on the south side of Amherst Street, the site later occupied by the mechanical department of the Public Service Company of New Hampshire. At this town meeting, the deed for Valley Cemetery was also accepted. The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company conveyed to the town twenty acres of land for a cemetery and a committee of seven was appointed "to superintend and fit up the same." The committee was composed of Samuel Bell, George Porter, Hiram

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Brown, George B. Swift, Walter French, J. T. P. Hunt and Alonzo Smith.

The selectmen submitted various lots of land for consideration as a town hall site, and finally by a vote of one hundred and sixty-two to ninety-one, a lot on the corner of what is now Merrimack Square was accepted. It appears however that there was some dissatisfaction with this site. In spite of the preponderance of votes in its favor, a committee of three was appointed to ascertain if the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company would consider exchanging this lot for some other. On March 10, the Baptist Meeting House at Manchester and Chestnut Streets was the scene of the momentous town-meeting that ironed out the wrinkles and made the actual plans for the building. The session was not harmonious, but in spite of opposition to the project as a whole, Messrs. Thomas Hoyt, George Morrison and Mace Moulton, the three committee members, submitted the results of their investigations. They reported that they had under consideration a deed of land on the west side of Elm Street, opposite Hanover; that this site contained ten thousand square feet and could be purchased for twenty-five hundred dollars, with the stipulation that nothing should be built upon it but a town house of brick or stone and any neces-

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sary outbuildings, and that such space within the structure as was not needed for town business might be used for stores or offices. It was further voted "that the town build a town house this present year," and that the selectmen be authorized to raise money by loan not exceeding twenty thousand dollars to purchase the lot and meet the expenses of the building. J. T. P. Hunt, John D. Kimball and Edward McQuesten were appointed to superintend operations.

The building was begun at once, and the waning of summer saw its completion, ninety feet long and sixty-six feet wide, constructed of brick. The first floor housed the post office and four stores. A town hall sixty-three by seventy feet occupied the second story, and over this was an attic with rooms designed to serve as armories. Surmounting the structure was a cupola provided with a bell which weighed twenty-eight hundred pounds. It was a building to satisfy the hearts of those who had persisted in the face of opposition, and the proponents of the project must have felt the pride of personal achievement whenever their vision was caught by "the eagle of fine proportions" that topped the town house cupola.

For a period of three years this building served Manchester well. Then, on August 12,

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1844, a disastrous fire laid it in ruins. The supposition was that someone had carelessly tossed a lighted paper on the floor of one of the third-story armories, and that by means of scattered powder, shavings beneath the boards had caught a spark. When discovered, the flames had made such headway as to render control impossible. The contents of the post-office were removed, but the loss to individuals and to the town was about thirty thousand dollars, eleven thousand of which was covered by insurance.

This was a staggering blow to the little town. But her citizens had plenty of spirit and courage. Within less than three weeks a town meeting was called to discuss the matter of rebuilding, and it was voted "to build the town house as good or better than the old one, and put a clock and bell on the same." Twenty thousand dollars was the sum mentioned to be borrowed as a means of financing the new project. The committee appointed to secure plans and specifications consisted of Daniel Clark, Asa O. Colby, John M. Smith, Elija Hanson, Stillman Fellows, Walter French, Samuel D. Bell, Alonzo Smith, E. A. Straw and W. A. Burke. This committee, together with the selectmen, were authorized to choose an agent to oversee the operations of building and

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to fix the amount of his compensation. Edward Shaw of Boston submitted his specifications and was given the contract for the work, with Elijah Hanson acting as agent for the town, and Garret Wilton in charge of construction.

It is evident that no one shirked a duty or took time off to rest on his oars. For by October of the following year, 1845, the new town house had risen, practically complete, from the ruins of the old: the present City Hall, now for many years a familiar landmark, dignified, well-proportioned, and symbolizing, we like to think, the unostentatious beauty and balance that belong to New England. The walls were of brick, painted and sanded, and the columns and caps were of hammered stone. Originally, the entrance and stairway were on Market Street, but in 1895, during the administration of Mayor William C. Clarke, alterations were made providing public access to the building from the Elm Street side. In the early days, the first floor housed stores in addition to the office of the City Clerk and a room for the Common Council. The second floor included the city hall and the offices of the Mayor and the City Marshall. The school committee and the engineers had the third story to themselves. In the southwest corner of the basement was the city prison.

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The completion of so important a project as that of the town house was sufficient to mark the year 1845 as one of signal importance. During this year also, we are told, forty other buildings made their appearance and two hundred more were in process of construction. Among the important buildings erected was the Union Block, at the corner of Elm and Market Streets, the first brick business block to appear on the west side of Elm Street. The new Manchester, offshoot from old Derryfield, was indeed "booming". The sources and the symbols of its phenomenal growth were many, and a clear picture of the decade from 1836 to 1846 provides the record of a bewildering variety of developments of great significance for the future.

Among the outstanding signs of the times was the firm establishment of various denominations of church groups within a radius of a mile from the rapidly-growing center of the town. The picture is in sharp contrast to the one presented less than a hundred years before, when the only meeting-house in the community was, to borrow from the rather belittling description of the historian Potter, "fit for a place of worship at no time, (though) in summer and on a fair day it answered better than a barn." There was very general interest in providing

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suitable places of worship, and the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company proved unfailingly cooperative and generous. Repeatedly we find on the records the phrase, "land given by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company" for the erection of church or chapel. It should be noted here that the First Methodist Church had been organized as early as 1829, and that a church building had been erected in 1830. But this was over in the old "Centre", near the original Presbyterian meeting house.

In 1839, the Company built a wooden church, eighty by sixty-four feet in dimensions, on the present site of the Strand Theater on Hanover Street. This was the home of the First Congregational Church, which merged the older Congregational Church group in Amoskeag Village, founded in 1828, with the Presbyterian Church in the Mammoth Road section, also organized in 1828. In 1839, also, the First Free Will Baptist Church and the Second Methodist Episcopal Church, later St. Paul's, came into being. The same year saw the First Universalist Society, founded in 1825 by Dr. Oliver Dean, moving across the river and building a brick church on Lowell Street. The First Baptist congregation

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followed the popular trend also and changed its location from Amoskeag to Manchester.

In 1840 the First Baptist group built a brick church on the northwest corner of Manchester and Chestnut Streets, and the following year brought the founding of Grace Episcopal Church, at first known as St. Michael's. In 1843, this congregation consecrated its new church on the corner of Lowell and Pine streets, a wooden structure replaced in 1860 by the present building of stone. 1842 brought the founding of the Unitarian Church. The members worshipped for a time in a little wooden chapel on the corner of Hanover and Chestnut Streets, but soon outgrowing the limited accommodations, they moved the building to the corner of Merrimack and Pine Streets, and enlarged it to meet their needs. The same year, 1842, the Second Methodist Episcopal Society built a brick church at the corner of Elm Street and Dean Avenue. Later outgrown as a church, this building was remodeled and became the Tewksbury Block, which is still standing. The ground floor of this building, where the McQuade store is located now, was occupied at one time by the Fisk Bookstore. Mr. Fisk, the proprietor, was also a publisher and an antiquarian, dealing in

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old and rare volumes. Later this store was occupied by the firm of Temple and Farrington, who for many years dispensed stationery, office supplies and kindred wares. The year 1844 witnessed the organization of the Second Congregational Church. In 1847, with the completion of their present church building at the corner of Franklin and Market Streets, this membership became the Franklin Street Congregational Church.

In 1844 Rev. William McDonald came to Manchester and began to organize the Catholic members of the community, who numbered at that time about six hundred. About four years later this group began the construction of a church on the corner of Merrimack and Union Streets, on land given by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company.

In 1845, the Second Baptist Church was founded, later to be known as the Merrimack Street Baptist Church, and 1849 saw the beginnings of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Thus within a period of ten years no fewer than eleven separate and individual church groups were firmly established in the little town. "Organized religion" was being recognized and honored in the new Manchester.

And what about education, the record of which had been so unfavorable back in the

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early days? It will be recalled that there were no public schools prior to the Revolution, and that the community as a whole seemed regrettably lethargic in all matters pertaining to scholarship. To be sure there had been schools of a sort, financed by private subscription, but not until 1781 was there an efficient attempt to provide education at town expense. In 1783 the school-district system was originated and continued in operation until 1868, when the city took over the control of the schools as a whole. The record of the decade of development, 1836 to 1846, indicates a definite and steady improvement in the educational set-up. We are told that in 1836, the old meeting house on Mammoth Road was repaired and altered with the idea of using the second floor for a school room. That year the town spent two hundred and forty-three dollars and twelve cents for school purposes. In 1839, school expenses had jumped to three hundred and sixty-seven dollars and sixty-eight cents, and by 1840 they had increased to a little over thirteen hundred dollars. In 1841 the money was appropriated for district school number two, which in 1848 became Manchester's first High School. This structure, on the corner of Lowell and Chestnut Streets, is at present used as the School Administration building. The

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site was donated by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, and the cost of the building was three thousand dollars. The first master of this district school was David P. Perkins, whose salary was two hundred and thirty-seven dollars. Meager as this was it was an improvement over the stipend of twelve dollars per month allotted to Samuel Moor, Jr. "for keeping school in the lower district" sometime during the decade of 1791 to 1801. When, in 1845, John W. Ray became master of the school his salary was five hundred dollars, but this was increased to eight hundred when the High School was established and he became its first master. In spite of underpaid teachers education was on the march during this highly important period; "the intangibles" were being given a recognized place.

This period was marked also by the organization of two important cultural institutions. The Lyceum, founded in 1842, largely through the efforts of Samuel D. Bell, provided lecture courses. The Manchester Atheneum, organized in 1844, was a private circulating library which became a few years later the nucleus of the City Library. To this enterprise, as to the churches, the mills made material contribution. In 1846, the Amoskeag gave \$1000 "with which to purchase books on the mechanical arts and sci-

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ences," and later the Stark Mills and the Manchester Print Works contributed \$500 each. There are constant reminders in these early records that the mills did indeed "build the town."

In justice to old Derryfield it should be noted here that as early as 1795 there had been an interest in the idea of a library. On January 4, 1796, the initiators of the project invested \$32.94 in books purchased of E. Larken, of Boston. They were incorporated in 1799, as Proprietors of the Social Library of Derryfield.

These were the years, too, that saw the beginnings of Manchester's newspapers, another important development. In 1839 the Amoskeag Representative, a weekly, was established, having the honor of being the first publication of its kind in the growing town. The second paper to appear was the Amoskeag Memorial, started in January, 1840, by Joseph Emerson. Later the name was changed to the Manchester Memorial, and in February of 1841 Joseph Kidder became editor. In 1842, John Caldwell began to edit the Gleaner, which we are assured was a "disgraceful sheet" and survived only a few years. A small labor paper, the Manchester Operative, was launched in 1843, but

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this also was short-lived, lasting less than a year. 1845 seems to have been a favorable year for newspapers. Three new publications came into being: the Independent Democrat, established by Robert C. Wetmore; the Semi-Weekly American, and the Manchester Saturday Messenger. It is of interest to note that the first pamphlet printed in the town was "A Historical Sketch of Bedford, New Hampshire", an address delivered in 1841 by Rev. Thomas Savage of the Bedford Presbyterian Church, a man who left an indelible imprint on Bedford and the neighboring town of Manchester. Newspaper advertising was not neglected in these early days. In an 1842 issue of the Memorial, the feminine public was tempted by Putney's shop, at 75 Elm Street, as follows:

Black silk for mantles.	Cotton fringes, 6 to 17 cents.
Alepinés, black and blue black, from 75c to \$1.50 a yard.	Black Honiton lace veils.
Silk shawls, plain black and figured.	Green burrage.
Mouslin de Laines.	Good black and white mitts.
25 pieces of Scotch Prints, war- ranted not to fade in 50 washings.	Good Mohair gloves, 20c.
Black, white and colored hose, 12½ to 50 cents a pair.	Better Mohair gloves, 25c.
	Super Mohair gloves, 37c.
	Superfine Mohair gloves, 50c.
	Cologne, emeries, staybacks, lacings.

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And can the smart lines of modern advertising exceed the following verse by which Perry, the apothecary, advertised his wares?

Like the blush in the shell
Just suffusing the pearl
Will the rogue of Gourand
Tinge thy cheek, pallid girl.

Do pimples, tan, freckles
Disfigure thy face?
So! Italian soap
Will each blemish erase.

Go then to Perry's,
(Eighty-six is the store)
And improving on Nature
Be homely no more.

And the press was not unmindful of its duty to point out needed alterations in public manners. An editorial read as follows: "'Tis as much as ones neck is worth to try to get the length of Elm Street of an evening, crowded as it is with people, and all hurrying and covering the sidewalk like a flood, both ways. The fast colt dodging the lightning in a small pasture might be a faint illustration. It would improve the matter if all would conform to the law as

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we find it sometimes written on a double-track bridge: Keep to the right as the law directs.”

The year 1839 saw the adoption of fire-protection measures, and the beginnings of a police force and a Board of Health. The following men were appointed fire-wards: Amory Warren, Hiram Brown, David Bunton, Henry S. Whitney, John H. Maynard, William P. Farmer, Timothy J. Carter, James Wallace, Mace Moulton, George Tilden and Isaac Ford. The fire-wards began their duties with enthusiasm, purchasing a hand fire-engine, Merrimack, Number 1, and building a house on Vine Street for its care. If there had been any indifference to the need for an efficient fire-protection service, it must have evaporated after the disastrous fire of May 14, 1840, the first fire of major proportions Manchester had ever experienced. The “Island Mill”, just below Amoskeag Falls, was completely destroyed, in spite of the valiant efforts of the newly-formed fire companies, supplemented by volunteers from Amoskeag Village. The loss was estimated at \$40,000, but the mill and its contents were insured with a Boston firm for the sum of \$25,000. One hundred and twenty-five operatives were thrown out of employment, and the experience presumably stimulated interest in further protective service. In 1845, after the destruction

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of the new town hall by fire, two additional engines were purchased, Massabesic, Number 4, costing \$855.50, and Torrent, Number 5, bought for \$780. This same year, a Board of Fire Engineers was established, with Daniel Clark as chief. His assistants were Richard G. Smith, William Shepherd, David Gillis, Walter French, Jacob G. Cilley, William C. Clarke, John A. Burnham and Oliver Bayley.

The four police officers appointed by the selectmen were Hiram Brown, Nehemiah Chase, J. T. P. Hunt and James Wallace. George B. Swift, Zacheus Colburn and John D. Kimball comprised the Board of Health. In 1840, we note, there was a bill of \$172.66 for vaccinating, marking, presumably, the effect of a small-pox scare.

One of the most important events of this decade, and certainly the most important of the year 1842, was the opening up of the community to railroad travel. It must be remembered that up to this time transportation in old Derryfield and the new Manchester had been by means of stage coaches, those picturesque but uncomfortable conveyances that rocked and rumbled over the badly-kept main routes to and from scattered points. Manchester was a center for various lines, and the schedule is interesting. At 8 A.M., daily, a coach left the

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town for Concord, and another, at the same hour for Goffstown. Three times a week, one might journey to Lowell via Mammoth Road, and on the same days, if so minded, one might take passage for Portsmouth, via Candia and Derryfield. One must board the stage at 7 A.M. if he wished to go to Gilmanton by way of Pembroke and Pittsfield, or to New Ipswich, by way of Amherst. These stages ran on thrice-weekly schedules, as did the coach for Exeter, via Derry and Hampstead, returning to Manchester the following day.

But 1842 marked the beginning of the end for the old stage coaches. The Concord Railroad, later part of the Boston and Maine, opened its line through the city. We may imagine the scene when the "steam-cars" were scheduled to make their first official run: citizens from all walks of life lined up beside the tracks, some lifting a skeptical eyebrow as they discussed these new contraptions reputed to be capable of the giddy record of fifteen miles per hour. Who wanted to "get there" at any such speed, anyway—and why? How modern seemed these small, flimsy wooden coaches, coupled together with chains, each car equipped at the ends with a loose cap of leather, padded with waste for a cushion to diminish the shock of collision in joining. They were drawn by a light,

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woodburning locomotive. But the occasion of their appearance was a grand one, both for the officials and prominent residents who proudly rode over the road, and for the on-lookers who cheered from the sidelines. This day marked for them all a long stride forward on the highway of progress.

Manchester's first passenger station, built in the early forties, faced Canal Street, north of Granite. It was soon outgrown and was replaced in 1855 by the "old depot" erected near the same site. This served for nearly half a century, giving place in 1898 to the present passenger station.

This decade of 1836 to 1846 was marked by other improvements in transportation facilities. Two new bridges were built during this period, and in 1837 needed repairs were made on the old McGregor's Bridge, first built in 1792, destroyed in 1815, and rebuilt in 1825. The year 1840 saw the completion of the Granite Street Bridge, at a total cost of \$10,281 for bridge, toll house and road. In 1848, the toll was abolished and the bridge became the property of Manchester and Bedford jointly. At the same time, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company laid out Granite Street, a thoroughfare extending from Elm Street to the bridge and then west to the river road.

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In 1842, in consideration of \$8,000, the right of way, land for street, and site for toll house for the projected Amoskeag Bridge, were given to the Amoskeag Falls Bridge Corporation by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. Construction of the new bridge was undertaken at once and it was completed that year, an uncovered bridge, 450 feet in length and 25 feet in width. The cost was \$12,069. This bridge was made a free thoroughfare in 1852. In 1853 it was carried away by the flooding waters of a spring freshet, and was rebuilt the next year. Several different men served as toll-gathers during the ten years before free passage was allowed, among them a Mr. Colburn who thriftily combined his official duties with manufacturing and selling spruce beer. He also kept hives of bees and made considerable profit by the sale of honey in the comb. A Mr. Burns held this post for a time, also, and he was apparently extremely conscientious about collecting the required fee. It may be imagined that he prided himself not a little upon his zeal and alertness in outwitting would-be cheaters. But an amusing little anecdote has survived the years indicating that he himself was outwitted on one occasion. Toll-gatherer Burns was dozing on his couch one evening when he was aroused by a suspicious noise. He

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had reason to sleep with one eye open, though events had proved that in some cases he was disturbed by nothing more serious than the pranks of mischievous boys throwing pebbles against the gate just for the sport of witnessing his wrath. But on this occasion, he was sure that someone was cautiously lifting the latch of the ponderous gate, swinging it carefully ajar and escaping onto the bridge. In a twinkling he had seized his lantern and was out the door. "Stop and pay your fee!" he roared. Before the words were out of his mouth, his light had played upon the figure of a woman fleeing toward the opposite end of the bridge. Swinging his lantern belligerently and continuing his vocal expostulations, he lunged after her. But her steps were light, and he, very definitely, was not in training as a sprinter. Not until she was quite at the farther end of the bridge did he overtake her. Seizing her shawl, he began to splutter his indignation. But the words died on his lips. "I told you any one *could* get by you!" chuckled his wife, jubilant at the success of her joke.

The beehives, the spruce beer, the prankish boys, and the old toll-gatherers have all disappeared into the region known as long-ago. Even the bridge and one of its successors have been replaced by a modern structure, adequate for the needs of the new age. But a few stray

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stories, a few recalled facts, plus the imagination with which even twentieth-century folks are blessed: these build lasting monuments to a picturesque past.

Before going on to the next chapter, it is necessary to mention a few additional developments of this significant period just before Manchester became a city.

The inauguration of the banks was of signal importance. From 1842 to 1856, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company conducted what amounted to a banking system of its own, whereby its employees, if they wished, might entrust their surplus to the company for safe-keeping. There was no specific investment business connected with it, and the book-keeping involved was merely a part of the routine procedure. About two hundred thousand dollars had accumulated when the arrangement was discontinued, a sum gradually paid back to the depositors on demand. The old Manchester Bank, predecessor of the Manchester National Bank, was chartered in 1844 and organized in 1845, with the following directors; Samuel D. Bell, Hiram Brown, Jacob G. Cilley, Isaac C. Flanders, Walter French, William C. Clarke and Nathan Parker. James D. Parker was president. It began operation in Patten's Block, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars. The Manches-

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ter Savings Bank, sharing rooms with the Manchester Bank, was chartered in 1846. Samuel D. Bell was president of the board which was made up of the following men: John A. Burnham, Daniel Clark, Herman Foster, Nahum Baldwin, George Porter, David Gillis, William P. Newell, and Hiram Brown.

Tucked away in some of Manchester's garrets, it is very likely there may be yellowed copies of "The Stark Guards Quickstep", composed by Alonzo Bond, and performed by the Manchester Brass Band on the occasion when "the ladies of Manchester" presented a standard of colors to the famous military company, the Stark Guards, founded in 1840, under the captaincy of Walter French. The likeness of the hero of Bennington adorns the outer cover, and there too, is a steel engraving picturing the ceremony referred to: the Guards, proud in their quaint uniforms, lined up on Amherst Street in front of old Washington Hall, as their officers received the colors from the hands of Manchester's chosen ladies. The Stark Guards had their armory in the old town house, and later, after that had been destroyed, in Patten's Block. They flourished for a period of nearly ten years, adding color and the "military touch" to celebrations of that era, and included in their activities attendance at the ceremonies marking

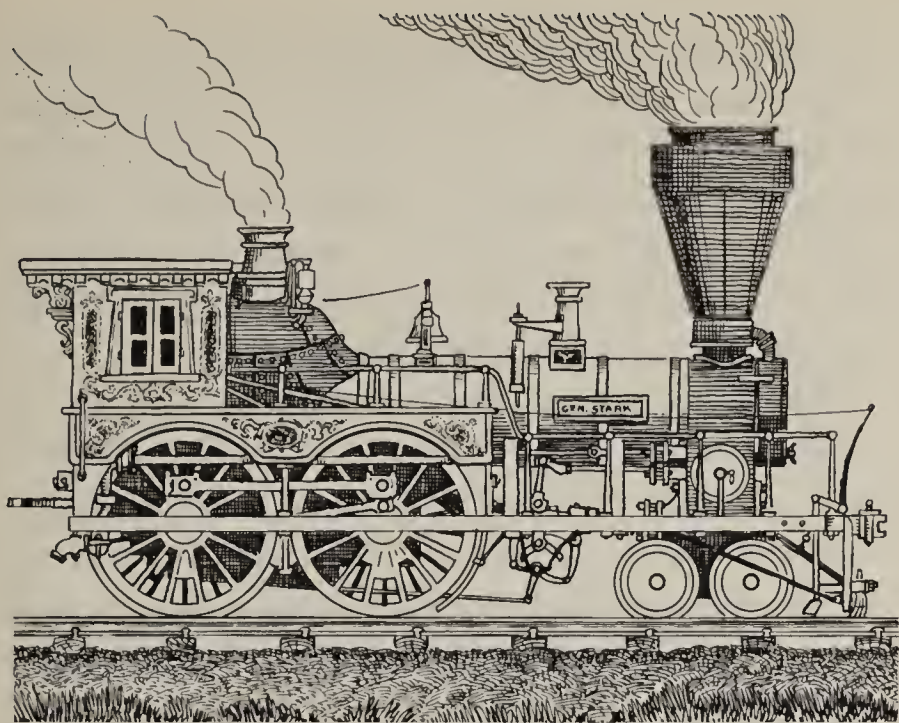
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the completion of Bunker Hill Monument. The Granite Fusiliers was the name of a similar military company of the same period. The Manchester Brass Band mentioned above was organized in 1844.

These years brought the lodges into prominence. Hillsborough Lodge Number Two of Odd Fellows dates from 1843, Wonalancet from the next year, and Mechanic's Lodge from 1845. Lafayette Lodge of Masons, formed in Bedford in 1824, moved to Manchester in 1845, occupying for a time rooms in Duncklee's Block.

To record the developments and innovations of the late 30's and early 40's is to be made aware of the phenomenally rapid growth of Manchester in a brief ten years. What changes must have occurred simultaneously, in the minds of Manchester's citizens, rushed forward on the tide of progress, and standing in the year 1846 on the eve of becoming a city.





24-TON PASSENGER LOCOMOTIVE, AMOSKEAG MAN'FG CO.

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The "Saturday Messenger", in the issue of February 26, 1846, carried this item: "An article has been inserted in the town warrant to see if the town will vote at the ensuing election to petition the Legislature for a city charter. We hope Manchester will soon become a city. It would be an honor to the Granite State."

And so the town meeting of March 10, 1846, becomes in retrospect perhaps of more significance than any one since that first gathering in John Hall's house back in 1751. For it was

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at this meeting that a committee was appointed to petition the Legislature for a city charter. No longer was the term "town" sufficient to identify a community so thriving and so forward-looking as Manchester-On-the-Merrimack. It was felt that its growth should be signified in some definite way.

Manchester at this time was composed of what amounted to several small villages more or less loosely united for all important business. Some of these sub-divisions have survived in the terms applied to certain sections of the city today. We still speak of Goffe's Falls, Hallsville, Bakersville, Youngsville, named respectively for Col. John Goffe, Joseph B. Hall, Joseph Baker and the Young family. Hallsville is over in the eastern part of the city; Bakersville, in the south; and Youngsville in the extreme eastern section extending to the Auburn line. Then there was Janesville, located between Lowell, Bridge, Nashua and Malvern Streets, and named for a Mrs. Jane Southwarck, prominent in the neighborhood. Towlesville, in honor of Hiram Towle, was in the vicinity of Maple, Concord and Amherst Streets. Manchester's ratable polls at this time entitled the town to eight seats in the legislature.

The seven men appointed to frame the petition for a city charter were David Gillis,

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Samuel D. Bell, Isaac Riddle, William C. Clarke, John A. Burnham, Luther Farley and Walter French. They discharged their duties with promptness, Hon. Daniel Clark presented the petition, and on July 10 Governor Anthony Colby signed the act of incorporation. A charter was granted dividing the city into seven wards and authorizing the board of selectmen to call an election for city officers.

Again as in the days prior to the building of the town hall, there were citizens who were "contrary-minded." Without doubt they were conscientious in their opposition, when in August they were given an opportunity to register their disapproval at a town meeting called for the purpose of acting upon the incorporation. But they went down in defeat, as the vote stood 485 for acceptance and 134 for rejection. And so the proponents of the city project went jubilantly about the business of organizing a municipal government.

On the nineteenth of August, only a little over a month after the granting of the charter, the first election was conducted. A full list of aldermen, members of the common council, school committee, overseers of the poor and assessors were chosen, but the leading candidate for mayor, Hiram Brown, a Whig, lacked seventeen votes for the required majority. His

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opponents were William C. Clarke, Democrat, Thomas Brown, Abolitionist, and William Shepherd. On September the first there was another attempt to elect a mayor, and this time Hiram Brown was chosen by a clear majority over Isaac Flanders, Democrat, Thomas Brown, Abolitionist, and John Sullivan Wiggin.

The first board of aldermen, elected August 19, was as follows: Ward 1, Andrew Bunton, Jr.; Ward 2, George Porter; Ward 3, William S. Means; Ward 4, David Gillis; Ward 5, Timothy Blaisdell; Ward 6, Edward McQuesten; Ward 7, Moses Fellows.

September the eighth of that year, 1846, was a red-letter day in Manchester, a day with more than a touch of solemnity. The town hall, henceforth to be known as the *city* hall, was the scene of one of the most momentous ceremonies in its history: the inauguration of the first city government. One may imagine the sense of accomplishment, the feeling of effort rewarded, in the hearts of Manchester's builders, the men who had caught Samuel Blodget's dream before it faded, the men whose vision and industry had created a thriving city on the spot that not so many years before had been a sand bank surrounded by woods.

The inauguration exercises were held at ten o'clock in the forenoon and were opened by

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Moses Fellows, chairman of the retiring board of selectmen. Prayer was offered by Rev. Cyrus Wallace, senior clergyman in the community, and the oath of office was administered to Mayor-elect Hiram Brown by Hon. Daniel Clark. The new mayor, having administered the oath to his aids in the city government, delivered an inaugural address which unfortunately has not been preserved. It would be interesting to know specifically what Hon. Hiram Brown planned and promised for the new city. The "Manchester Palladium," a news sheet obviously not favorably disposed to the incoming executive, printed in its issue of September 10 the following tart report of the speech: "The inaugural address of Mayor Brown was quite lengthy, and the originator displayed some talents in getting it up for the occasion, which was more than half lost for the want of someone to read it correctly. The deacon performed his part miserably and gave decisive proof that his lesson was poorly studied." Political prejudice and personal rivalry were apparently at work in those days when the city was only a fledgling.

The valuation of the city at this point was set at \$3,187,726. The tax list was \$22,005.95, and the number of polls was 2056. An item in the Messenger of May 9, 1846, places the pop-

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ulation as 10,125. Some two years earlier, the local paper had noted the progressively upward trend of the population as follows: "The population of Manchester in 1790 was 362; in 1800, 557; in 1810, 615; in 1820, 3234; and in 1844, 6036. Smart place this. The historian, Potter, commented, "There is no procrastination here. A building is decided upon and it goes up, as if by the power of Aladdin's Lamp." He also quoted from the Democrat concerning developments in the "north end", one day to become Manchester's choicest residential section. "11 beautiful cottages are building in the woods, hard upon the "celebration ground", quoth the newspaper. "With a taste alike rare and creditable, several gentlemen have purchased these pine groves, leaving enough of the forest trees for shade and ornament, and are fitting up beautiful grounds, preferring natives to exotics, and having an immediate pleasure instead of anticipation".

Not long after its incorporation, the city adopted an official seal, rich in symbolism, with devices that suggest the inner meaning of outer appearances. The motto, "LABOR VINCIT", (industry triumphs) emphasizes the fact that the mills built the city. The powerful right arm, uplifting the homely and familiar hammer, suggests steady application to the

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simple ideal of work. The shield below the inscription carries a likeness of the Falls, of a gear-wheel and its governor, and of the mills and a locomotive with steam billowing from its engine. One may translate these three representations as symbolizing respectively, power in its natural state, power harnessed, and power creating, contributing tangible evidence of its cooperation with human endeavor. Eons of time are telescoped in the devices on that shield: time before human ear had heard the roar of "the terrible Falls" of Amoskeag; time when the human brain began to take over and bend to a purpose the powers of nature; time when human perseverance made the age of steam an instrument of miraculous progress. And now the age of steam is in a measure obsolete. What new figures might be added to the seal of Manchester in recognition of the age of the atom: what new devices to suggest something more than material efficiency as the desperate need of our time?

Manchester was aware during these years of her responsibility to a larger world beyond the city, beyond the state, even beyond the nation. She played her part in the War with Mexico, which began in April, 1846, sending not only members of the Stark Guards, but others who volunteered promptly. A complete record of

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the men serving at this time is not obtainable, but the following is a partial list:

Bernard A. Thorp	James Bray
James S. Daniels	Joshua Davis
John Goodall	John M. Goodwin
Josephus Harris	Luther Hovey
John S. Langdon	Carlton P. Langmaid
Augustine Morrill	Benjamin F. Osgood
Thomas P. Pierce	James M. Pushee
John F. Place	Samuel W. Pinkham
Thaddeus C. Rogers	Sylvester Tennant
John Webster	Lewis B. West

James S. Daniels died in Mexico, and Benjamin F. Osgood was seriously wounded in the assault on Chapultepec.

The gold fever of 1849 affected the pulse of Manchester as it did the rest of the country, and proved that there were plenty of adventure-minded citizens in the little city on the Merrimack. Since it reflects "the spirit of the times", the following item, clipped from the local newspaper in the issue of February 3, 1849, is significant: "On Wednesday last, the California Company took leave of this city. The Depot was completely crowded with the enterprising adventurers and their friends. The confiding wife, the fond mother, the affectionate father and the beloved sister and brother were there to take leave of their near and dear

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friends, perhaps for the last time. And would it be strange that such an event should exhibit a sense of sadness not soon to be forgot? But a more determined company of daring spirits we never saw together; bound by the ties of friendship and common interest they have gone forth to gather up the riches that so abundantly abound in a distant clime, and we hope that their most sanguine expectations will be realized."

In the late forties the people of Ireland suffered the Great Famine, due to the failure of the potato crop. Manchester was quick to respond to this disaster and to reach helping hands across the Atlantic. The overseers and the employees of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company contributed a thousand dollars to the relief of the afflicted country. This Irish famine, moreover, was destined to have an important and long-range effect upon Manchester. It came about quite naturally that when immigrants from the stricken land began to pour into America, Manchester received a large consignment, and these people and their descendants have contributed notably to the growth of the community, figuring prominently in its industrial and professional life.

But the Irish famine was not the only source of Manchester's contact with "overseas" dur-

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ing this period. In 1851, London was the scene of a World's Fair, and the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company submitted an exhibition of flannels, sheetings, ticking and denims to compete with the products of Great Britain's leading industries. How it would have rejoiced the heart of Samuel Blodget could he have known when he made his famous prophecy that within less than a half-century the Manchester of his dreams would carry off high honors in old England, being awarded a medal for exhibiting the best articles in their class of all those presented.

Then too, Manchester participated actively in the temperance movement that swept the nation during these years. The Good Templars organization did not reach the community until around the close of the Civil War, but numerous smaller groups preceded and paved the way for participation in this world-wide organization. There were the Manchester Washington Total Abstinence Society, the Martha Washington Temperance Society, the Sons of Temperance, the Daughters of Temperance, the Cadets of Temperance—all devoted to the cause of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages. In the local newspaper of August, 1842, we find this item: "John Haw-

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kins, the great apostle of temperance, has delivered four lectures in Town Hall. The pledge was circulated and three hundred names were added to the already extended list. Another paragraph in an issue of May, 1843, exults: "The ladies of Manchester, clever souls, are not one whit behind the ladies of other towns in their endeavor to promote the cause of temperance." It goes on to relate that they have been making "articles of use" to be disposed of for the benefit of needy, and that a "Temperance Tea" is under consideration. Plummer's Tavern, situated on Mammoth Road about half way between Manchester and Lowell, is recommended as a temperance house, and as "decidedly the best for public entertainment in the town", in a communication in one of the local papers in 1845. "We have a pretty strong rum influence to contend with," the writer goes on to say, "and if in any way the more respectable part of the traveling (public) can be brought to that house, it will produce more effect upon the other taverns than all the moral suasion that can be brought to bear."

A group of local children formed a "Cold Water Army", and under the leadership of Dr. Wheat sang songs like the following:

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Sparkling and bright in its liquid light
Is the water in our glasses;
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth
Ye lads and rosy lassies.

Chorus

Oh, then resign your ruby wine,
Each smiling son and daughter.
There's nothing so good for the youthful blood
Or sweet, as sparkling water.

The slavery issue also was a matter of concern and plentiful controversy in these days, even in this little community so far north of the Mason and Dixon line. As early as 1851, Hon. John Hale was addressing the public on this question, and quite evidently the foundations were being laid for the stand to be taken later.

Manchester was no isolated community in those early days of her life as a city. Meantime, internal developments were justifying the Messenger's use of the word "magic" as applied to the city's growth.

Reference has been made already to the incorporation of the Manchester Bank and the Manchester Savings Bank. In 1848, the Amoskeag Bank, predecessor of the Amoskeag National, was incorporated with a board of directors consisting of Richard H. Ayer, Samuel D. Bell, Mace Moulton, Stephen D. Greene,

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John S. Kidder, Stephen Manahan and Edson Hill. Richard H. Ayer was president and Moody Currier, cashier. Succeeding this bank was the Amoskeag National which was organized in 1864, with Moody Currier as president and George B. Chandler, cashier. The first directors were Moody Currier, John S. Kidder, Stephen D. Green, Edson Hill, Henry Putney, Adam Chandler, Daniel Clark, Darwin S. Daniels and Horace Johnson. The Amoskeag Savings Bank was chartered in 1852, with Walter French as president, and the following men serving as trustees: Isaac Flanders, William Richardson, Frederick Smyth, Samuel Ayer, Jacob G. Cilley, John S. Kidder, Timothy W. Little and Stephen Manahan. Moody Currier was appointed treasurer. The year 1853 saw the organization of the City Bank, with Isaac Flanders as president and Edward A. Harrington as cashier. The board of directors consisted of Isaac Flanders, Samuel W. Parsons, Joseph Kidder, William C. Clarke, Oliver Bayley, William H. Hill and Andrew G. Tucker. The City Savings Bank, occupying the same rooms as the City Bank, was chartered in 1859 with Joseph Kidder as president and Edward W. Harrington as treasurer. The trustees were Samuel W. Parsons, James Hersey, John D. Bean, R. N. Batchelder, James S. Cheney,

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Andrew G. Tucker, J. C. Ricker, Bradbury P. Cilley, James S. Cogswell and John F. Duncklee. In 1855 the Merrimack River Bank was chartered and its first officers were as follows: William G. Means, president; Frederick Smyth, cashier; David Cross, Waterman Smyth, John H. Moor, William Whittle, William P. Newell, Benjamin F. Martin, William G. Means, directors. In 1865 this was put under United States jurisdiction and its name changed to the First National Bank of Manchester.

The Manchester Five Cent Savings Institution was chartered in 1858, with Waterman Smith as president and David Gillis and George Porter as vice-presidents. Frederick Smyth was treasurer and following is a list of the trustees; Benjamin F. Martin, Joseph B. Clark, Isaac Smith, William B. Webster, Frank A. Brown, George Thompson, John B. Clark, Peter S. Brown, Frederick Smyth, Josiah S. Shannon, John L. Kelly, James M. Varnum, Alonzo Smith, Thomas Wheat, Warren Page, Albe C. Heath, Warren S. Peabody, Joseph A. Haines.

This period was a time of rapid expansion for the industries down by the river; there were new mills, new tenements and boarding houses, a new foundry and machine shop. The building of a new machine shop was especially important as it was work in this department

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that was to keep the plant active in the approaching depression. Due to the increasing differences between North and South, the cotton manufacturing industries were hard hit in the late 50's but the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, with its facilities for producing machinery, was able to weather the gale.

Another very important development of these years was the building of Mechanics' Row at the northern end of the canal, a group of wooden buildings with brick partitions which provided quarters for a variety of small enterprises and presented a lively picture of humming industry from the beginning. At the upper end of the Row was a structure which housed the pumps used to lift the river water to the company's reservoir in the square bounded by Blodget, Harrison, Oak and Russell Streets. This reservoir, with a capacity of eleven million gallons, provided water for the tenements and was available in case of fire.

In 1848 the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company undertook the manufacture of locomotives, a line of work in which they were to attain an enviably high degree of success. The first engine sent out by the Amoskeag Machine Shop bore the name Etna, and was shipped March 1, 1849, to the Northern Railroad. The Concord Railroad received the second engine, the

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General Stark, a twenty-four ton passenger locomotive. Having produced two hundred and thirty-two engines, in the late 50's the Amoskeag Company discontinued the manufacture of locomotives, selling out to the already established firm of Bayley, Blood and Company formerly called the Vulcan Works. In 1854, this firm had taken the name of Manchester Locomotive Works, one of the leading manufactories of the city for a long period. Oliver W. Bayley was the first agent, but in 1857 he was succeeded by Aretas Blood, under whose personal management the industry attained its conspicuously high place. Mr. Blood was known throughout the country as a leading authority on locomotive building, being thoroughly familiar with every intricate detail of the construction of an engine. He was, furthermore, an outstanding executive, possessing rare skill in dealing with his subordinates.

Other improvements of the period include the incorporation of the Manchester Gas Light Company in 1850, and in 1851 the laying of gas pipes through the city streets. Soon there was not only the fashionable and miraculous new lighting system in private residences, but a pale glow at street intersections, making evening perambulations safer and more comfortable. Not always, however. The Gas Light Company

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deferred to the almanac and had no intention of running in competition with the moon. When the almanac indicated moonlight, you might be sure there would be no street light, regardless of flood, fog or raging blizzard. And any night, if business or pleasure kept you abroad after the respectable hour of 11 P.M., you would do well to carry a lantern. The Manchester Gas Light Company did not encourage midnight revels, and so the street lights were extinguished promptly a good hour before the stroke of twelve.

These were the years when Manchester became definitely "transportation-minded", and modern facilities for getting about developed rapidly. In 1853, a shining, new omnibus drawn by two sleek Canadian horses appeared upon the streets, making half-hourly trips between upper Elm Street and Piscataquog Village, on a schedule beginning at six in the morning and operating until ten in the evening. Here was the ancestor of our familiar horse car, trolley car and bus. In 1848 the Granite Bridge was made a free thoroughfare with responsibility for its upkeep divided between Manchester and Bedford. Three years later this arrangement was put to the test, when flood waters swept down the Merrimack and destroyed the old bridge. Whether on economic

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or esthetic grounds, the two towns failed to agree as to the style and type most desirable for the new structure, and the result was two modes of architecture meeting in the middle of the river. Possibly the United Nations set-up might borrow a leaf from this record of mid-century compromise. Two new railroads were opened in 1849 and 1850, the Manchester and Lawrence, and the New Hampshire Central (later the North Weare) connecting Manchester and Henniker.

Among the new buildings of the period was the Intermediate School, a brick structure on the corner of Manchester and Chestnut Streets, site of the present Police Station. In anticipation of any probable reluctance on the part of youth to attend this school, a room for truants was provided in the attic. Three flights up presumably discouraged attempts at escape, even in the most adventurous-minded truant. The South Grammar School, originally conducted in a chapel on Concord Street, was transferred in 1847 to a new building on Park Street. This was the nucleus of the present Franklin Street School, being moved to the Franklin and Pleasant Street location in 1857. The North Grammar School was established in 1848, in a brick building on Spring Street. An offshoot of this institution became the Ash

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Street Grammar School in 1869 with William E. Buck as master.

Both the Lyceum and the Atheneum, already mentioned in the preceding chapter, were active and live organizations during this period, and it is of more than passing interest to notice the nature and variety of intellectual food provided for the adult Manchester of the mid-century. Among the Lyceum speakers engaged for the season of 1849-1850 were Horace Mann, Wendell Phillips, Richard H. Dana, Jr., and Theodore Parker. Listed lecture topics include: "Copernicus and His Time", "The Affinity between Literature and Liberty", "Self-Education", "Philosophy of Vision or the Science of Optics". The newspaper issue of January 31, 1845, informs the public that on the following Saturday evening the question for discussion at the Lyceum will be "Is Morality On the Increase?" Sometimes the press took exception to a speaker's subject or his method of handling it. Said the Messenger of January 3, 1846: "The lecture before the Lyceum on Wednesday evening was by Rev. Mr. Hidden. As a lecture it was altogether inappropriate to the occasion, and as a literary production it was wanting essentially in point." The speaker was criticized for uttering "doctrinal sentiments not allowable at a Lyceum lecture" (including a slur

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at the Abolitionists), and the oblique scolding concluded with the hope that "hereafter the lectures will be such as to impart interesting and valuable instruction of a scientific character rather than that which is ecclesiastical and sectarian."

Disapproval of another Lyceum lecture, delivered by Hon. John C. Parks of Boston, was expressed in no measured terms: "He stated no new or strange propositions nor established any truth in science, government or morals. For our part we prefer a scientific lecture before the Lyceum." It seems that science was considered a good, safe topic, not likely to stir up dissension or to step on sectarian toes. As for literature, a hardy soul by the name of Henry Hudson came to the Lyceum platform and discoursed upon Shakespeare. The press polished him off in this fashion: "But when the speaker had finished, we could not help asking ourselves what good such a lecture could do. Did those who listened obtain any new or valuable ideas? We must not meddle with the management of the Lyceum, but we do urge the necessity of a more useful course of lectures than we are now having. The people want something more useful than mere literary lectures. Can't they have it?" It is apparent that the craft bear-

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ing culture to Manchester's intelligensia sometimes ran into rough weather.

Another institution purporting to provide information as well as entertainment was the Museum, on the corner of Elm and Pleasant Streets. The Manchester Directory for 1848 describes it as follows: "Manchester Museum and Gallery of Fine Arts. Contains many specimens of Birds, Insects, Paintings, Statuary, Shells, Minerals, Fossils, Curiosities, etc., from all parts of the world. In this collection may be found the entire skeleton of the Greenland Whale, or river whale, which is the only one on exhibition in the United States. The Museum offers a delightful promenade to visitors, both day and evening. Open every day, Sunday excepted, from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M. M. H. Hough, Proprietor." One may wonder who would be likely to avail himself of the privileges of the "delightful promenade" at 7 A.M., even in the rugged days of 1848. It seems that M. H. Hough, Proprietor, had a partner by the name of Robinson, and together they had petitioned the board of Mayor and Aldermen for a permit to conduct such an institution. Although the petition was signed by forty-eight leading citizens, the whole project was bitterly opposed by clergy and churches. Finally a license was granted, but it was heavily weighted with re-

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strictions. No records are available to reveal how long the Museum provided entertainment and enlightenment for the public, but it was not listed in the City Directory after 1850. It may have fostered an interest in the drama, but no dramatic entertainments were permitted on Saturday evenings—nor on *any* evening after the stroke of ten o'clock, unless the Mayor gave his sanction in writing. Thoreau, reporting on his pilgrimage up the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, mentions that he noticed the flag of this Museum waving in the breezes, but it is not probable that he stopped to marvel at the skeleton of the Greenland Whale, "the only one on exhibition in the United States." A colony of living muskrats on Goose Pond was more to Thoreau's taste.

These were the years that brought the City Missionary Society into being, and that saw the organization of the local Y.M.C.A. The former had its beginnings in 1847, and was legally organized in 1850. Originally its object was to provide religious instruction for those not accustomed to attend church services, but in 1870 its functions were enlarged to include practical help to the needy. The building on the corner of Merrimack and Beech Streets was erected in 1850, from funds contributed by individuals and by the Congregational and

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Presbyterian churches of the state. The site was given by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company.

In February, 1854, the young men of the various churches met in the vestry of the First Congregational Church to take action relative to "making a systematic Christian effort to help young men and to uniting in a closer bond Christians of different denominations." A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution, and on March 17, at a meeting held in the Franklin Street Church vestry, this constitution was adopted and the Y.M.C.A. of Manchester was formally organized. In addition to the regular officers, a board of directors was provided, consisting of one representative from each of the local Evangelical churches. At first, the organization held its gatherings in the vestries of the different churches. Later it had a meeting place and reading room in Patten's block, and in 1855, it moved to quarters in the newly-built Smyth block. William G. Means was the first president, assisted by John E. Tasker and E. B. Merrill, vice-presidents, J. S. Harriman, recording secretary, J. M. Coburn, corresponding secretary, Alfred B. Soule, treasurer, and J. D. Jones, librarian.

These were important years in Manchester's newspaper circles. The Daily Mirror was

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established in 1850, and the Union Democrat in 1851. The Farmer's Monthly Visitor, which began in 1838 and was suspended in 1849, was resumed in 1852. The Ladies' Enterprise began publication in 1854.

The foregoing glance at developments, industrial, civic, cultural and educational, indicates the momentum engendered in Manchester as it emerged into the status of a city. But there were discouragements and setbacks to test the fibre of these early citizens. Fire and flood did not pass them by. A hail storm did tremendous damage in 1853, and the dread cholera visited the city in 1849. The year 1848 brought destruction by fire to those valuable old landmarks, the "Old Mill" and the "Bell Mill", on the west bank of the river. They were still functioning industrially, and the financial loss was estimated at about seventy thousand dollars. The greater loss was on the level of "the intangibles", since they were eloquent spokesmen for the frail beginnings of a powerful industry. William B. Clarke, an old overseer, commented that "the mills were in pretty bad shape, and were so rickety that the water would splash out of the sink when one walked across the floor." He added that "the old pine timbers burned like tinder." The Stark Mills, the Steam Mill, and the Manchester Print

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Works, also had serious fires in 1850, 1852, and 1853.

In February, 1851, occurred the great freshet in the Merrimack River. The old Granite Bridge was lifted from its piers and swept downstream, and the old "Amoskeag Bridge" at the foot of Bridge Street, already impassable, was completely destroyed.* Mr. George Waldo Browne, in "Waynotes of Manchester" gives a vivid description of the scene: "Then came the furious freshet of February 15 to 22, 1851. The night of the 21st was one of the wildest ever known up to that time in the history of the Merrimack River. When the storm had set in, the river was frozen over to a great depth, except where the rapids prevented it. The great wintry flooring was broken up and the swollen stream became a double agent of destruction. The water had been higher on several occasions, but on the night of the 21st it was terrible to behold. The flood held back by the dams of ice, the river below the Falls rose to a level with the river above the Falls, the whole mass swirling, toss-

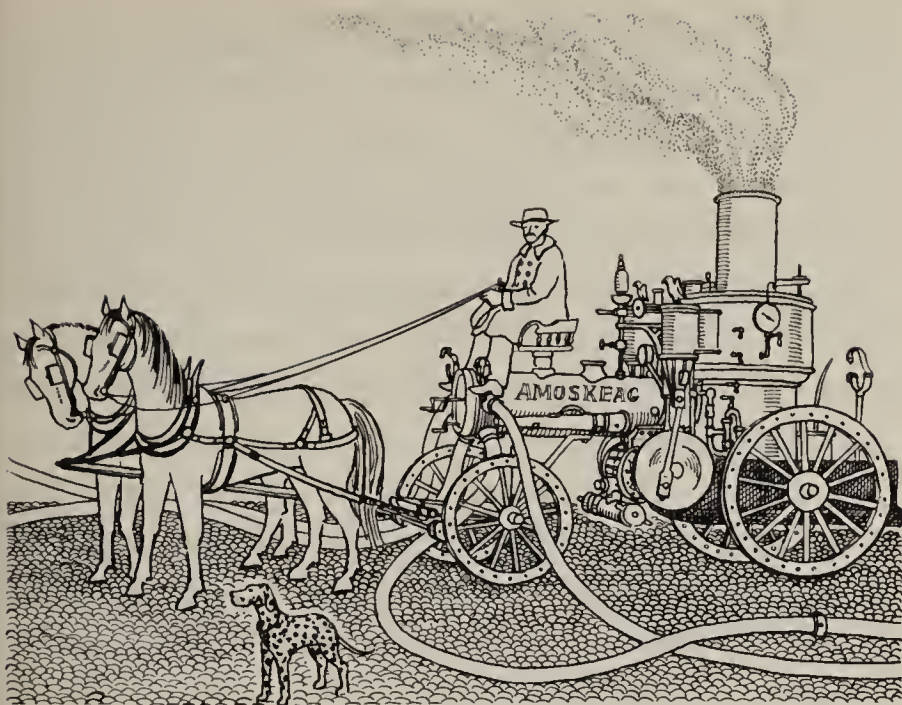
* This bridge was not replaced until 1881 when McGregor Bridge was built. It must not be confused with the bridge at Amoskeag Falls, built in 1842, destroyed by a freshet in 1853, and rebuilt in 1854.

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ing, crushing, roaring and grinding into bits whatever came in its way. And the bridge stood trembling and tottering above its furious current, but the morning showed no bridge across the river which was already beginning to subside. A few anxious watchers standing shivering in the gale on the river banks heard the crashes and knew that the old bridge had gone by the boards."

But notwithstanding these buffetings, Manchester, the fledgling city, continued steadily on its course of growth and development. The Memorial's editor seemed justified in his enthusiastic exclamation: "Manchester, if she progresses as fast as for the two years past, will not only be the Manchester of New England but the Manchester of America."





FIRST STEAM FIRE ENGINE BUILT BY THE AMOSKEAG
MANUFACTURING CO., MANCHESTER, N. H.

Expansion of a City

The great event of the year 1853, indeed the great event of that decade, as far as Manchester was concerned, was the annexation of Piscataquog and Amoskeag, settlements heretofore belonging to Bedford and Goffstown respectively. The act of the Legislature giving state sanction to this incorporation of two villages into the municipality of Manchester was approved in July of that year, and provided that the city should assume responsibility for all roads and bridges within the limits of the

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specified territory and that it should be accountable to the towns for a certain proportion of the debts listed in the most recent inventories. It would seem to have been a just and generous arrangement and one likely to produce reciprocal advantages. The new wards, seven and eight, were likely to benefit by their status, and the enlargement of the city by these additions surely might be interpreted as an indication of progress.

The public reaction to this annexation at the time is interesting. The local newspaper, the *Union Democrat*, in issues of July and August gives us a sidelight in this connection. One of its items suggests the truth of the old statement that history repeats itself. How often are today's citizens accused of lethargy concerning civic matters—of indifference to the privilege and the duty of expressing their opinions by *their votes*. Listen to the editorial comment in the *Union Democrat* nearly a hundred years ago. Under the caption "Annexation Consummated" it says: "In pursuance of a call of the city government, a meeting was held on Monday evening of last week to secure an expression of public feeling of this city in regard to the annexation of portions of Bedford and Goffstown. The City Hall was well filled, but there was evidently little feeling to express."

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After reporting that resolutions in favor of the measure passed by a vote of three hundred and eighteen to sixty-seven, although a large majority of those present failed to vote at all, the editorial continues: "If this meagre vote, about one fifth of our voting population, can be considered as anything more than a farce, then what is it? However it makes a very good pretext for a predetermined act, and accordingly the project was perfected in Council on the Tuesday following. We are not prepared to say it will not be for the best; we hope—and not altogether without confidence—it will. At any rate, our friends over the river are welcome to the destiny that awaits the rest of us."

In the issue of July 6, 1853, the same paper commented as follows: "The conditions are so favorable to the old towns that we understand very little opposition was made to the passage of the bill, and it is a matter of congratulation that the object will be effected without any alienation of feeling between our people and our excellent neighbors over the river.

"Much as we have been personally inclined to favor the movement, we have still felt that there were strong reasons against it. In the first place, the integrity of the old towns should never be disturbed for slight or transient rea-

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sons. Geographical propinquity and convenience sometimes requires it, but in this case these considerations forbid rather than demand the change. The Merrimack is a natural boundary and should not be obliterated as a dividing line without strong reasons. Again, it is a policy of the state to discourage rather than to promote a consolidation of wealth and population in one political community. We deprecate the concentration of too much power in large cities. For these reasons we are glad the terms proposed are extremely liberal to the old towns.

“We have no doubt the annexation of this territory will be highly advantageous to Manchester. It embraces a wealthy and enterprising population of perhaps sixteen or eighteen hundred, and increases the population of this city to nearly nineteen thousand. We have no doubt a new impetus will be given to the already vigorous growth of our city. We welcome our suburban neighbors to our municipal household, and we trust the government of this city will extend to them all the privileges they can rightfully expect.”

It would seem that “our neighbors over the river” generally looked with favor on the idea of incorporation with the larger group of a city. The “History of Goffstown”, however,

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records at least one instance of an opposing opinion. It reports on page 279 that in 1857, one Samuel Poor petitioned the Legislature through David M. Taggart, the representative, to disannex the portion of his homestead within the new city limits and restore it to what he evidently considered its rightful place in Goffstown. But the bill was opposed and the committee on towns and parishes reported that they recommended its indefinite postponement.

And what about Bedford and Goffstown whence came a considerable portion of our population? If we are to understand Manchester, we must glance at the backgrounds of these "suburban neighbors" welcomed to our municipal household in 1853.

Bedford's first permanent settlement was in 1737, when Robert and James Walker came up from Londonderry and were joined a few months later by Matthew and Samuel Patten whose home had been in Dunstable. They built a hut and courageously began the labors of creating a home in the wilderness down by the river. Today a stone tablet marks the site of this first homestead. A paragraph in the "Bedford History" throws an interesting sidelight on the conditions encountered by these hardy pioneers whose determination laid the foundations for the typical New England town with

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its white church on the hilltop and its winding roads leading off to rich farmlands. The record says: "James removed to what was known as the Jesse Walker farm, afterward part of the farm belonging to the late William McAllister. But the bears and catamounts were so numerous and at night made so much noise about his house that he could not stay. He said his bull was able to keep them off only by climbing to the top of the ledge near the barn and bellowing all night long." The spirit of Bedford's pioneers never quailed before bears and catamounts, however. In due time the Walkers and the Pattens were joined by other families, and the year 1750 brought formal recognition of the settlement as the town of Bedford, named in honor of England's Duke of Bedford.

The records tell us that with few exceptions the early inhabitants of the town were from the north of Ireland, or from the then infant settlement of Londonderry, New Hampshire, to which they had recently emigrated from Ireland, and that their ancestors were of Scotch origin. In his "Historical Sketch of Bedford", published in 1840, Rev. Thomas Savage has this to say: "It is interesting to notice the similarity between the pilgrims of Plymouth and these emigrants from the north of Ireland as respects the motives which led them to emigrate.

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It was no worldly ambition, it was no unhallowed thirst of gain that in either case appears to have led these hardy men to leave the comforts and endearments of their native land and come to the western wilderness; it was, so many believe, in both cases for the enjoyment of the rights of conscience and religious privileges that they came across the Atlantic and settled down in these forests."

Bedford has a rich heritage in the possession of the diary of pioneer Matthew Patten from which the day-by-day happenings of that long-ago period may be vividly reconstructed. The original manuscript is in the possession of Mrs. Gordon Woodbury. Couched in the quaint and simple language of the times, spelled according to the latitude permitted by custom, or possibly according to Matthew Patten's own whim, the recordings are a delight to read. He speaks often of "refreshing rains", of "tedious snow storms", of "hauling logs to the river." In the following item he refers to effort rewarded: "I went to the falls (Amoskeag) and Alexander went the evening before and he got thirty shad and I got twelve and a ten pound salmon." Again: "I went to Amoskeag and got a salmon that weighed seventeen and a half pounds." But effort was sometimes wasted and the trip to the falls a futile journey: "I went

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to the falls but got no eels"; "I went to the falls to fish at our setting place, but the river was so high that I could not." The "trading" that was part of the pattern of those days is recorded thus: "I fished at the new setting place and I got eight shad and twenty-two eelwives and an eel, and I changed them with Sam Farrington for four-fifths of a bushel of corn."

The recording of July 22, 1785, reveals not only Matthew Patten, the observer, but Matthew Patten, the interpreter, the man of keen awareness: "Alex mowed for his Uncle to the middle of the afternoon when there came on a shower as heavy an one as perhaps I ever see with an Extraordinary wind it broke one of our Appletrees off in the middle of the body Razed the roots of another broke the main top branch off another and Drove over Rail fence and board fence I think it might be called something of a hurricane there was considerable of hail with it And in about an hour after it was over there came on another very great shower but the wind not higher than is common in such showers a great deal of thunder with both showers and a great quantity of rain fell in each it laid the corn generally down and the Rie and broke many corn stalks Entirely off at the lott by Frenches it blowed many trees

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out of ground and broke many off thriving white oaks torn up by the Roots a pine that was crotched each part 18 or 20 inches diameter both broke entirely off about 20 feet high O Lord who can conceive of thy Almighty power and yet thou walkest on the wings of the wind in the most calmest manner even when that Airy substance is agitated in the fiercest motion we mortals ever behold yet all we can conceive is infinitely short of thee Give us Exalted thoughts of thee and humble and abasing thoughts of ourselves.”

The development of the Piscataquog section of Bedford was due in no small measure to William Parker who about 1785 moved from Litchfield to Bedford and settled in the northeast corner of the town. He it was who really laid the foundations for the brisk little village within Bedford's boundaries which in 1851 boasted two stores, two taverns, one mill, two school houses and an academy and meeting house. The Riddle family also played a very important role in Piscataquog's growth. Commercial boating on the Merrimack was a picturesque part of the pattern of that era, and it was the firm of Isaac Riddle and Sons who brought it to its high peak of success, by providing transportation for a variety of goods to the towns west and north of Manchester. So

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efficient was this method of moving goods that at one time there was serious consideration of a plan to unite the Merrimack and the Connecticut rivers by means of a canal through the Piscataquog valley. William P. Riddle, eldest son of Isaac, continued the boating business until 1842, when the Concord Railroad began operations. His yellow store and boating house on the Piscataquog was the center of his activities, but his various enterprises had connections far afield. He furnished building lumber for Boston, Lowell and Newburyport, and ship timber for the Charlestown Navy Yard. He made Piscataquog a depository for hops, buying them from all over the state, from Vermont and Canada, and then shipping them to markets in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and even to foreign ports. It is said that no less than four or five hundred thousand pounds passed through his hands in the course of a year.

It was in the year 1820 that the citizens of Piscataquog formed a joint stock company and built a meeting house on a desirable site given by the heirs of William Parker. This was the nucleus of the present South Main Street Congregational Church, and it is of interest to note that though Congregationalism is the doctrine of the church today, its ancestor was Presbyterian. Through varying vicissitudes, the origi-

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nal building survived until 1916, when it was completely destroyed by fire. This original meeting house, before alterations, was distinctly of the old tradition in architecture, with a high pulpit and pews of the "pen" variety. At one period the upper floor provided quarters for a flourishing academy of which Dr. Leonard French was the first principal. In 1855 the First Wesleyan Methodist group held services in the building, and from 1859 to 1867 it was the home of the First Presbyterian Church in Manchester. When this group disbanded in 1867, some of the members were given letters of dismissal to the Franklin Street Church. Later the meeting house became the property of the local Y.M.C.A. on the condition that it keep the building in repair and be responsible for the conduct of regular religious services there.

Before the railroads ushered in the new era of transportation, there were two methods of moving merchandise: by river boats and by "teaming". And there were two ways of getting oneself about on land: by stage coach and on foot. All these means of transportation required places of entertainment along the way: hence the taverns, those storied havens of refuge springing up at convenient points on the main-travelled routes all over the country. There was rich material for the pen of a novelist in

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these taverns—meeting places for the humble and the high-born alike, where teamsters and presidents tarried under the same roof, listening to the same stories recounted around the fires blazing on the wide hearths. Piscataquog provided three of these inns: the Travelers Home, at the corner of South Main and Milford Streets; Parker's, on the northeast corner of South Main and Log streets; and the Merrimack House, which stood until 1849 on the exact spot where the North Weare railroad tracks lead westward.

The little village boasted also its own fire engine, of the small hand-tub variety, manned by a group known as the Piscataquog Village Fire Engine Company and carefully sheltered in a little building painted a gay red, standing near the corner of what is now Hancock and South Main streets. This machine had the gallant record of throwing water over the old church spire which towered one hundred and ten feet in the air.

It is plain to see that Piscataquog which means the "place of many deer", had much to contribute to the city with which it was to merge its identity. So also did Amoskeag, offshoot of Goffstown, that was adopted by Manchester at the same time.

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“Gofestown”, known in the early settlement days as Narraganset Grant Number 4, was first referred to by its new name in 1750, and was so-called in honor of Colonel John Goffe, “Hunter John”. Colonel Goffe was a man of rare and unusual versatility; a military leader who played an important part in the early wars; a religious man “apt in exhortation and prayer”; a generous and civic-minded man, contributing freely to the community’s welfare. A whole cross-section of our country’s history in those exciting, adventurous days of the early settlements was reflected in the life of Hunter John Goffe, pioneer. He was moderator of the first town meeting of the little settlement of which Amoskeag was a significant and important part, and which was recognized by charter as a town in 1761.

Amoskeag’s early importance is linked with the mills of Derryfield. It must be remembered that up to the year 1836, there was no sign of a mill on the east bank of the Merrimack around the falls. The two little factories in Amoskeag—the “Old Mill” and the “Bell Mill” plus the “Island Mill” included all there was of manufacturing in the vicinity. But that all was much for those days, and it made Amoskeag a hustling little hamlet, a magnet attracting the youth of both sexes from all over northern New England.

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Working in the mill stood high in public opinion in the early 1800's, and the operators who flocked in from the country districts to find employment were high type men and women. They found their environment anything but an isolated community. Stage lines ran daily through the village; boats plied up and down the river, and there was active contact with the outside world. The old inn, situated at the junction of the road from Amoskeag Bridge with the north-and-south thoroughfare (Front Street) was a lively place. In 1825, the Marquis de Lafayette made a stop-over at Amoskeag on his way to Concord, and was accorded a grand reception. In 1833, President Andrew Jackson was entertained in the village, stopping long enough to inspect the mills, and reporting that he was impressed with the evidences of their prosperity. His visit afforded a view of unwonted pomp and ceremony to the austere, puritanical community. He traveled in sumptuous fashion, in a carriage drawn by four milk-white horses driven by a negro coachman. En route from Londonderry, he traversed what is now the heart of the city, which at that date was more aptly described as the heart of a wilderness. What the southern gentleman thought and what he prophesied in silence about old Derryfield's prospects is not recorded. But it is

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doubtful if he visualized the development of the next hundred years.

The annexation of these two thriving communities—Piscataquog and Amoskeag—showed Manchester branching out. The next few years gave ample proof that she was not only branching out but striking her roots more deeply in all directions, commercially and otherwise.

In March of 1854, Frederick Smyth was elected for a third term as mayor of Manchester. The outstanding accomplishment of this period of his administration was the firm establishment of a city library. In his second inaugural address Mr. Smyth had called attention to the desirability of such an institution, and at the opening of his third term he made an eloquent plea for it. "I can hardly conceive of a more judicious outlay of money," he declared, "than that which you may come to the conclusion to spend in sustaining a free public library and reading room, which shall be open to all, subject to good and wholesome restraints." This recommendation was really ahead of public sentiment, but Judge Samuel D. Bell and a few other citizens rallied to the cause, and by September, 1854, an arrangement had been negotiated with the Atheneum by which it was converted into a permanent free city library.

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The Atheneum had about four thousand volumes, and in addition it was in possession of sundry valuable documents worthy of preservation. All this property was committed to the city, on condition that a thousand dollars annually should be appropriated for the purchase of books and periodicals, and that the municipality should provide for the running expenses of the institution. The control and management were vested in a board of trustees, with the mayor and the president of the Common Council as ex-officio members. One trustee was to be elected annually for a term of seven years. Providing Manchester's citizens with an open-to-all library was an important milestone in the community's progress, proving that culture as well as commerce was well up front in the procession. Shortly after its establishment, the newly-fledged library was dealt a severe blow. Fire in Patten's Block, where it was located, destroyed all except about six hundred of the original volumes. But with characteristic energy the city went about the task of repairing damages, and within a few months the library was given new quarters in the new Patten's Block.

Another favorable sign of the times during this period was the increasing of teachers' salaries. In his second inaugural address Mayor

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Smyth pointed out that unless larger appropriations were forthcoming the community would suffer by losing its best teachers. In 1855, principals' salaries were raised to seven hundred dollars, meager indeed even for that day, but an improvement nevertheless. A teacher in the grades received five dollars weekly, with an extra dollar if she had acquired the dignity of principal's assistant.

It is of interest to notice that as early as 1854 there was recognition of the need of evening sessions in the public schools and that classes were held in Patten's Block for those whom circumstances had deprived of regular schooling.

The first parochial school in Manchester was opened in 1859 in the basement of St. Anne's Church at the corner of Union and Merrimack Streets. During the previous year the Sisters of Mercy had established Mount St. Mary's convent at the corner of Union and Laurel Streets, a boarding school for girls.

Immediately upon the conclusion of his third term as mayor, Frederick Smyth, as chairman of a three-member board of commissioners, took up the cause of a projected Reform School for juveniles of both sexes. The plan was launched at a time when political emotions were at the boiling point, the transition period when

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the Republican party was emerging from the old, time-honored Whigs. In daring to advocate so progressive an enterprise as "a house of reformation for juvenile offenders" the new party was inviting criticism and ridicule. Why weren't the jails and prisons all that was needed in the way of corrective institutions for offenders, juvenile or otherwise? Of course the proponents of the measure were violently attacked. The recommended institution was advertised by the opposition as "a forty-thousand dollar Palace for Prostitutes", and broadsides screaming this catchy and alliterative title were scattered all over the state.

But Mr. Smyth and his associates did not scare easily, and the undertaking was pushed with vigor. "It is truly a great and good work," said Mr. Smyth in his first annual report to the governor and Council, "worthy the cooperation of all who desire the good of the community. In every town there are some, and in cities many, who exercise no salutary control over their children, permitting them to grow up in ignorance and vice to fill our prisons and almshouses, unless the state provides means for their rescue." The committee carefully inspected about twenty possible sites for a proposed building, finally settling upon the Stark Farm, part of the estate formerly owned by

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General John Stark including about one hundred acres. Ten thousand dollars was the price of the land, to which was added an additional ten acres for a thousand dollars more. The building was begun in 1856 and was brought to completion in 1857. It was dedicated on the twelfth of May, 1858. Thus was brought to realization one of the cherished projects in the career of Frederick Smyth, thrice mayor of Manchester, twice governor of New Hampshire, and always an active advocate for any forward-looking measure that might benefit his generation and those to follow.

The first drinking fountain made its appearance on Elm Street in 1855, and the previous year Micajah Ingham, the public servant in charge of reducing Manchester's dust menace, built a reservoir on the north side of the present Victory Park, for the purpose of supplying his watering cart. His emolument was meager, but apparently he attended to duty with conscientious zeal, come wind or high water. It is recorded that one day he was rumbling up Elm Street, sprinkling system working with a hundred per cent efficiency, when a smart shower overtook him. Continuing on his way, oblivious to the downpour, he was challenged by an acquaintance: "What's the use of watering the street in all this rain!" "Always

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willing to work when the Lord's willing to help me," was the come-back.

Military interest experienced a revival around these middle years of the century. One may wonder if some subconscious spirit was at work preparing the public mind for the conflict of the next decade. Military interest had languished noticeably previous to this time. The most recent parade of the once-proud Stark Guards had provoked only mirth, with its band and one lone soldier in uniform. The Granite Fusiliers also had dwindled into feebleness. But in the fall of 1854, two military companies from Massachusetts visited Manchester and immediately the city became military-minded. Hon. Chandler E. Potter circulated a paper and the sizable number of signatures of those willing to cooperate proved that the military idea was taking hold. Thus was born the famous Amoskeag Veterans, the oldest "veteran" corps in New England with the exception of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. William P. Riddle of Piscataquog headed the organization as colonel, and William Patten was first lieutenant. In 1855, an act of incorporation was granted by the Legislature. Among the avowed objects of the Veterans, according to the constitution, were the protection of life, the preservation of peace

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and social enjoyments, and the promotion of military parades. The Museum building provided the first armory, later moved to Granite Block and subsequently to Towne's Block. At first the members were almost exclusively from Manchester, but in the course of a brief time the membership came to include prominent citizens from Concord, Nashua, Keene, Portsmouth, and other communities nearby. In December of 1855, the Veterans paid a visit to Washington and were the recipients of flattering attention and lavish entertainment from similar organizations in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Such were the highlights of Manchester's development in the years immediately following the annexation of Piscataquog and Amoskeag. And what about the mills during this period?

In 1853 the Blodget Paper Company was incorporated, and the following year it had the honor of manufacturing the first paper hangings produced in this country. This was the year in which Charles L. Richardson became paymaster of the Amoskeag mills, beginning a career in that office which he was to hold for forty-five years. In 1856 the Amoskeag Duck and Bag mill was organized, to be merged with the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company in 1875. On July 26, 1856, Ezekiel A. Straw was

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appointed agent of the great organization with which he had been connected ever since coming to the city in 1838.

In 1854, as noted in the preceding chapter, the already established firm of Bayley, Blood and Company became the famous Manchester Locomotive Works, incorporated by Aretas Blood, Oliver W. Bayley and J. M. Stone and holding high place as one of the leading industries of the city over a long period of years.

The shops occupied by this concern were situated on Canal Street, between Hollis and Dean, and included an extent of five acres plus an additional acre and an iron foundry on lower Elm Street. Their first product was called the Pioneer; another was identified as the Troubadour. Surprisingly, fancy found a place even in the engine building of that day. There was the North Wind, the Grey Eagle, the Golden Eagle, Lightfoot, Quickstep—all identification tags for structures of steel for strictly utilitarian purposes. It would seem that imagination went along with the blueprints and dreams caught up with the driving wheels.

But imagination was not always confined to the fanciful. It could be practical. In 1857, Nehemiah S. Bean was employed as a machinist in Lawrence, Massachusetts. But as he went about his routine duties, his imagina-

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tion was busy with ideas concerning the possible use of steam in pumping water for fire engines. He found a ready aid in a mechanic by the name of Thomas Scott, and together they constructed the first steam fire engine ever built in New England. It was sent to Boston to be tested out in competition with apparatus from Cleveland, Cincinnati and Philadelphia, and subsequently was purchased by the city of Boston for thirty-five hundred dollars. In 1859, Mr. Bean came to Manchester and entered the employ of the Amoskeag Machine Shop, where he built the first two Amoskeag steam fire engines. Thus was initiated one of the most important branches of the Amoskeag company, one that was destined to spread its name and fame to far places. Between 1859 and 1876, five hundred and fifty steam fire engines were built and sent not only to the largest cities in our own country but to all parts of the world—to London, to Chile, to Peru—even to China and Japan. The little city on the Merrimack never had a more efficient advertising medium than these engines resulting largely from the dream of one man.

The city of Manchester itself was not far behind Boston in ordering one of these products which was delivered in time to be on exhibition at the famous Firemen's Muster of 1859.

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This event deserves more than passing notice, for it was an example of the type of popular public entertainment of the era, and it was the occasion for lengthy preparations. It brought two thousand visitors to the city, and the various commons must have resembled a war camp on the eve of battle, providing as they did temporary quarters for the use of out-of-town companies. Merrimack Common had the honor of being the site of the target pole, topped with the figure of a fireman and the center of all eyes on the afternoon of the muster. At 12:40, after the colorful parade of the contestants had whetted public enthusiasm, the judges took their places in the belfry of the old Baptist Meeting House opposite Merrimack Common and the playing began. The target pole had been spaced off into feet and numbered with figures sufficiently large to be read easily from the Baptist Church vantage point. Each competing company was given ten minutes to draw water and through four hundred feet of hose play a perpendicular stream up the pole, honors of course going to the company reaching the highest point within the given period. The time element as well as variations in skill lent excitement to the game, and one may imagine the tense interest of the spectators, from the judges in the belfry to the small boys in the

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front row among the onlookers. The first prize of four hundred dollars was awarded to Alert 1 from Winchendon, Massachusetts, with a record of one hundred and seventy feet. Wakefield, Massachusetts, lost first place by only four feet, and won the second prize of two hundred dollars. Three lesser cash prizes were awarded, and Boston's record of one hundred and fifty one feet was considered worthy the recognition of the gift of a patent hose-washer.

The festivities were marred by one of the most violent riots in Manchester's history. The members of the gambling fraternity, already numerous in the city, were augmented by a large delegation from Boston, and as might be expected, trouble followed. Arguments and verbal exchanges led to plain fights where, in one case at least, fists gave place to more formidable weapons. The disagreement started in an altercation between a gambling house proprietor and a visiting fireman, who with his companions was forcibly thrown out of the building. But that was a brief and negligible victory for the gambler. In a twinkling the avenging red-shirts were on the scene, and the whole vicinity was seething with furious humanity. Not only this particular resort but all

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the others in the city were raided. Three hundred gallons of liquor flowed down the street. The American House was badly damaged, and the police were helpless to stay the storm. Miraculously no one was seriously injured. And what had seemed likely to develop into a most unfortunate episode had one gratifying result: for the time being at least, the city was rid of professional gamblers. The fury of the firemen, avenging an insult, had accomplished that.

In this modern day, the term "large industry" is almost synonymous with "labor trouble". Not quite a hundred years ago this ugly term first attached itself to Manchester, and was referred to at that time as "the most formidable and persistent demonstration of Labor ever made in New England." It seems that the mill operatives were anxious to obtain the boon of a ten-hour day, but when a new schedule was posted by the management in March, 1855, it proved to increase by thirty minutes the daily working hours. Immediately the employees, men and women alike, were up in arms, protesting the injustice of this move. Clad in their best bibs and tuckers, waving banners, they marched through the streets accompanied by martial music, "in a procession

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such as was never seen before, here or elsewhere", according to the local press. Public sympathy seems to have been in a very large measure with the strikers, and a sizable sum of money was raised to aid those for whom unemployment might mean real hardship.

Since every departing train carried large numbers of workers out of the city, it would appear that an early solution of the difficulty was not expected among the operatives themselves. But in less than two weeks an agreement had been reached and schedules were resumed, with the objectionable thirty minutes removed. Even at the height of the excitement, the demonstrations were not accompanied by violence, nothing more dangerous than a doughnut being reported as a weapon to emphasize the purpose of the strikers. It is recorded that when Mayor Abbot attempted to read the riot act to the milling crowds, he aroused the wrath of one choleric individual who popped open his dinner pail, withdrew a doughnut, and flung it in the general direction of the city's chief executive. His aim was poor, however, and the missile went wide of the mark and hit Agent Gillis, of the mills, squarely in the head. A feature of the performance was amateur song-making in which rhyme and rhythm

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were sacrificed to the effectiveness of repetition.
One of these songs ran as follows:

Gillis and Adams may rave,
And Smith may tear his hair;
The Boston men may come to town,
For them we do not care.
Then go for the ten hours,
Go for the ten hours,
Go for the ten hours, for
We know that it is right.

With doughnuts and ditties the first strike in Manchester was not without its humorous aspects, although it may be considered the first prophetic notes of future raucous discords.





ABRAHAM LINCOLN VISITING THE MILLS 1860

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It was on the first of March, 1860, that Abraham Lincoln came to Manchester and delivered one of his characteristically calm speeches, outwardly so dispassionate, but aflame with hidden power. It is said that Manchester had the honor of being the first city to mention him publicly and with assurance as the next president. Ex-Mayor Frederick Smyth, president of the local Republican Club, introduced him with that prophecy, taking the guest quite by surprise.

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Abraham Lincoln's son was a student at Phillips-Exeter Academy, and thus it was natural that he should pay a visit to the little northern state of New Hampshire. Concord heard him in the afternoon of that red-letter day, and huge yellow posters rushed through the presses only a few hours earlier had advertised his engagement to speak in Smyth Hall in Manchester in the evening. New England weather was in an ugly mood. We all know what a heavy rain can be and do in "these parts", when February has just departed leaving soiled snow and treacherous ice behind it, and March is arriving, playing its lion role. But the interest and enthusiasm of Manchester's citizens was not checked. Smyth Hall was crowded to the very doors, with standing room at a premium.

A few words will suffice to provide a picture of that long-ago evening: the stars and stripes draped over the front surface of Smyth Hall; the constant flow of people through the doors, shaking the rain from their garments, trying to dispose of cumbersome umbrellas; the presence of prominent men on the platform, and the members of Baldwin's Cornet Band tuning up their instruments. But where is the phrasing that can draw forth from that tense moment in time a little of the electric current that ran

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through the audience as the great, gaunt man, hands hanging loosely at his sides, began to speak. Not one in that huge assembly in Smyth Hall had the power to pierce the future, to visualize the tremendous burdens destiny was about to lay upon those awkward shoulders. Indeed it is probable that not all were aware of the crisis even now at the nation's doors, though to the sensitive, the warning roll of thunder was plainly audible.

But the magnetism of the man on the platform gripped them and held them; the simplicity and sincerity of his soul flowed into his words as, forgetful of self he launched into his talk, largely on the abolition of slavery. He did not abuse the South; he indulged in no mud-slinging in the direction of the Democrats or the administration; he did not pose as a wit, a humorist or a clown. But—he held his hearers. And when the flow of words ceased, they clamored for more, so that his address lengthened to an hour and a half or two hours. In the course of his remarks he stated that he had never seen a disunionist from principle. “Sir, you behold one!” shot a voice from the audience, that of Rev. Mr. Gage. “He’s crazy!” sang out Mr. George Gilmore, irritated by this interruption. There were others in the audience who were annoyed at the Gage comment and

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who audibly suggested, "Put him out!" "No!" came Lincoln's voice from the platform. "This is the man I wanted to meet here. What did you say, sir?" Listening to the old man's opinion, he was able to refute it so satisfactorily that at the close of the meeting Rev. Mr. Gage was the first on the platform to congratulate him. It is said that several eminent professors came to Manchester that evening seeking to discover the secret of Lincoln's power as a speaker. Their findings are not recorded. Greatness of soul evades analysis.

At the close of the speech there was an informal reception, after which Mr. Lincoln returned to his room at the old City Hotel. The hostelry occupied the site of the present business block on the corner of Elm and Lowell Streets. The famous Lincoln signature, penned that day on the hotel register, is now preserved at the Manchester City Library. The following day, Mr. Lincoln expressed a wish to visit the mills, and Hon. Ezekiel A. Straw asked E. P. Richardson, then a young machinist, to act as guide for the distinguished guest. The story of that personally-conducted tour, told in Mr. Richardson's own words, is of interest:

"Thinking I was simply wanted to make some repairs about the machinery, I did not take the trouble to change my clothes, or even

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to wash my begrimed face and hands. Judge then of my surprise, upon entering the private office, of seeing an extremely tall and rugged man standing before me, the very speaker I had listened to the evening before with so much interest. Mr. Straw introduced him to me, but when Mr. Lincoln held out one of his great hands to clasp mine, I shrank back, saying in a tone that I know could not have been entirely free from tremor, 'My hands are hardly fit to take yours, Mr. Lincoln.'

"'Young man, the hand of honest toil is never too grimy for Abe Lincoln to clasp,' was the reply.

"You may rest assured that it was a good, long, hearty grip that he gave me, until I felt my hand ache under the pressure of his mighty grasp.

"'Ed', said Mr. Straw, 'You will show Mr. Lincoln over the mills and explain anything he may wish to know about them.'

"Again I hesitated, stammering, 'I shall be only too glad to do so, if Mr. Lincoln will but wait until I can wash up and change my clothes.'

"Fixing those large, mournful eyes upon me, the future president said in a tone that was not to be misunderstood, 'Young man, go just as you are.'

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"The memory of the two hours that followed will never be forgotten by me. Mr. Lincoln seemed very much surprised and pleased at the work we were doing, and I found him an enjoyable companion."

At the Manchester Mills, Agent Waterman Smith presented Mr. Lincoln with a dozen pairs of hose. Tucking them under his arm, minus any wrapping, the future president trudged off to make his train at the railroad station.

A year later, almost to the day, March 4, 1861, the Republicans of Manchester fired one hundred guns in celebration of the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as president of the United States. And a few brief weeks later, on April 13, the following dispatch was received by the Manchester Union: "Fighting commenced at Charleston yesterday. Seven batteries played on Sumter all day and Anderson replied. Rumored portions of the fort destroyed. Two Confederate troops wounded. Bombardment to be resumed today."

The Civil War had begun.

New Hampshire, so far removed by the standards of those days from the scene of action, was nevertheless aflame with patriotism. In Manchester, excitement was at fever pitch. In the pulpit, in the mills, in the homes, on the street, the national crisis was the sole topic of

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discussion. President Lincoln had called for seventy-five thousand volunteers, and following the orders of J. C. Abbott, Adjutant-General of New Hampshire, recruiting offices were opened in all the principal cities. Within seven days, one-hundred-thirty-one recruits had enlisted in Manchester, and on April 27 they were on their way to Concord to join the First New Hampshire Regiment. The Abbott Guards, to the number of seventy-seven, had already left the city for Concord, to the accompaniment of much excitement. With colors flying, escorted by the Mechanics Phalanx, and greeted by cheers from the men and handkerchief waving from the ladies crowding the sidewalks, they had marched to the railroad station to entrain. The Manchester Cornet Band, with Walter Dignam, leader, was at the head of the line. All the job teams in the city had been pressed into service to convey the baggage, and they, too, were well decorated with the colors. The Guards pitched camp on the Fair Grounds in Concord, and were the first armed organization in the field.

To read of the prompt and ready response of different groups in the city to the call to arms is to salute the citizens of that day for their patriotism, and to recognize that in an emergency Manchester acts as a unit. The local

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representatives of the Irish race banded together and formed the Manchester Irish Battalion, one-hundred-twenty-five men strong. The Germans were not as numerous as the Irish, but they were not one whit less loyal, and fifty of their number immediately signified their wish to serve under the colors of their adopted country and to swell the ranks of volunteers from their adopted city.

The mills, always at the heart of Manchester, made their distinctive contribution. To be sure, the Abbott Guards had absorbed from this source numerous volunteers under Captain John L. Kelly, but twenty-five more employees now organized what was known as the Amoskeag Rifle Company. Another organization, seventy strong, the Mechanics Phalanx, was sent to Fort Constitution in Portsmouth. The Flying Artillery, first and only organization of its kind furnished by New Hampshire during the whole course of the war, was the inspiration of Capt. Samuel Webber, Agent of the Manchester Print Works, and it was through his efforts, seconded by Lt. Frederick Edgell and Lt. E. H. Hobbs, that the Battery came into being. It numbered one-hundred-ninety-five men, largely drawn from Manchester. They went into camp at the old Fair Grounds in the northern section of the city, and in a short time

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had achieved a commendable degree of skill in maneuvers. The shore of Massabesic Lake provided an excellent field for target practice, and here on one occasion at least, the zeal of the ambitious marksmen so overreached their discretion that they produced panic in nearby Auburn. The young soldiers, in position at the chosen spot, fixed their aim on a white rock across the lake; but they hadn't counted on the effect of too much depression in their guns. The shells ricocheted on the water and sped wildly far beyond the target, careening into Sucker Village in Auburn. Civilian reaction was immediate. Up rushed a terror-stricken inhabitant of the village on horseback, with indignation and fright struggling for the upper hand on his countenance. "Your roundshot has ploughed a hole in a dooryard over there big enough to bury a whole ox team!" he gasped. Such were the hazards of war.

The old Fair Grounds, enclosed by a high board fence, provided relatively comfortable quarters for the men in training, and presented a picturesque appearance with smoke from the cook-stoves rising lazily from the tent-peaks. The area lay within the boundaries of Webster Street on the north, Pine Street on the east, Sagamore Street on the south, and Elm Street on the west. In 1864 hospital buildings were

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erected on this site, by John C. Young and Alpheus Gay. Mr. Young contracted for the sum of \$39,500, to have the buildings finished within the space of a specified number of weeks, agreeing to pay a forfeit if the time-limit was not met. He took the risk, purchased lumber in Boston, hired the workmen—and met the requirements of the contract. The institution was known as the Webster U. S. Hospital, and was in charge of Dr. Alexander T. Watson of New York as chief surgeon. Among the assistants were Dr. Richard Goodwin, and Dr. William Brown both of Manchester, and Dr. William A. Webster. Mrs. Jennie Buncher and Mrs. Eliza Stone were in charge of cooking and diet. There were nine buildings one-hundred-eighty-one feet long for ward-rooms, and one building for officers' quarters. Two other structures, one-hundred-twenty-eight feet long, provided accommodations for nurses and a store house, and in addition there were a mess-hall and kitchen. A covered walk connected all the departments. Five-hundred-fifty-thousand feet of lumber were used, and the buildings were well constructed, lathed and plastered. The quality of the work, completed under pressure and yet with such precision and care, reflected great credit upon the contractor.

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The First New Hampshire Regiment which had absorbed so many Manchester volunteers, was mustered into service after a brief period of training early in May, 1861. Hon. Mason W. Tappan was commissioned as colonel, and the state uniformed and equipped the officers as well as supplying the men with provisions of every description. On the morning of May 25, they "fell in" and entrained for the front. A brief halt was made in Manchester, and the scene was one of tumultuous enthusiasm and excitement as interested friends and relatives, unmindful of the pouring rain, lined the tracks and cheered the departing heroes.

Not merely by contributing man-power to swell the ranks of the army did the mills play a significant role in these war-years. The various plants promptly converted to the manufacture of war-materials, and the old river, providing the power as it did, was the source of tremendous momentum to the northern cause.

As early as April, 1861, the Manchester Print Works were filling orders to produce the national flag to the number of four thousand dozen and in varying sizes. They were printed in fast colors, with thirteen stripes and thirty-four stars. And early in 1862, Hon. E. A.

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Straw, Agent of the Amoskeag Machine Shop and Mills, secured a contract from the War Department for the manufacture of ten thousand rifled muskets of the Springfield pattern. Work began without delay, the "Armory" being established at once with a force of three hundred men. The capacity of the plant allowed the production of from fifteen hundred to two thousand rifles per month, and twenty-five thousand were manufactured during the war. The company also manufactured seventeen thousand breech-loading carbines, an effective weapon for cavalry use. A fourteen shot breech-loading repeating rifle, invented by W. W. Wade, an employee in the gun-shop, was also among the equipment produced.

The mills must have resembled arsenals, and the presence of government inspectors, who made their daily rounds to pass judgment on production, could but further add to the pervading sense of the close connection between Manchester and the actual conflict. It may be easily understood that there was apprehension and fear of violence, especially during the New York and Boston draft-riots. Mr. Straw wisely provided for possible emergencies, and for some time a six-pound field-piece was mounted at the gate just west of the lower canal, in line

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with Stark Street. The gun was manned by members of the First New Hampshire Light Battery of Field Artillery, and a guard was stationed about the mill yard. Indeed there were hints of treason within the gates. A letter was intercepted at the Washington Post Office reading as follows:

Manchester, N. H.
May 24, 1861.

Editor Inquirer, Sir,

Do you think the Southern Government would like to secure a valuable invention by which a shell has the same motion when fired from a smooth board as from a rifled cannon? If so, I can furnish it to them, as I have an article just got up which works admirably, and shall give the South the first offer if they desire it.

I should communicate with the southern authority directly, were it not impossible to forward a letter from this section to them.

If you will interest yourself in this affair and write me, I will be under many obligations.

Yours truly,

J. G. Wyman

The secret agents of the government made an extensive search for the writer of this letter,

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both here and elsewhere. But no such person ever was discovered. Either J. G. Wyman covered his tracks with skillful ingenuity, or else he was a myth in the mind of some fanatic.

Meantime, the city as a whole was doing its part. There was the work of the Manchester Relief Committee, a board appointed by the city government in May, 1861. They immediately voted a dollar and a half a week to the wife of every volunteer, with one additional dollar allowed for each child in the family. Further responsibility was assumed in 1862 when the city government passed a motion to pay a bounty of seventy-five dollars to every man who enlisted in the Battery or the older regiments. The coming of the draft in 1863 brought the vote to allow three hundred dollars to each draftee, to be used by him as bounty or as a means of hiring a substitute. And the next year a resolution was adopted to pay one-hundred-fifty dollars to all veteran volunteers who re-enlisted for three years.

The banks were mindful of their responsibilities. The Merrimack River Bank voted a loan of forty thousand dollars to the state. The Amoskeag Savings and the Amoskeag National Banks each loaned fifty thousand.

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There were also many individual gifts of equipment to enlisting men. In the files of the newspapers we find such items as this: "Mr. Rodney A. Manning, who enlisted with the Abbott Guards, was presented with a splendid revolver, fully equipped, by Mrs. Eliza A. Manning and Mrs. Mary Morrill, who return thanks to those who assisted them in the enterprise." The following timely appeal appeared in one edition of the daily paper: "A Hint For Our Wealthy and Patriotic Men and Women: A portion of the Abbot Guards, who leave for Concord today to be mustered for service, have been provided with revolvers by the thoughtful kindness of friends and relatives; but a large number are as yet unprovided for and are unable to spare the amount of money needed to make the purchase. We hope there is sufficient generosity among those who have the means to furnish each one of these young men with one of these useful weapons, a possession which adds much to the personal safety of each soldier in active service."

"Benefits" were in order, levees and similar entertainments, for which a charge was made and the proceeds contributed to the cause. A typical occasion of this kind was the ambitious Union Fair held in May, 1863, at Smyth Hall. Decorators were imported from Boston and it

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would appear that they outdid themselves in their efforts. The hall was not sufficient to allow the carrying out of all the details of the project, and Museum Hall took the overflow. There were fancy articles for sale, pictures on exhibition, amusements—shooting gallery, fish pond, archery equipment—and, of course, refreshments. Fourteen different organizations contributed to this “Benefit”, which brought in large sums of money.

The women were actively patriotic. The *Mirror* of April 30, 1861, reports: “The ladies of the Hanover Street (church) Society met yesterday and appointed a committee to ascertain to the best of their ability what will contribute most effectively to the necessities of our volunteers.” Another item mentions a levee to be given by the ladies of the Volunteer Relief Association. Following is an itemized list of what the Women’s Sewing Circle of the Franklin Street Church packed in one box to be shipped to the Christian Commission, in July of 1864:

19 flannel shirts, 24 pairs of drawers, 78 handkerchiefs, 11 pairs of stockings, 22 cotton shirts, 2 pieces of netting, 6 sheets, 12 towels, 6 napkins, 13 papers of pins, 5 papers of corn starch, 2 dozen fans (75c each), 8 fans (5c each).

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In another box, they packed jellies and other delicacies, at the same time. Sewing, bandage-rolling, scraping lint, folding and packing garments for shipment to the front, all these activities absorbed the time and energy of Manchester's devoted women. The churches provided quarters in their vestries for group work. Here were the fore-runners of the gray-garbed, white-coiffed women who, some three-quarters of a century later, blessed Grenier Field with their ministrations and turned Carpenter Red Cross Chapter House into a hive of industry.

Very obviously, there were few "slackers" in Manchester during those years. Cold statistics alone tell a creditable story. Service men from the city, including some non-residents credited to Manchester, were listed as two-thousand-six-hundred-eighty-seven men. If we include Manchester soldiers who enlisted in other New Hampshire towns or in other states, the total jumps to two thousand-eight-hundred-eighty-one. Eighty-six were killed in action, and fatalities from wounds and disease amounted to two-hundred-forty-seven. The city disbursed \$312,624.36 to soldiers and sailors, plus relief to families to the amount of \$198,894.18. These are the stark figures, untouched by any suggestion of the emotional significance of those

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plain facts. However, we may be sure that the idealism of Manchester youth who marched away to face their fellow country-men on southern battle fields was not unlike that of the famous 172nd and other groups, who left the Boston and Maine Station later for World War II. There were the same parades, the same assortment of speeches, the same or similar military music. The immediate objectives differed, but the psychological motivations were duplicates, one of the other. Perhaps, also, the later disillusionment.

Meantime, conscious always of insecurity and uncertainty, the city still carried on. Even as the river continued its steady course toward the sea, so must continue the everyday life of the community on its banks. War production came first, but there were secondary achievements that had no connection with a divided nation, and there were peace-time events that deserve mention no less because they happened in war-time.

One important event was the consolidation in 1863 of the Manchester Mirror (founded in 1850) with the Daily American. The new publication was issued as the Daily Mirror and American, with John B. Clarke as owner. The same year, the first regular issue of the Manchester Daily Union appeared. The newspapers

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presumably had their troubles around that time, with the price of paper advancing. One item pessimistically prophesies: "Newspapers that were no source of profit last year will go under now that paper is 33% higher. Publishers will do a good thing for themselves if they cut off all 'dead heads', including those excellent patrons who take papers just to encourage the editor, but never pay their bills."

In spite of war needs and increased expenses, education was not forgotten. In 1863 the Bakersville School was constructed, and it is recorded that same year that \$110.16 was used for text-books issued to children unable to purchase their own. Regular instruction in music had been instituted in 1860.

The City Hall tower boasted a new bell during these years, the tone of the old one being deemed unsatisfactory. And the Central Fire Station on Vine Street was equipped for the first time with a bell, thus increasing the efficiency of the fire department. Previously, the City Hall bell had performed the duty of a fire alarm as well as serving numerous other purposes, with confusing results. The establishment of this new fire-call system was a distinct improvement.

Peace-time industries progressed, though possibly the momentum was less powerful than

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that whipped up by war needs. The McKay Sewing Machine for shoes was perfected in 1863, and the "medium horn", a resting place for the shoe during the process of stitching, was brought into use by a Mr. Mathes. Between six and eight hundred of these machines were manufactured in the Amoskeag Machine Shop. Ruggles Printing Presses also were built in Manchester, and a large quantity of machinery needed by the mills was turned out regularly: looms, spinning frames, drawing frames, speeders, spoolers and so on. Late in the fall of 1864, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company started the project of moving the course of the river farther over toward the west. A canal, ten feet deep, was excavated on the west bank of the river, continuing for about 120 rods, to divert the water from its original course, and valuable land, created by filling in, was added to the company's holdings.

There was a boom of "war-prosperity" in the little city during those years. As the *Mirror* expressed it: "Manchester has no poor now. The men of that class are chiefly in the army, and those remaining at home have plenty of work." The women, too, found plenty of work—in the mills—so that the homes suffered from a shortage of domestic help similar to that during World War II. One may imagine that the

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necessary adjustment in the gas-lit homes of the 60's was difficult—more difficult, perhaps, than that of the 1940's, when milady is blessed with a Bendix and a Hoover and an electric pig in the kitchen sink. An editorial in the *Mirror*, in 1864, commenting on the scarcity of domestic help, closes with this significant sentence: "Foreigners are now coming into this country at the rate of a million a year, and in time the lack of help will be supplied."

The City Marshall's quarterly report, published in the newspaper in January, 1863, records no very formidable list of misdeeds. It mentions one stubborn child, and fourteen miscreants guilty of throwing stones, but no serious infractions of the law are apparent. And, by the way, if you drove down Elm Street with a horse attached to a sleigh or sled, you were subject to a law that forbade speed faster than a walk unless you had three or more bells jingling somewhere about the rigging. This was a measure "for the protection of pedestrians", who obviously were accorded a few rights in that pre-motorized age. But although Manchester seems to have been reasonably law-abiding, it may be that, to those concerned with other than temporal matters, the need of some sort of spiritual awakening was apparent. At any rate, in 1864, an old-fashioned religious

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revival swept the city. The pastors of the First and Second Baptist Societies—the Rev. Mr. Pierce and Rev. Mr. Chaffin—were the prime movers in the project. They arranged to have a Rev. A. P. Earle come and hold daily meetings in which the other local churches were invited to join. The Mirror comments that “a great awakening has taken place”, and the reports indicate that there was widespread interest among both the old and the young. Nearly one half of the High School student body were among the converts or the inquirers. There were prayer meetings following the more formal programs, and so interested did the attendants become that they were reluctant to leave, even when the hour was late in the evening. But apparently there was no ranting; the interest was manifest in a quiet and dignified way, with “no boisterousness or passionate outbursts”, the newspaper assures us. Smyth Hall was the scene of some of these services, as the crowds could not all be accommodated in the churches.

And so the slow years of the Civil War dragged on. Manchester, fluctuating between hope and discouragement, carried on, both with her war-work and with the everyday pursuits that must not be suspended, come what may. Finally the longed-for news of the fall of Richmond and

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the surrender of Lee on April 9, 1865 was flashed to the little city.

And Manchester rose to the occasion.

The rejoicing in every heart was marked by memorable demonstrations, ranging from school-boy hilarity to impressive ceremonies conducted by the clergy. The stores were closed, the mills were closed, bells rang out all over the city, and the Manchester Cornet Band paraded up and down Elm Street. A large delegation of Concord citizens came down on a special train to celebrate with their neighbors, and they were met at the station and escorted with pomp and ceremony to the homes of both Hon. Frederick Smyth and Hon. Daniel Clark. Both of these prominent men made appropriate speeches to the crowds of people on hand for the excitement. A huge and enthusiastic mass meeting in Smyth Hall was addressed by Hon. Daniel Clark, Rev. B. F. Bowles, Rev. W. H. Fenn of the Franklin Street Church and Rev. C. W. Wallace of the First Congregational Church. In the evening, the quiet river reflected the glow of countless bonfires, and brilliant displays of fireworks lit the sky. Perhaps the bonfire built on the present site of the 7-20-4 cigar factory deserves special mention. A forty-foot pole was erected, with partly-filled tar barrels piled about its base. Two hundred oil barrels surrounded

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the pole to about three-quarters of its height, and from its top, suspended by a yardarm, dangled the effigy of Jefferson Davis.

The excitement all over the city was intense. But scarcely did the celebrators have time to recover their normal tempo before the whole nation was plunged into shocked grief and mourning by the tragic death of the great war-time President. The news arrived on the morning of April 15, and the following day, Sunday, the church pulpits were draped in black, and portraits of the martyred president were displayed in prominent places as the clergy paid tribute to his virtues. The day of the funeral services was set aside as a time of mourning for the entire city. Again stores and mills suspended their activities. Again city bells voiced, this time mournfully, the sentiments of the people, tolling an echo of the sadness in each and every heart. The Hanover Street Church was the scene of appropriate exercises, at which Rev. Cyrus Wallace gave a short eulogy, and Hon. Charles R. Morrison, who had been adjutant of the 11th New Hampshire Volunteers, delivered an address. There was an oration also by Rev. J. M. Buckley of Detroit, Michigan. Local tribute was paid to Mr. Lincoln later, on the 25th of May, which was proclaimed by President Andrew Johnson as a day of national

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fasting. At the impressive exercises held in Smyth Hall, Hon. Daniel Clark gave an address on Lincoln's life.

Perhaps it is not generally known that Manchester was linked up in a peculiar way with the tragic event of Lincoln's assassination. Twelve hours before the actual perpetration of the crime, it was openly reported on Manchester's streets that the president had met his death. The story was traced to a man by the name of John Morrison, but he had made good his escape before the wheels were set in motion to intercept him, and all attempts to discover his whereabouts were in vain. Investigations did reveal, however, that John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, had a relative living in Manchester, and that only a few weeks prior to the tragedy he had visited here.

The war was over. A few weeks after the firing of the last gun, Governor Frederick Smyth issued a proclamation according official recognition to this fact. This was on June 25, and the days that followed brought more tangible evidence as members of the various companies were mustered out of service and returned home. A series of celebrations, highlighted by banquets, speech-making, processions and parades, paid tribute to the returning soldiers and furnished proof of civilian gratitude

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and appreciation. The "glorious Fourth", in the year of 1865, featured an ambitious program, as the city remembered not only that a nation had been born something less than a century earlier, but that it had been saved during the past four dark years. The ringing of the city bells and the firing of the national salute ushered in the day. At 10 o'clock a mammoth parade was put in motion. There were the 10th New Hampshire Volunteers, the Battery and the Manchester Cornet Band, in the first division of the procession. The second included the Candia Cornet Band, all the Odd Fellow lodges in the city, the National Guards, and the Manchester Fire Department. The ladies were not omitted from the picture. The triumphal Car of Liberty, drawn by four horses, carried thirty-six young girls, representing the thirty-six states, grouped around the Goddess of Liberty. The scene of the formal exercises was Merrimack Square, where Hon. Joseph Kidder read the Declaration of Independence, Hon. Daniel Clark made an address of welcome to the returned veterans, and Col. Walter Harriman delivered an oration. The occasion was memorable, colorful, and characterized by a spirit of rejoicing, yet with an undertone of solemnity in recognition of the sad hearts for whom this event was also a symbol of sorrow.

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No record of Manchester's participation in the Civil War would be complete without reference to "Saxie" Pike, the fife-major who, says the historian of the First New Hampshire Regiment, "could handle a baton more gracefully, throw it higher and twirl it faster than any man that ever led a band across the Potomac." He was among the first volunteers from Manchester, and it is said that he was probably in three-quarters of the battles of the entire conflict. "Saxie" Pike loved his job and deserved his fame, and when after the close of the war he returned to civilian life, he was to march at the head of innumerable parades, proudly twirling and tossing and catching his gold-tipped baton to the tune of martial music. He led the Amoskeag Veterans, he led the Manchester Cadets, and the crack Germania Band. He marched proudly in front of processions, not only here but in distant cities—Montreal, New York. His real name was Francis Harvey Pike, but by whatever name he is remembered, the truth remains that he contributed to the music and drama of life in Manchester for long years. It was ironical and somewhat sad that the paths of glamorous parades led finally, for "Saxie", to the peddling of stove polish as a means of livelihood in his declining years. But he never lost his self-re-

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spect nor his dignity. Brushed off rather curtly by some busy housewife, he would draw himself up to his full height. "Madam, perhaps you don't know me," he would say, "I am "Saxie" Pike."

Yes, the war was over, and Manchester, making the effort to recover her balance after the tension of the past four years, was perhaps acutely conscious of the old question, "Whither our city?" The river that had contributed so constantly to the industrial power that helped to hold the nation together, what were to be its services in the next quarter of a century? What part was it to play, as the city on its banks became increasingly a part of the great and growing America?





ELM STREET

Mid-Victorian Manchester

In November, 1865, the *Mirror* carried this regretful comment: "We are sorry to have to acknowledge the shameful sight of both men and boys skating on the pond of Merri-mack Common in full view of everyone who was going to church on the Sabbath." We may surmise that the city fathers deliberated over this and similar lapses in local morals and tried to do something about it. For in March, 1866, an amendment to the City Ordinances read: "Nor shall any person use any play, game or

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recreation on that day (Sunday) or any part thereof." Even as late as 1870, the Manchester police arrested an unfortunate culprit caught smoking a cigar on Elm Street on Sunday, and in 1874 a lad was haled before the police for indulging in a Sunday game of marbles. It would seem that Mid-Victorian Manchester was also Puritan Manchester.

But the city was trending toward the modern. There were straws in the wind. For instance, in 1882, we are told, the Mayor recommended that the street gas-lights should be allowed to burn until one or two o'clock in the morning. It would appear that activity in the wee small hours was not merely tolerated, but encouraged. Who wouldn't wish to avail himself of the novel luxury of being lighted on his way at 1 A.M.?

There was also pageantry and color in the Manchester of that period. Those were the days of torch-light parades, red-hot political rallies and flag-raising, accompanied by brilliant displays of fireworks—provided the weather cooperated. They were the days when lodges were blooming with new chapters, their rites and ceremonies a part of the local pattern; days that brought into prominence the Louis Bell Post, Grand Army of the Republic, the Sheridan Guards, the Governor Straw Rifles,

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the Manchester High School Cadets. And how the members of these lodges, clubs and military companies loved to parade! If a corner-stone was laid, a holiday celebrated, a welcome given to distinguished visitors, a hall dedicated, a parade was in order. It must be believed that they were made of stern stuff, those men of that generation—their indifference to wind and weather a typical quality, and that their shoes were dependably sturdy. Those were the days when the glorious Fourth was ushered in by the march of the “antiques and horrors”, in the early morning hours. No comfortable extra naps for the parade-enthusiast on the Fourth of July. He had to be abroad early if he wanted to watch the “horrors” with their grotesque antics. And those were the days, too, of lengthy oratory that taxed the patience, and lengthier banquets that taxed the digestion.

The flag-raising of that day were part and parcel of violent political rivalry, for Democrats and Republicans were almost literally at swords' points in that post-Civil War era. A copy of the *Mirror* for September, 1872, affords a picture of a double flag-raising: “According to announcement, two beautiful Grant and Wilson flags were thrown to the breezes on Friday evening when the great enthusiasm manifested was hearty and spontaneous. The

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various organizations began to assemble at the headquarters shortly after seven o'clock, and were soon drawn up in line on the street. The members numbered three hundred, nearly all being provided with torches. (There were) the companies of the Young Men's Club, Machine Shop boys, Grant and Wilson Guards and the French Club. The Machine Shop boys were in uniform, wearing black capes. They bore a transparency with pictures of Grant and Wilson on opposite sides. The line of march was up Elm Street to Lowell, up Lowell to Pine, down Pine to Manchester, up Manchester to Wilson, down Wilson to Merrimack, down Merrimack to Beech, down Beech to Laurel, down Laurel to Pine, up Pine to Merrimack, down Merrimack to Elm, down Elm to Bakersville, and return to Republican Headquarters (in Merchants' Exchange)". The first scene was at the corner of Merrimack and Wilson Streets, where a flag was raised to the tune of the Star Spangled Banner. Cyrus A. Sulloway "made remarks". Another flag was raised at Bakersville, where the ceremony was under the direction of Mr. Nathaniel Baker 2nd, and others who lived in the vicinity, whose homes were brilliantly lighted. Says the press report: "Amid the blaze of Roman candles and the sound of music and cheers, the flag was raised,

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which was succeeded by a few remarks from Captain Patten, congratulating all upon the (party) gain in Vermont and predicting the same result in Maine next Monday."

The Democrats also had their innings and raised their flags with music and rejoicing. It is reported that on one of these occasions, the Republican Headquarters, either in a spirit of defiance or desire to cooperate, displayed Chinese lanterns suspended from their windows. Some stone-throwing, verbal and otherwise, is also mentioned in the records of these events. Horace Greeley, native of neighboring Amherst, was the man on whom the Democrats pinned their hopes in 1872, and the *Mirror* reports a parade of his party in September, ending at Smyth Hall. On the platform of the auditorium were some of the most prominent men in the Democratic party and "a few liberal-minded Republicans". Waterman Smith presided and introduced Rev. Theodore Tilton as speaker. This gentleman, in a burst of false prophecy, congratulated those present on the fact that the next president would be a New Hampshire-born citizen. The newspaper states: "Mr. Tilton spoke for nearly two hours, and the address was elaborate in its arrangement, abounding in classical and poetical quotations which were not appreciated by the major part

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of the audience, but the oft-repeated slanders against the President and the Republican party were heard with yells of delight."

Perhaps the superlative example of all torch-light parades was that staged by the Republicans in 1888. There were over four thousand men in line, the illumination and decorations were gorgeous beyond description, and between four and five thousand sandwiches were distributed, together with twenty-five hundred doughnuts and four-hundred-twenty-five gallons of coffee. The Tippecanoe (Republican) Club had been organized that year and when its members marched they were always preceded by a huge truck, provided with a powerful calcium light which threw its brilliance on the marchers, conspicuous in long, white linen dusters, topped with tall white hats and equipped with canes. It was in the mammoth Republican demonstration of 1888 that an old hack was drawn through the streets, its upholstery ablaze from plentiful saturation with kerosene. When the framework itself took fire and became too hot for the horses, they were withdrawn and enthusiastic rooters for the Republican party "carried on", drawing the blazing vehicle with long ropes. It would seem that singed eyebrows, at least, might have been the penalty, but no casualties were reported.

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The banquets typical of that day and age seem incredibly sumptuous to us of this generation, with food rationing a very recent memory of yesterday and a possibility of tomorrow. On the occasion of the ceremonies dedicating the Soldiers' Monument in September, 1879, Trinity Commandery (Masons) entertained visiting brethren and feasted them with the following menu:

<i>ROAST</i>		
Rhode Island	Turkey	Goose
	Spring Chicken	
<i>BOILED</i>		
Ham		Tongue
	Pressed Beef	
<i>SALADS</i>		
Lobster	Chicken	Salmon
	Escalloped Oysters	
<i>RELISHES</i>		
Tomatoes		Cucumbers
	Pickles etc.	
<i>CAKE</i>		
Ladies'	Almond	Currant
Pound		Citron
Jelly Roll	Cocoanuts	Macaroons
<i>ICE CREAM</i>		
Vanilla	Strawberry	Chocolate
Lemon		Pineapple
Lemon and Orange	Sherbet	Frozen Pudding
Peaches	Pears	Apples
	Grapes	Melons
Tea		Coffee
Vienna Rolls		Butter

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This dedication of the Soldiers Monument was one of the outstanding events of the whole period. The parade preceding the ceremonies, long and colorful, required fifty minutes to pass a given spot. It consisted of the First and Third Regiments of the New Hampshire State Militia, Grand Army Posts from all over the state, the Manchester Fire Department, visiting and local Knights Templar Commanderies, Hibernians, French societies and school children. A mammoth grandstand had been erected on the Common, and two thousand people witnessed the ceremonies. There was an address by Daniel Clark, president of the day; prayer by Rev. E. G. Selden; unveiling of the monument by Colonel George Bowers, Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic; delivery of the monument to the city by the chairman of the building committee, Hon. James A. Weston; acceptance by the Mayor, Hon. John L. Kelly; dedication of the monument by the State Grand Lodge of Masons; reading of a poem (written by Mrs. Dame) by R. F. Dame; oration by John W. Patterson; and addresses by Governors Head, Garcelon and Van Zandt. Keller's American Hymn and Stabat Mater were rendered by the American Band.

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The monument itself is an elaborately executed piece of work, with figures representing the infantryman, the artilleryman, the cavalryman, and the sailor. The main column, fifty feet in height, is crowned with a richly-carved capital, and upon this rests a colossal granite statue of Victory, a shield lying at her feet and in her hands a wreath and a recumbent sword, emblem of the triumph of peace. We may well believe that the men and women present on that day of dedication, only fourteen years after their own deliverance from war, sent up fervent prayers that the symbol of the recumbent sword might typify reality for them and their children. And yet—three times since that day, Manchester has sent her sons into battle.

George Keller of Hartford, Connecticut, was the architect whose design was adopted for this memorial. The contractors were Frederick Field, of Quincy, Massachusetts, and the sculptors Buberi, Richards, and Hartley of New York. M. J. Powers furnished the bronze work. The cost of the monument was \$18,773.21.

Massabesic Lake was also blooming as a recreation resort about this time. Boat races and aquatic sports in general were popular, and there was a floating dance hall, known as

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Noah's Ark, owned by Noah B. Reed, that became a rendezvous for those fond of the waltz. This pleasure craft had a floor space thirty-two feet long and sixteen feet wide, surrounded by well-cushioned seats and guarded by a railing. When loaded with about fifteen couples, it was twelve inches above the water. It was towed by the new steamer, the *Minneola*, carrying those who chose to be spectators rather than active participants. Says a report of one of these evenings, in 1879: "We floated out upon the upper bay with the twinkling lights from camps, cottages and hotels with which its shores are dotted, past North Battery Point—and the cliffs of North Battery looked wild and fantastic in the light and shadow of the evening—past Loon Island, Currier's Point, around the south end of Ladies Island, up toward Sucker Village and Emery's Shore, and then returned in nearly the same course, arriving at Reed's Wharf about eleven o'clock. It was beautiful with the light of late evening, but with the full moon and the lake as quiet, it would be one of the most enjoyable excursions that can be made in New England."

If you had lived in the Manchester of those days, you might have enjoyed clam bakes at Fletcher's Island, and you might have viewed the boat races from the veranda of the Lake

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View House, which rested "upon the edge of the lake within half a stone's throw of the water." The Shamrocks, the Manchesters, the Emmets are mentioned as competitors in these races, and popular interest drew as many as five hundred people in one afternoon to watch this sport. In September, 1879, there was a four-oared challenge race between the St. Mary crew of Charlestown, Massachusetts, and the local Shamrocks. The course was two and a quarter miles in length, and the Shamrocks won, making the record of fourteen minutes and fifty-eight seconds. Charles W. Eager was referee and judge. The Massabesic House, whose management took complete control of hotel, café and picnic grounds, was also a well-known resort. A press report in August, 1879, gives a brief glimpse of what was presumably a typical summer scene at the Lake: "A diver walked quite a distance on the bottom of the lake, and torpedo explosions projected water to a considerable height. The grounds were brightly illuminated and the French band discoursed enlivening music. Most of the afternoon the water was fairly alive with craft of various kinds."

The river also became a popular scene for sports during these years. The Cygnet Boat Club, organized in 1882, built a club house just

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north of Amoskeag bridge on the west side of the river which became a gathering place for a large membership. At the first annual meeting the following officers were elected: President, Col. Thomas L. Livermore; Vice-President, Hon. Charles T. Means; Secretary, William C. Clarke; Treasurer, Willis B. Kendall.

The Manchester Driving Club flourished during these years. On July 4, 1867, this organization formally opened a half-mile racing track, under the direction of Hon. E. A. Straw as president, Col. John B. Clarke as clerk, and Hon. James A. Weston as treasurer. The old fair grounds, secured from the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, was chosen as a site, and the whole section was enclosed within a high board fence and equipped with a grandstand and other buildings. In 1883 the Manchester Driving Park Association was formed, with Col. John B. Clarke as president. Forty-five acres of land were purchased near the Manchester and Lawrence Railroad, about two miles south of the city, which were carefully laid out for fair grounds and driving park. Over a period of many years, this was a popular choice for fairs. There was also at this time a Manchester Shooting Club, and a Bicycle Club whose members belonged to the League of

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American Wheelmen. In the *Mirror* we find items like this: "The bicycle boys will enjoy a club run tomorrow to Lake Massabesic"; and, "Mr. Frank O. Moulton's new tandem safety bike attracts the utmost attention whenever he has it out on the road. It is a novel machine and the first one of its kind ever seen in New Hampshire." Alas! how soon the glory of the tandem safety bike was to be dimmed out as the new-fangled "horseless carriage" appeared to terrify both horse and driver on the road. But the bicycle had its day, and around the year 1889 there were fifteen thousand bicyclists enrolled in the League of American Wheelmen, to which Manchester contributed its quota.

Boat racing and bicycling were limited to the relatively warm seasons, but it would appear that Manchester in the 80's pioneered in "winter sports". For in 1886 the Manchester Toboggan Club was organized, and a toboggan slide was constructed on north Elm Street, near the point where Clarke Street now enters Elm. This was destroyed by fire in 1888.

So much for out-of-door sports. There was no lack of indoor entertainment: Grange Fairs at City Hall, featuring a fine display of products of the soil and handwork of the ladies; balls at Music Hall, with perhaps Vance's Quadrille

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Band or the Odlin Band, imported from Concord, furnishing music.

The social clubs, still in flourishing condition in 1948, began their activities during these years: the Derryfield, founded in 1875; the Jolliet, in 1884; the Calumet, in 1887; all centers of friendly companionship and entertainment. According to the Calumet constitution, the purpose of the club is plainly stated: "This organization is formed for social recreation and mental improvement." Ladies' evenings and ladies' afternoons have been part of the program throughout the years. It is said that duplicate whist was introduced into Manchester through this club.

The drama, too, had its devotees. Gone were the days when a dramatic promoter had to fight his way, as had Messrs. Hough and Robinson back in 1848 when they made plans to hold theatrical entertainments in the old Museum Building. Be it remembered that in those days even though one might with general approval study the Greenland whale and other curiosities housed in the Museum, going to a play under that roof was frowned upon. But the years had "broadened" Manchester; definitely she was becoming Thespian-minded. In 1881 the Manchester Opera House was formally opened, with Edward W. Harrington

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serving as manager and treasurer. Over a long period of years it was the amusement center of the community's play-going public, and provided varied attractions, from comedians in "black face" to Edwin Booth who, in 1885, played Iago in Othello. Other celebrities who appeared on the stage, during this period, included Modjeska, William Gillette, Fanny Davenport, Nat Goodwin, Joseph Jefferson, Lotta Crabtree and Denman Thompson. Operettas were played repeatedly, including the popular Gilbert and Sullivan successes. The Opera House auditorium, equipped as it was with its Venetian drop-curtain and its great crystal chandelier suspended from the center of its high ceiling, was a place of beauty. Reporting on its opening night, the *Mirror* said, "That Manchester should possess a temple of amusement rivalling the leading theatres of Boston and New York was a fact that few people were prepared to believe."

Musical entertainments were popular. In October, 1879, the Juvenile Pinafore Company featured one of these performances and the press enthusiastically reported: "A more satisfying and delightful musical entertainment was never given in Manchester (and) a more charmed and appreciative audience than the one of last evening would be hard to find." But

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the press could be censorious concerning public response to cultural opportunities. "Small, miserably small," reported the *Mirror* that same year, "was the audience which turned out to the concert given last night by the Kate Thayer Concert Company, under the auspices of the Athens Club." Apparently Manchester's musical appreciation was as variable as New England weather.

In October, 1879, there was a "Concert and Reading" in aid of the City Mission. Its program, featuring local artists whose talents contributed to Manchester's pleasure over a period of many years, included the following numbers:

Overture to Night in Granada

Miss Mary Spofford and Mr. F. W. Batchelder

Duets: Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast

May Poles and Flowers

Miss Zilla Louise McQuesten and Mr. R. F. Currier

Reading: Death of the Old Squire

Miss Hattie G. Tozier

Solo

Mr. George E. Merrill

Piano Solo: Rigoletto

Miss Spofford

Song: Dearest Heart

Miss McQuesten

Song: Thy Sentinel Am I

Mr. J. J. Kimball

Piano Solo: Valse, op. 64—No. 2;

Nocturne, op. 27. No. 2—Chopin

Mr. Batchelder

Reading: The Parson's Horse Race

Miss Tozier

Song: A Jolly Good Laugh

Mr. Arthur Davis

Quartette: Daylight Is Fading

Unitarian Choir

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Appreciation of Zilla McQuesten, later Zilla McQuesten Waters, spread far beyond local audiences, when she toured the country with Bernard Listman and also sang with Myron W. Whitney of Pinafore fame. Everywhere, she was recognized as a vocalist of unusual ability and power.

Lectures were popular and well-attended by interested audiences. The little city was widening its horizons, reaching out. The war had made its citizens "nation-minded", and they were eager to learn. Through the efforts of Clarence M. Edgerly, "the indefatigable Clarence", to quote from Waldo Browne, a long list of the country's great and near-great was included in the Edgerly lecture courses. Two-hundred-and-fifty dollars was the customary fee, though in some cases three-hundred was paid.

Even the churches sponsored dramatic entertainments and saw no sin in Shakespeare. A "Kettledrum" featuring tableaux from Shakespeare was offered by the Hanover Street Church Society, in December, 1879. The cast of characters included:

Othello: Dr. L. Melville French

Desdemona: Miss Addie Ames

Sir John Falstaff: P. K. Chamberlain

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Romeo: Bayard Ryder
Juliet: Miss Etta Dana
Queen: (Midsummer Night's Dream) Ida Estey
Puck: Miss Lillian Ordway
Hamlet: George Woodburn
Shylock: Charles F. Sprague
Jessica: Miss Carrie Bartlett
Cleopatra: Mrs. Charles F. Sprague
Lady Macbeth: Miss Ida Plummer

Possibly allied to interest in the drama was the popularity of elocution which had its hey-day around this period. In 1880 the first regular Clarke Prize-Speaking Contest, which has remained a feature of local educational activities to this day, was held.

Mr. John B. Clarke had presented to the city a fund to maintain this project, and it was open to students from any of the public schools. The first prize of sixteen dollars was awarded that year to Grace Evans of the Lincoln School. The second and fourth prizes, twelve and four dollars respectively, went also to Lincoln Street School students, Edwin Richardson and Lewis Tewksbury. The third award of eight dollars was given to Clara Sanborn of the High School.

But dramatics and elocution were not by any means the only evidences of cultural growth in Manchester. In 1871 the Manchester City

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Library moved from its inadequate quarters in Patten's Block to the new thirty thousand dollar building erected on Franklin Street, on the site granted to the city by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. This building, so ecclesiastical in architecture that many people supposed it had at some time served as a church, provided housing for the city's books and a retreat for its readers, until nearly fifty years later the classic-lined Carpenter Memorial Library became one of its landmarks. This same year, 1871, brought into being the Manchester Art Association, later to be absorbed by the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences as its Fine Arts Department.

In mentioning the origins of this institution, so significant a part of Manchester's life today, it is fitting to pause and pay tribute to the man who was one of the founders and its first president—a man whose contributions to the cultural and spiritual development of the city was a large and generous one: Henry W. Herrick. In the branches of wood-engraving and water colors he attained a high degree of success and distinction, being recognized not only in his own country but in England, where Sir John Gilbert and Becket Foster requested that he should be commissioned to make reproductions

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of their work in the United States. In New York he did illustrations for Harper's and also was engaged in commissions for the American Bank Note Company. But for us, perhaps, his most appealing and significant work was his interpretation of New Hampshire historically and scenically: his designs illustrating the life of John Stark, his familiar landscapes, his reproductions of old houses in and around Manchester. The Manchester Historical Society has a valuable collection of these water colors, and the Currier Gallery includes in its permanent collection his "Cinderella", which he regarded as his best figure piece. The Smithsonian Institute in Washington, and the Museum of Natural History in New York, as well as other large galleries in the country have become the repositories of the works of this man who for so many years found inspiration in the little city by the river. It is worthy of note that brush and pen were not the only means by which he impressed himself upon the era in which he lived. An artist who combines his unconscious and indirect influence with formal religious instruction is perhaps a rare phenomenon, but for fifty years Henry W. Herrick taught a Sunday School class in the City Mission.

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Service clubs were of course as yet undreamed of: the time was not yet ripe. But civic consciousness, a sense of social responsibility and the urge to organize for public benefit were significant developments in these years. Especially was this true among the women, who doubtless, in common with their sisters everywhere, were beginning to question whether "woman's place is in the home" was the last word to be said about them. As they awoke to the need and the destitution at their very doors, they awoke also to their own possible power to relieve it. So it was that on a forbiddingly stormy winter day in 1875, a group of courageous women from the Franklin Street Church met at the home of Mrs. J. G. Cilley, on the corner of Merrimack and Franklin Streets, and founded the Manchester Women's Aid and Relief Society. Today, a visible memorial to the vision and enterprise of this group, stands the Women's Aid Home, occupying the entire square bounded by Beech, Pearl, Ash and Myrtle Streets.

This building was the gift of Aretas Blood, founder of that pioneer industry, the Blood Locomotive Works, whose wife was largely instrumental in organizing The Aid and Relief Society. Deservedly called "the good angel of Manchester", she was outstanding in the com-

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munity for the greatness of her heart, the clarity of her vision and the wisdom of her judgments, and she it was who guided the early destinies of the Women's Aid Home. Following her death her two daughters, Mrs. Frank P. Carpenter and Mrs. L. Melville French, assumed her responsibilities, and today her granddaughters, Mrs. Carl S. Fuller and Mrs. Charles B. Manning are carrying on the work whereby the purposes of those early days continue to be realized.

When this home was founded Manchester was without a hospital, and the building in South Manchester first secured for the use of the Aid and Relief Society served also in this capacity. It would be hard to measure the service performed through the years by this organization that had its beginnings on that snowy January day. A constitution was drawn up and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. B. F. Martin; Secretary, Olive Rand; Treasurer, Mrs. Aretas Blood. The vice-presidents were selected from the various churches and it was decided that any woman might become a member on the payment of fifty cents for annual dues. Honorary membership (open also to men) carried the obligation of five dollars per annum. To quote verbatim from a report: "The sum of two-

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hundred-five dollars from life and honorary memberships, in one stormy day, besides ordinary membership fees, is a pretty good beginning for the society."

Three years earlier, another Manchester institution was born: an institution destined to develop into a source of justifiable pride and a means of ever-growing and significant service—the local Young Women's Christian Association. This, too, had its beginnings in the Franklin Street Church. Dr. William J. Tucker, referring to his pastorate there, wrote: "In 1872, the women of the church cooperated in a plan of making the parlors on the basement floor available to the young women operators for their winter evenings". How simple and unostentatious were those humble beginnings of this organization that today numbers over eighteen hundred members, and channels its usefulness through a wide variety of departments! Its purpose was to offer an attractive retreat for the many girls in the city whose only home was a boarding house, and to this end the "parlors" were provided with a sewing machine for the practical, a piano for the musical, and books and magazines for the bookish. Soon there were classes in literature, classes in German and music and science—and always companionship. All

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through these middle years, in this place and in this form the Y. W. C. A. carried on, ministering to an increasingly large group. Its first officers were: President, Mrs. William J. Tucker; Vice-president, Mrs. David Cross; Secretary and Treasurer, Josie Bosher; Auditor, Alice Abbott; Board of Directors, Mrs. W. W. Brown, Mrs. Frederick Smyth, Mrs. H. B. Fairbanks, Miss Ellen M. Carroll, Miss Emma J. Lincoln, Miss Jennie Page.

For some reason interest in this organization languished, and during the early years of the new century, it became non-existent. Then in 1920 an enthusiastic group of women formed a local chapter of the national Y. W. C. A., with Mrs. Augustine A. Mooney serving as first president, and the foundations were laid for the activities and services of the present. The headquarters were in rooms in the Pembroke Building, and here the programs and activities were carried on. From the sale of property that was the gift of Mrs. Otis Barton, the nucleus of a building fund was established, and in 1928 the commodious four-story brick building, to be mentioned in a later chapter, was completed. Manchester's "Y.W." is, today, the community center for women and girls, providing rooms for both transient and permanent guests, an auditorium, a gymnasium and a

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swimming pool. Since 1929 Miss Emma Zanzinger has given devoted and efficient service as executive secretary.

The Manchester Children's Home was organized in 1884, and the Mercy Home, named in honor of Mrs. Mercy Boylston, came into being in 1889. The Women's Christian Temperance Union purchased the property on Mammoth Road where the establishment now known as the Boylston Home has proved its worth through many years.

The Orphan Asylum, still an important branch of Catholic Charity, was organized in 1870 and moved to its present site four years later.

Both Catholic and Protestant groups were active during these years in the formation of new churches. The spires visible from Union Street hill today are ample proof that Manchester is a city of churches. Perhaps, too, pointing skyward among the spreading mills and manufactories, they may be seen as symbols of upward-reaching aspiration working side by side with outward-reaching ambition. St. Joseph's Cathedral, built in part by the actual labor of loyal Catholics, was dedicated in 1869, with Rev. John O'Brien as pastor of the new parish. In 1871, the French Catholics, who were immigrating in large numbers from

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Canada, organized themselves under the guidance of Rev. J. A. Chevalier, and two years later built St. Augustine's, on the corner of Beech and Spruce Streets. St. Raphaels, on the west side of the river, was established in 1888, and St. Marie's in 1880. Up to 1884, the Catholic churches of Manchester had been under the charge of the See of Portland, Maine, but in April of that year the Diocese of Manchester was formed, and in June, Right Reverend Denis M. Bradley was consecrated as bishop.

Several Protestant churches laid their foundations during this period: Westminster Presbyterian in 1884; Union Congregational (now South Main Street Congregational) in 1883; Swedish Lutheran in 1882; German Presbyterian in 1882; St. James Methodist in 1881; First Christian in 1871; French Protestant in 1881. In 1880 the new First Congregational Church on the corner of Hanover and Union Streets was dedicated, its membership having outgrown the old building on the present site of the Strand Theatre.

All this activity on the part of various Protestant groups was supplemented in 1877 by the work of the famous revivalists, Moody and Sankey, who held widely-attended services

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and addressed enthusiastic and responsive audiences.

From the standpoint of material progress during these years, the development of the Manchester Water Works was of outstanding importance. There was plentiful discussion of the project beforehand, and its proponents encountered formidable opposition as the over-thrifty taxpayers shied off at the seven per cent interest on borrowed money. One is reminded, in reading of those wrangles, of the dissension that preceded the building of the Town House in 1841, and of similar disapproval some years later when the House of Reformation was in the planning stage. The health-angle was stressed by those anxious to forward the water works, and it was pointed out, very pertinently, that wells were increasingly liable to contamination as the city grew. Fire hazard from insufficient water supply was another argument, and the *Mirror* and *American* even came out with reminders of how much soap would be saved by householders because Massabesic water was soft.

It was in 1871 that after a careful survey Massabesic had been recommended as the most suitable source of supply for city service. Finally it was decided that the construction and control of a water-works system should be con-

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ducted by the municipality, rather than by private enterprise, and the city was duly empowered by the state legislature to build water-works at a cost not to exceed six-hundred-thousand dollars, to be raised by taxation on loans. The mayor and aldermen were given the privilege of choosing a board of commissioners, consisting of seven men, to have charge of the project. The first board chosen was as follows: Hon. E. A. Straw, E. W. Harrington, William P. Newell, Aretas Blood, Alpheus Gay and A. C. Wallace. S. N. Bell was appointed as clerk. Under the guidance of Col. J. T. Fanning as chief engineer, the work of construction was begun in July, 1872, and finished in the fall of 1874, though already, on July 4 of that year, water had been pumped from the lake into the city. The reservoir was on Mammoth Road, one-hundred-fifty-two feet above Elm Street level, and the pumping station was located near the old Haseltine mill-site. By December, six - hundred - twenty - five service pipes had been laid. The extension of the mains to Piscataquog, on the west side of the river, was accomplished in 1875 and nearly five and a quarter miles of new pipe were laid that year. The rate of increase in services may be judged from the fact that by December 31,

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1877, fourteen-hundred-twenty-nine service pipes were in use.

Public street transportation was another development of these years. The original grantees of the Manchester Horse Railroad, organized under a charter in 1871, were headed by the following officers: President, Hon. E. A. Straw; Treasurer, Frederick W. Smyth; Directors, E. A. Straw, Frederick Smyth, James A. Weston, Samuel N. Bell, and Benjamin F. Martin; Clerk, James A. Weston; Agent, George W. Riddle. In 1877, they began to solicit subscriptions for stock in the proposed road, and the ready public response brought the plans to early fruition. From Cleveland, Ohio, came the six original cars, costing between six and seven hundred dollars each, and duly marked: Elm Street, Hotels, Depot, Squog. Twenty-five horses were purchased, and land on Depot Street was leased for stables. Tracks were laid from upper Elm Street to South Main Street on the west side of the river. The evening of September 6, 1877, was the occasion of the "trial-trip", when George W. Riddle and several others enjoyed the sensation of the first horse-car ride in Manchester. The road was formally opened to the public on September 15. You could ride for a nickel, which you dropped into a box at the front entrance of the vehicle.

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To record the expansion of the mills during this period is to write of one of the most significant eras in their entire history. It is to write also of a dramatic epoch in Manchester's development. Again we are reminded that "the mills built the city", for the reaching out of the industries for increasing man-power was the source of the immigration that has given the community its diversified population. The year 1865 is memorable in Amoskeag annals. It saw the beginnings of gingham production, and started the Amoskeag on its career as the largest gingham manufactory in the world. Years before, Samuel Blodget had stood on the bleak, forest-skirted banks of the Merrimack and drawn *old* England and this particular spot in *New* England together in a prophetic vision. "I foresee a city here that shall become the equal of Manchester, England," he had said. Now, the old and the new, the long-established and the pioneering, were brought together, not in a dream but in reality.

It must be remembered that the importation of over-seas labor was being fostered as a general policy during these years, and that in 1864, Congress had passed the "Act to Encourage Immigration". The executives of local mills were all ready to cooperate with this principle, since the idea was no stranger to their minds. Agent

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Straw, Treasurer Amory and Director Gardner Brewer, head of the New York selling agency, were well acquainted with the gingham mills of England and Scotland, having visited the industrial centers where they made personal observations of conditions and methods. So it came about that by October, 1865, fifty-three power-loom weavers from England were on their way to Manchester, with transportation furnished, subject to certain conditions, and with provision made for their housing after arrival. They were the forerunners. Presumably they were followed very shortly by friends and relatives who came unofficially, and 1868 and 1870 brought substantial contingents from Scotland. The Manchester Historical Association has in its possession letters of great interest as human documents: letters from the Glasgow employers, recommending the operatives for skill and ability; letters from clergymen attesting to their worth as individuals. For instance, communications like the following were typical:

40 Abbotsford Place, Glasgow,
28th February, 1870

Mr. Mitchell Ward and his wife have been for many years members of my church, and I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the thorough respectability of themselves and their family—

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I delight especially to be able to add that Mr. Ward takes a warm interest in the advancement of the religious good of others—especially the young. For several years he has acted as superintendent of our juvenile Sunday School.

James G. Stewart, Minister

The arrival of James Reid, master dyer from Glasgow, to assume responsibility for the entire dyeing department of the corporation, was an outstanding event of this period, since his skill and efficiency contributed inestimably to the success of the enterprise. The year 1881 brought from Glasgow another master dyer, Andrew Mungal, who, with his three sons, Robert, Samuel and Thomas, played important roles in the gingham industry.

But it was not Scotch and English only who answered the call of the expanding industry on the Merrimack. To the northward were the French-Canadians, a sturdy, reliable, intelligent race, and to this source also the mills turned for operatives. They came in great numbers, especially after 1870, and in the early 80's. After the completion of the McGregor bridge, there rose the foundations of the "town within a town", French-Canadian Notre Dame, over west of the river in the shadow of Rock Rimmon. It is to be noted that the newcomers were not all tillers of the soil, ready to exchange

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their out-of-door pursuits for mill work, but also men of education and culture: teachers, clergymen, lawyers. They and their descendants have contributed substantially to the business and professional life of the community, and it is appropriate to note here that the Mayor at this writing—Hon. Josaphat Benoit—is sixth in a continuous line of French-Canadians to occupy the highest post in our city government.

The German race also was represented in the growth of the mills, notably in the rise of the gingham industry. Augustus Canis, born in Oelmetz, Germany, and emigrating to this country in the late 40's, had come to Manchester in 1854 and been for a long period in charge of Amoskeag weaving. Soon after the inauguration of gingham manufacture, he was placed at the head of all weaving in this branch, and continued in this capacity until 1895. Other emigrants from Germany found places in the local mills and thriftily established neat and attractive homes in the community, largely on the west side of the river.

In the 80's, members of the Swedish race began to find their way here in increasing numbers, until by 1886 there were no less than six hundred. They, too, were loyal Americans, fitting readily into the city's life and interests.

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Thus did the "old countries" contribute valuable material, not only to the growing industry down by the river, but to the city up over the hill, as well. For these newcomers brought not only skills to merge with the Yankee products of the loom but character to merge with the community life. Thus too, was another link forged binding the destinies of two continents.

There were other marks of expansion and development beside those connected with the manufacture of gingham. In 1869 the Blood Locomotive Works, that pioneer among the riverside plants, was enlarged by the erection of a new building on Hollis Street, and several other new mill buildings were added during these years. In 1871 a new dam was built to replace the antiquated masonry of 1837-1840, the work being under the direction of Agent Ezekiel A. Straw. In 1879 the Amoskeag Company organized a fire department of its own. The 80's saw the beginnings of steam power for machinery; and in 1881 seven new tenement blocks were constructed to help solve the local housing problem created by the increasing mill population. Another important development of these years—again, the effect of mill-growth on town-growth—was the purchase by the Amoskeag

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Company of the area at the north end owned by the Manchester Driving Club, and its conversion into house lots. Within a short space of time this territory, once the site of the Army hospital and later the scene of exciting horse races, bloomed forth with attractive homes.

Prosperity reigned, surely, in the mills during these middle years: for the most part, peace also. The relationship between employers and operatives was generally harmonious, though the year 1886 brought what threatened to be a serious strike. It involved a question of a new schedule for wages, but within eighteen days, the differences were adjusted and the employees returned to work.

Private enterprise was busy during this period, and foundations were being laid for business organizations that were to become permanent, a veritable part of Manchester tradition. It was in 1874 that Roger G. Sullivan began to manufacture cigars in a little tobacco shop at 724 Elm Street. Here was the origin of the 7-20-4 cigar, famous throughout the country, a trade-name borrowed from the number on the door of the little factory on Manchester's growing main thoroughfare. It was in 1881 that William P. Goodman bought a little stationery store at number 5, Hanover Street, on the corner of Elm, and laid the

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foundation for New Hampshire's largest bookstore, still carried on by his son William P. Goodman, Jr. His grandson is associated with the business and thus three generations of Goodmans have dispensed books in an establishment that has never moved more than a few rods from its original site. The present proprietor himself, William P. Goodman, Jr., has been selling books on Hanover Street for fifty years. The Palmer and Garmon Monument Works, still conducting a business was started in this period.

If you had been a Manchester householder in these middle years, you might have gone to John B. Varick's to replace a lost kitchen hammer or to buy tacks for the stair carpet. And you would have found them in a store founded in 1845 on the identical spot where one department of the present much-expanded Varick Company is carrying on its business today. You would have bought laces and ribbons at Weston & Hill's founded in 1870, forerunner of the present James W. Hill Store on the corner of Elm and Merrimack Streets, the firm having borne the Hill name since 1879 when James W. Hill became junior partner. In the block extending southward from the corner of Elm and Hanover Streets there were three little shops catering to the needs of milady of the middle

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years. There was the "Howard Girls" store where she would find worsteds for her fancy work; Otis Barton's, where she might select dress-silks carefully chosen by Leslie M. Folsom, the buyer, later co-partner in Hardy and Folsom's, and later still proprietor of "Folsom's". This Barton's was the ancestor of Manchester's largest department store of today, the Leavitt Company. And just beyond, there was "Piper's", carrying miscellaneous dry goods. Clarke and Estey's, the "Big 6", was up on Hanover Street, with Frank Fitts's, the "Little 5", close by. And George Clark's Bee Hive was a bit to the north on Elm Street. The George W. Dodge Shoe Company, still a flourishing concern, and Frederick C. Dow, could outfit a whole family with shoe gear, and Plummer and Holton provided haberdashery for men. The householder's heating problems might be taken care of by the firm of Pike and Heald, and the Manchester Heating and Lighting Company were the wholesale distributors of equipment and supplies in these departments. Edmund F. Higgins was proprietor of this firm which was preceded by the Higgins Brothers Furniture Store, and developed into the Manchester Supply Company of today.

All sorts of delectables were available at the Tea Store which in contradiction to its title,

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perversely carried a huge coffee pot mounted above its door as a sign and a symbol of its function. It was said that before the coffee pot was elevated to its advertising heights, seven small boys were induced to test out its capacity, and that there was even room for an eighth could a sufficiently adventurous spirit have been located among the youngsters. After the seven small boys had scrambled out, the liquid capacity of the receptacle was carefully measured, and found to be three-hundred-two gallons and three quarts. A guessing contest featured this fixing of the gigantic coffee pot in its place, and a barrel of sugar or twenty dollars in cash was offered to the person who might appraise its volume most accurately. J. S. Massek was reported as the winner, hazarding a guess of three-hundred-two and two-thirds gallons; but whether he chose the sugar or the money is not on record.

In 1869 the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company was organized, the first stock insurance company in the state. The capital stock was two hundred thousand dollars, and the officers elected were as follows: President, Ezekiel A. Straw; Vice-president, James A. Weston; Secretary, Isaac W. Smith; Treasurer, George B. Chandler; General Agent, John C. French. In 1886 the company built for their

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own use the Elm Street office building a little to the south of City Hall, and occupied it until the erection of the present more commodious quarters on Hanover Street. In 1888 the picturesque reproduction of "the old man of the mountain" was adopted as the symbol and trade-mark of this company that now has representatives in every state in the union.

In the summer of 1886, announcement was made that Kimball Brothers were leasing a new plant in East Manchester, and that they would employ several hundred workers in the production of shoes. This branch of manufacturing has grown and expanded in the intervening years, until today Manchester may justly claim to be a "shoe city". Further developments of this industry will be recorded in the next chapter.

In 1882, the Granite State Telephone Company was organized in Manchester, with three-hundred-seventy-five regular patrons. But it was several years earlier, in May 1877, that the city had its introduction to that novelty, the telephone. Curiosity and interest were widespread, and on the announced date of the "demonstration", a sizable crowd of people had gathered at Smyth Hall, where Mr. F. A. Gower was prepared to give a brief account of the theory and functioning of the instrument. The

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apparatus itself, on the platform of the hall, was connected with Boston and Lowell by wires of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company, and not only music but the human voice was distinctly heard. Governor Person C. Cheney and Ex-Governor Frederick Smyth both conversed with Dr. Watson of Lowell, while the admiring and marveling public looked on. The first local telephone to be installed was a connection between Agent Straw's office and the Machine Shop, and the wiring was done by Edward Bryant, later manager of the community's branch of the Bell Telephone Company. Ex-Governor Smyth quickly availed himself of the new convenience, and his telephone, connecting his home and the First National Bank, was the second in use. The first president of the United States to speak over a telephone was President Hayes who was introduced to the instrument while guest of Ex-Governor Smyth. Thus, in 1877, did one of the wonders of the age, so soon to become a commonplace, find its way to Manchester.

It was an important quarter-century, that between the close of the Civil War and 1890. Huge mill expansion with lengthening payrolls and enlarged population fostered the development of private enterprises which laid

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their foundations in these years and paved the way for material progress. And, as we have noted, the less obvious but quite as important "parallel developments" were keeping pace. The outlook for Manchester, in 1890, was encouraging.





GENERAL WILLIAM'S PALACE STREET CAR

Manchester's Mauve Decade

It is easy to assess the growth of a community, statistically; round numbers are satisfyingly tangible. For instance, the population of Manchester in 1890 was forty-four thousand, one hundred and twenty-six. In 1900, it had increased to fifty-six thousand, nine hundred and eighty-seven. Progress and development are revealed in those figures, revealed also in the records of the mills, the city departments, the business establishments. But as to the significance of those figures and those records—the

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story is yet being unfolded. Manchester's mauve decade is still projecting its influence on Manchester the modern city. Permanent forces were sinking their roots deep in the soil of community life during that decade, and the flowering goes on abundantly.

Nature was not altogether kind in those years. In 1894 a hurricane vented its fury with devastating force on Massabesic Lake and its shores, where thunder, lightning and terrific winds went on a veritable rampage. Noah Reed's dance hall was lifted completely from its foundation, collapsing with a thundering crash. The more thickly-settled portions of the city came in for their share of destruction, when trees, telephone poles and tangled wires were strewn around the streets in wild confusion. Telephone service was almost completely disrupted.

The following year, 1895, pointed a reminder of what the river could do in one of its fierce and destructive moods when its usual calm current was transformed into the might of a mad torrent. The years 1851, 1853 and 1878 had produced floods, but the high-water mark of 1895 exceeded that of any previous flood, recording ten and two-tenths feet over the Amoskeag dam. Nine feet and six inches had been reported at the height of the freshet of 1878.

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The mills, dependent on the river's normal behavior, were badly thrown out of gear, their machinery and stock damaged, their basements flooded, their yards under water. The Jefferson Mill, because of its position, suffered most heavily, but nearly all were affected, with consequent disruption of working schedules for several days. The bridges were dangerously threatened, though none completely gave way, and there was general paralysis of railroad service both north and south.

The next year, 1896, produced a flood of even greater violence. On the evening of March 2, during a lashing snowstorm, the river reached a point eleven feet above the dam, thus breaking all previous records. The bridge supporting the steam pipes leading from the Amoskeag boiler house on the west bank to the various plants on the east collapsed and was swept downstream. This was disaster indeed; coupled with the loss of the highway bridge connecting the various parts of mill property, it spelled complete paralysis for the whole corporation. Temporary repairs were begun at once, but production was suspended for a month.

From the standpoint of emotional effect on Manchester's people, probably the destruction of the old Granite Street bridge was most poignantly sensed as a tragedy. Built in 1851,

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a joint project of Manchester and Bedford, it had survived the floods and storms of all the intervening years, and when finally it was broken by the relentless violence of the rushing water, there was drama in its fall. A new steel structure soon replaced the old familiar landmark, but the freshet that accompanied its ruin was a reminder that the river, symbol of the city, could become also a symbol of the might of uncontrolled nature.

But the river, in its usual peaceful, cooperative moods, could and did play a picturesque role in the annual log-drives, a feature of New Hampshire business from 1847 on. The decade of the nineties saw its final performance in this region. The spring of 1897 sent the last log over the falls and sped the last "knockie" on his way to the land of memories. Because a man by the name of Norcross was at the head of the greater part of this enterprise, his employees, a brawny, red-shirted, dare-devil crew, came to be known as "knockies", and the name was attached to all the adventurous lads who plied their poles on the river.

There was pageantry in this exhibition of man forcing the swollen river to his purposes, using the tremendous power of the swift current to transport the products of northern forests to the mills and markets of Lowell—and

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thence to the building of a growing nation. And all along the nearly two-hundred mile course from the head-waters of the Pemigewasset, where the drive started, to the final destination, people gathered on the banks to applaud the feats of the "knockies" whose skill in breaking the jams and preventing the logs from "hanging up" provoked their admiration. At night, the crew pitched camp in some favorable spot; the site of the Cygnet Boat Club was the approved ground around Amoskeag. Here they would build their fires, set up their canvas tents, spread straw for their beds and settle down to the evening meal of beans (baked in the ground-ovens), salt pork, ginger bread and coffee. Early in the morning they would be on their way again, courting the dangers and glorying in the hazards of their chosen job. Fatalities were frequent, but there was a fascination in this game of pitting muscle and mind against the ruthless river, and year after year brought applications from the same men, proud, perhaps, of the privilege of being "knockies" even at a wage that never exceeded three dollars a day.

There is a nostalgic quality about the very term "the 90's"—sometimes further designated as "gay"—and every community has its own exclusive and peculiar recollections that justify that quality and make it understandable. It is,

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to be sure, fashionable at the moment to malign the decade, but underneath the mockery there is an awareness that something well worth immortality lingered in the wings, when the group of years known as the 90's bowed itself off the stage—the common, everyday living of a gracious age.

It was so in Manchester, and we whose memories include these years think of them not in terms of the highlights, but in terms of backgrounds. The Spanish War was a highlight; so was the depression of '93 that hit the mills but dislodged not a morsel of mortar from their foundations. So was the Semi-Centennial celebration in '96, with its parades and its ceremonies, civil and military, and its sure contribution to a needed "past-consciousness" in our midst. Clear and distinct these events stand out, unmistakably history. As such we recall them, giving due credit to their significance. But the lesser happenings, things recorded in some obscure corner of the two daily newspapers, the *Mirror* or the *Union*, wove themselves into the texture of our living and today they are good to remember.

Advertisements are backgrounds and they are significant anywhere, anytime. Manchester's merchants never heard of psychological appeal, as such, and they took no

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courses on how to overcome sales-resistance. But they knew all about both. For instance, the firm of Lightbody and Burbank held out inducements:

BIG MARKDOWN SALE OF SHOES

Ten % discount and a five dollar gold piece given to the customer who buys largest amount.

And what lady could resist a trip to "The Kitchen" (R. K. Horne, proprietor) when she read:

One set of beautifully decorated lamps, with shade to match, complete with burner and chimney. 98 cents.

The Charles M. Floyd furnishing shop appealed to a thrifty man's purse. Referring to hats, caps, etc., the advertisement read: "The oldest inhabitant never saw them so fine, the most fashionable man in town never saw them so stylish, the man of moderate means never saw them so cheap." J. Y. McQuesten Company advertised Alaska Refrigerators, "constructed upon strictly scientific principles", and The Junior Store, corner of Elm and Bridge Streets, waxed facetious:

It's Fly Time — And fly time is the gayest time of all the year to visit our store. It is simply the time

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when we put wings (low prices) to everything which we do not want to see and will not see in our store a month hence. Shirtwaists and wrappers fly in flocks; Windsor ties and handkerchiefs and cotton underwear will fly in swarms; corsets, gloves and hosiery will fly in droves."

Frank Fitts announced "Three Fads".

Fad One: Brownie stick pins 10c and 25c.

Fad Two: Belt pins, silver, gold and black.

Fad Three: Side Combs, horn, imitation shell and real shell.

C. A. Trefethen also mentioned shell: "Do you admire shell? We have received a large assortment of side combs, back combs, hair pins and daggers. Price, 42c to 2.50."

The transition from horse-drawn to motor-driven vehicles for street transportation was, to be sure, a highlight. But a highlight that shaded off into backgrounds. Trolley-rides, for a few years, were as popular as the joy-rides of a later day, and one got nearly as much wind-blown pleasure on the front seat of an evening trolley to Massabesic as the youth of today in an open convertible skimming over the highways to the beaches. There was the same thrill of accelerated speed, for the comparison was with year before last when one had jogged

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along behind a horse. Trolley-rides, not only for the purpose of reaching a destination, but for fun, were part of Manchester's background in the 1890's. Massabesic Lake, for years a quiet summer colony, became, as a result of convenient transportation, a small copy of Revere Beach. The newspapers announced the attractions of the "Big Zoo—from Boston with all its collection of wild animals together with exciting and sensational performances." And there was General Williams' "palace-car", called the "City of Manchester", with wide observation platform at each end enclosed in elaborate grill-work and boasting an interior like a Victorian parlor. Whenever celebrities visited the city, they were invited to join the mayor and other guests in a ride about town in this "queen of the rails".

This development of the electric railroad in Manchester was an accomplishment indeed and a tribute to the enterprise of General Charles Williams, head of the company and leader of the project. The work was put through within an incredibly brief time. April, 1895, saw the beginning of the undertaking, no small one involving as it did changing the road from narrow gauge to broad gauge, and the initial trip up Elm Street was made on June

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8 of that year. In August the road was extended to Massabesic and by September the whole system had been completely transformed, and a record made in the history of street railroad construction. Only eighteen years earlier, Manchester had felt herself modernized with the advent of the horse cars. But time worked swiftly in this particular branch of city growth. Perhaps it is significant that in 1895 when the arduous feat of electrifying city transportation was accomplished, General Williams presented Manchester with a clock for the City Hall tower.

But the spectacular automobile was treading hard on the heels of the trolley. The very next year after that which saw the first electric car making its proud trip down Elm Street, the window of the William P. Farmer Shoe Store turned all eyes away from the highway toward the wonder on exhibition there: a two-seated runabout built by two local men, Peter Harris and his son Leander. This vehicle, operated by steam and fueled with wood and soft coal, was said to be the very first rubber-tired automobile on New Hampshire roads. It should be noted, however, that as early as 1868, a "horseless carriage" was driven around Manchester streets. This also had been the work of two Manchester men, James S. Batchelder and Wil-

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liam H. Writner, who doubtless conceived the idea for their invention from the work they were doing under Nehemiah S. Bean, in the Amoskeag Shop. They appear to have lost interest in their venture before it went beyond the trial stage. By 1900, the popular products of motor car manufacturing were finding their way into town, and the age of the automobile had begun.

Albert L. Clough, a trained engineer, was presumably the first private citizen to own and to drive one of these vehicles. His example was soon followed as Aretas B. Carpenter, Walter M. Parker, William J. Hoyt, Byron Chandler, Dr. Arthur F. Wheat, and Norwin S. Bean became owners. The "Thomas Flier", first four-cylinder car in town, was the property of Charles M. Floyd, later governor of New Hampshire.

The automobile had come to stay, and the early devotees endured without protest the enveloping clouds of dust, part of the motoring experience of that day, and the ignominy of being pulled out of mud holes by work-horses. Perhaps they foresaw oiled roads and through highways. Perhaps, too, the railroads foresaw the approaching competition of trucking companies. But, the Boston and Maine courageously

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built a freight depot in Manchester in 1897, and the present passenger station in 1898.

The last decade of the nineteenth century saw the rise of literary clubs in Manchester, those organizations devoted primarily to study, but giving, nevertheless, secondary consideration to sociability symbolized by the tea table. Woman's horizon was widening; the mother of the newly-popular college girl did not propose to be completely out-distanced by her daughter, and if, after a suitable period of appraisal, she was invited to join one of these groups, she duly rejoiced and at once sought the seclusion of the library in search of material for her first "paper".

She might decide upon some such subject as "The Legal Status of Woman", "Conversion of Niagara to Utilitarian Purposes", "A Comparison of Raphael and Michael Angelo", or she might prepare herself to discuss Ralph Waldo Emerson, or to read Act I of the Merchant of Venice. There were the Shakespeare Club, the Interrogation, the New Century, the Outlook, the Current Events, the Nineteenth Century, the Review. And they have survived the years. In spite of the radio and the Reader's Digest and all the other stepped-up opportunities for self-education, the successors of those women with outreaching minds still carry on,

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fitting their meetings into the vastly busier schedule of modern living. Nearly all these clubs, averaging twenty members each, although still retaining their individual status eventually allied themselves with the Manchester Federation of Women's Clubs, which was dissolved in 1935 when the Manchester Women's Club was organized.

Lectures were popular and provided another avenue of information and enlightenment. The Mirror's society column of January 6, 1896, refers to a Monday morning lecture by Mrs. Frances Bellows Sanborn, who discussed the subject of "Lying". "I do not think," said the speaker, "I have known in the whole course of my life six people who would tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. This vice attacks us on every side, on our selfish side, our sympathetic side, our loving and our intellectual (sides). The temptation is perfectly terrible." Resignations from the Ananias Society that followed this talk are not recorded. The next lecture in the course is announced as "What Modern Woman Will Be". This subject of tomorrow's woman appears to have been popular with the feminine readers, and the Women's Columns surely made use of its appeal. Tucked into this department, in August, 1894, along with "Delicious Ways To

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Cook Shad", and a hint to biscuit makers, is an article on "The Future Woman", credited to a well-known New York society woman. "She will not wear trousers," declared the writer. (Alas, dear lady, for your convictions!) "On the contrary, her garments will be prettier, and she herself will be, if that is possible, more effeminate, more gentle and tender than she is now. Why? Because she will realize that by being all these, her power is increased in a corresponding ratio. Women's rights are invariably associated in a man's mind with the loud-voiced woman—the woman who is indifferent to her appearance, who wears big boots and would like to wear high hats." Such were the prophecies for the girl of the 90's who pedaled down Elm Street on her "wheel", wearing her new freedom and a heavily-stitched "bicycle skirt" with equal pride.

But the outreaching of these women was not alone for more freedom or for widened "culture", it was also for opportunities to be of service. Increasingly, they were becoming "civic-minded".

The Thimble Club, composed of a small group of women, was organized in 1895 and has been of inestimable service to Manchester during the intervening years, raising thousands of dollars for philanthropy and contributing to

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the needy quantities of clothing made by its members. It is interesting to note that six of the original group are among those who are still meeting regularly and carrying on the traditions: Mrs. James S. Evans, Mrs. Elliot C. Lambert, Mrs. Robert L. Manning, Mrs. Edgar L. Martin, Mrs. Perley Parker Pillsbury and Mrs. Gordon Woodbury.

The Senior Associates, devoted to the cause of providing supplies for the Elliot Hospital was organized in 1890, immediately after the institution opened its doors. The first president was Mrs. Charles S. Murkland, wife of the pastor of the Franklin Street Congregational Church who soon became president of New Hampshire University. For twenty-five years Mrs. Elliot C. Lambert was at the head of this organization, retiring in 1945 to become honorary president. It was Mrs. Lambert who, in 1920, organized the Junior Associates of the Elliot Hospital, a group notable for its social and charitable activities. It was during this period, in 1897, that the District Nursing Association, outgrowth of the City Missionary Society, was formed.*

* Miss Mattie Strong, City Missionary, gave devoted service for twenty-seven years, and was responsible for establishing the Fresh Air Fund and Bethany Cottage at Hampton Beach.

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In 1892 another Manchester institution was born that was the direct result of the civic-mindedness of a woman who had died in 1876. Mary G. Gale, wife of Dr. Amos Gale and daughter of Richard Ayer, first president of the Amoskeag National Bank, had conceived the idea of a home for aged women, and had made provision in her will for its eventual establishment. David R. Leach also bequeathed the residue of his property for the same purpose, and this decade of the 90's saw the plan consummated and the home in operation on the Hazeltown property. The present large and commodious building was erected in 1907.

In line with civic-consciousness, a sense of obligation to the present, is loyalty to the past. Thus the formation of Molly Stark Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in 1892, was a logical parallel development to the rise of the philanthropic organizations as part of women's new public activity. The service of this chapter to the city has been noteworthy. Already mention has been made of its contribution of suitable markers for the site of the old church on Mammoth Road, and for the Stark homestead and the Molly Stark well at the homestead on North River Road. The sites of the old fort near Nutt Pond and of the town pound also have been marked. And it was due

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to the efforts and energy of this organization, that the Archibald Stark house, where the general spent most of his boyhood, has been restored to its original appearance and furnished appropriately. The ell has been converted into an auditorium where the regular meetings of the chapter are held.

With the approach of the fiftieth anniversary of Manchester as a city, in 1896, not merely the women but the whole community became "past-minded" and prepared to do honor to a momentous date in local history. Preparations for a suitable celebration led to another significant event, the formation of the Manchester Historic Association. Hon. John C. French was the first president, with Henry W. Herrick and Joseph Kidder acting as vice-presidents and Herbert W. Eastman and John Dowst as secretary and treasurer respectively. The constitution adopted stated that the object of the association was "to collect, preserve and publish whatever may relate to the early and later history of the city of Manchester, and the surrounding towns that formed in the early history and settlement the same community, and to preserve such articles or relics of the aborigines and early settlers of the country, and records of colonial and later wars, as may be obtained by the association." The society has grown

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with the years, and now has its headquarters and its historical museum in the classic-lined building on Amherst Street, gift of the late Frank P. Carpenter. For many years the custodian of Manchester's yesterdays was Fred W. Lamb, whose knowledge of local facts and legends was inexhaustible. Since his death in 1946, Frank O. Spinney has been in charge, innovating the custom of holding exhibitions and arranging programs that have proved very popular. In 1905, the City Government furnished proof of its cooperation by giving the Historic Association five hundred dollars for the purpose of printing the records of Old Derryfield.

The arrangements for the Semi-Centennial celebration were planned with skill and efficiency, Mayor William C. Clarke acting as general chairman, assisted by former Mayor Edgar J. Knowlton, John C. Bickford, Frank O. Clement and Joseph Quirin. From Sunday, September 6, to Wednesday, September 9, inclusive, the community remembered and paid tribute to its past. And the manner of its remembering was in itself a tribute to its awareness of debt and obligation to that past and to the men and women who had been the founders of today. Briefly, the program was as follows: Sunday, special services in all the churches and

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a large mass meeting in the evening. Monday, a mammoth parade of military and civic organizations under the direction of Chief-Marshal Henry B. Fairbanks and his Chief-of-Staff S. S. Piper. Monday afternoon, laying of the cornerstone of Weston Observatory, with impressive ceremonies by Trinity Commandery of the Knights Templars (Masons). Tuesday, literary exercises held within the shelter of the huge tent on the Straw estate grounds. Hon. Charles H. Bartlett was president of the day. Hon. Henry E. Burnham delivered the oration, and the Rossini Quartet* sang the memorial hymn of which Rev. Burton W. Lockhart was the author, with music by E. T. Baldwin, a local musician. Tuesday afternoon, grand parade of firemen and trades companies under the direction of Henry B. Fairbanks with Captain John Gannon acting as Chief-of-Staff. Wednesday forenoon, Children's Day exercises under the direction of William E. Buck, Superintendent of Schools. An original poem by Rev. Allen Eastman Cross was also a feature of this program.

* The Rossini Quartet comprised Zilla McQuesten, Mrs. Frank P. Cheney, Annie E. Gordon and Mrs. Frank H. Puffer. Other prominent local musicians of these years were Walter H. Lewis, the composer and producer, F. T. E. Richardson, Dr. A. Gale Straw, DeLafayette Robinson, and Roscoe K. Horne.

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Sports programs were held both Tuesday and Wednesday on Merrimack Common, under the direction of Alderman Richard G. Barry and Dana M. Evans. One of the outstanding features of the four-day celebration was the industrial and historical exhibition in the Kennard Building. For the thoughtful, the arrangement of these exhibits under one roof carried an undertone of deep significance. Here, side by side, were the records of double achievement, that of the mills and that of the city: duality, interdependence visibly expressed. Here, too, was proof of that fusion of forces that had made Samuel Blodget's vision a reality.

For the thoughtful, also, there was food for pondering in the subject considered at the Sunday evening mass meeting by Dr. William J. Tucker, President of Dartmouth College: "The Spiritual Life Of The Modern City".

It is interesting to note that when, just a year later, September 10, 1897, Dr. Tucker again addressed a Manchester audience at the impressive dedication services of the new High School building, he chose as his subject, "How Far Shall We Make Utility The End Of Modern Education?" This stressing of the menace of materialism was significant.

A feature of the dedicatory exercises was the presence on the platform of Elizabeth Allison

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Wallace, widow of Rev. Cyrus W. Wallace, and first graduate of the original High School, in 1848. Her diploma was on display at this important occasion.

The erection of the new High School, designated in various congratulatory letters to the mayor as the finest High School building in New England, was only one of numerous achievements in the direction of culture and education that characterized this decade of the 90's.

Outstanding as a part of the community's cultural life were the Chandler courses of lectures and concerts which were annual events eagerly anticipated and widely attended. Through the generosity of George Byron Chandler programs by renowned speakers and artists were provided at a very moderate charge to the public.

In 1895 the sculptor John Rogers presented to Manchester his famous statue of Abraham Lincoln and came to the city to superintend its placing in the public library on Franklin Street. The artist's connection with Manchester, though lasting a brief six years, covered an important period in his career. It was in the kitchen of Mrs. Nancy Richardson, his boarding mistress on Middle Street, that he began experimenting with clay from the banks

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of the Merrimack for modeling his figures, fore-runners of the "groups" eventually to become famous throughout the country.

Born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1829, John Rogers came to Manchester in his early twenties and found employment as a draftsman in the Amoskeag Machine Shop. He began to study mechanical engineering, but much to his disappointment an affection of his eyesight interrupted his plans. Strolling through one of Boston's side streets one day, he chanced to see a man modeling in clay and conceived the idea that this was something he might do without the close application forbidden by the condition of his eyes. One may wonder if John Rogers' creative urge that resulted in his renowned groups might never have come to the surface but for the misfortune of impaired vision. Though his training included study abroad, he originated his own "style" and persevered with his own ideas. The simplicity of his subjects, their human appeal usually touched with a bit of humor, is an outstanding characteristic of his work. From an Italian he had learned the art of reproducing his models in plaster and thus he was able to sell a large number of each group. The Manchester Historic Association has a valuable collection of these, and but for the misfortune of the fire in

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the Kennard Building, the Institute of Arts and Sciences would be in possession of some eighty subjects. His famous Lincoln statue has been cast in bronze and placed on the grounds of Central High School, a fitting memorial to the man who is part of the city's cultural heritage.

Other artists were contributing notable work in the city during this period. William E. Burbank, whose achievements in oils was outstanding, and Mrs. John B. Varick were early instructors in the Institute. So also was Mrs. Maud Briggs Knowlton, later director of the Currier Art Gallery, whose artistic abilities are many and varied, and whose work includes oils, water colors, block printing, weaving and other handicrafts. Her talent has been given widespread recognition and her canvases are among the permanent possessions of metropolitan galleries. Victor E. Stevens, descendant of the Ephraim Stevens who distinguished himself at the battle of Trenton, has left a lasting imprint of his genius in the familiar trade-mark of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company—The Old Man of the Mountain.

Frank French, noted throughout the country for his wood engravings, won distinction also with his oils. In this branch of art he was associated with Henry W. Herrick whose contributions to Manchester's culture were outlined in

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the previous chapter. Henry Herrick's son, Allan, also did commendable work in wood engraving and attained a high degree of skill with water colors.

J. Warren Thyng, whose career included many years as drawing supervisor in the public schools, was another artist who left his impression on Manchester. His skill was more than that of the clever hand and observant eye: it included also the understanding spirit. And his instruction subtly awakened this spirit in his pupils.

Reverend Raphael Pfisterer deserves credit for skilled and careful work, his particular contribution being along the line of Christian Art. His name is associated with St. Anselm's College, founded in 1891, by the Benedictines. Built on the outskirts of Manchester this institution has long been a force in the Catholic educational world.

Three hospitals were opened during this decade: the Elliot, made possible through the will of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Elliot; the Sacred Heart, and the Notre Dame, the latter conducted by the Gray Nuns and built on land purchased in 1883 by Msgr. Pierre Hevey. In 1894, the new and commodious Children's Home, at the corner of Webster and Walnut Streets, was ready for occupancy.

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In March, 1890, the Board of Trade, in advertising Manchester, mentioned the fact that the city had twenty-five churches, with three more projected. The list of new churches added to the city during these years is indeed an imposing one: the Swedish Baptist, St. Patrick's, St. George's, St. Anthony's, Bethel Advent, Trinity Methodist, St. James Methodist, Westminster Presbyterian, Swedish Evangelical and Christian Science.

The city Post Office was established in the new Federal Building on Hanover Street in 1891, on the site now occupied by its successor. In 1895 the City Hall underwent extensive alterations, whereby the entrance was moved from Market to Elm Street and the main stairway changed accordingly. The city government shared the mood of the moment, which was one of change and progress.

In 1893 the Board of Street and Park Commissioners was created, which was to develop in 1910 into the Board of Public Works. The first list of commissioners included: George H. Stearns, L. P. Reynolds, and H. R. Simpson, with Allan Herrick acting as clerk. In December of the same year, the first Police Commission was established, consisting of Frank P. Carpenter, Noah S. Clark, and Judge Isaac Heath.

Manchester's Mauve Decade

In 1892, Michael J. Healy, already Sergeant of the Night Watch, took over the direction of the whole Police Department, a post he was to hold with notable distinction for forty-five years, during which he gave Manchester an enviable reputation as virtually a crimeless city. Prohibition was a part of the New Hampshire law in those days, but its enforcement had been a matter of ridicule. No sooner had Chief Healy taken over the leadership of the Police Department, than he began ridding the community of the "blind pigs", the kitchen bar-rooms, and all the rum-selling dives that were breeding centers of lawlessness and crime.

Within six years the liquor-selling places were reduced from three hundred and seventy to fifty and these fifty were "respectable", well-regulated, and operating under strict supervision in a limited area. Technically, of course, their proprietors were evading the law, so they made periodical visits to court and unprotestingly paid a monthly fine of one hundred dollars. This was the famous "Healy system" which was copied far and wide, working with notable success in other cities.

Chief Healy's achievements were by no means limited to the liquor situation. He modernized the Police Department and developed a staff of officers disciplined and effi-

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cient to a high degree. The electric signal system for communication between officers and headquarters, one of the first in the country, was among the innovations.

His work during the turbulent days of the 1922 strike in the Amoskeag mills was an outstanding example of his intelligent and skillful handling of difficult and dangerous situations. His abilities were recognized not only in the United States, but also abroad. He was the first treasurer of the International Conference of Police Chiefs, and a charter member of the International Association of Police Chiefs. He was at one time president of the New England Association of Police Chiefs.

Chief Healy died in 1937 after almost fifty years of continuous labor in Manchester's police service. He was succeeded by James F. O'Neil, who served as deputy-chief after the death in 1934 of the chief's son, Charles R. Healy, who was deputy for twenty years. Chief O'Neil, fitted for his task by temperament and background, was trained by the veteran chief himself, and he has consistently maintained the high standard set by his predecessor in the conduct of his high office.

In 1893 the local Young Men's Christian Association gained a firm footing after years of inactivity. First organized in 1854, the mem-

Manchester's Mauve Decade

bership had dwindled so discouragingly when war claimed the city's youth that it was disorganized in 1862. The attempt at revival in 1868 brought a few years of activity when the members met in the Masonic Temple building on Hanover Street. But enthusiasm lagged, and again in 1878 the group disbanded. This decade of the 90's, however, with its progress and enterprise, reawakened interest, and a suite of rooms was fitted up for occupancy in the Pembroke Block. In 1899 the association moved to the previous quarters of the Manchester Gymnasium on Amherst Street, having purchased the building for ten thousand dollars. Here the organization remained until 1911, when it moved to the building on Mechanic Street, its present home, erected, following an intensive campaign for funds, at a cost of approximately a hundred thousand dollars.

And what about manufacturing during these years?

In April, 1892, the Elliot Manufacturing Company organized the business known for so many years as "the silk mill" situated at the corner of Valley and Wilson Streets. It quickly became a popular custom among thrifty Manchester housewives to visit the silk mill for replenishment of the family underwear at wholesale prices.

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The same year brought the Hoyt Shoe Company to the city and the erection of their large factory in the eastern part of the city. Two years previously the Crafts and Green Company was organized and two years later the Eureka Shoe concern was established. Though it was not until 1902 that the McElwain Company began to manufacture shoes in Manchester, they belonged to this period of commercial development that brought the community prominence as a shoe city. Later, the International Shoe Company, the Salvage Molloy Company, Shortell Shoes, Inc. and the Sibulkin Shoe Company were among the important developments in this branch of industry. It is reported that in 1937 shoe manufacturing in the city reached the twenty-five million dollar mark.

It was the shoe factories that attracted the members of the Greek race who began to filter into Manchester during this decade of the 90's. The first Greek had arrived around the year 1881, a solitary boy from the island of Salamis. He opened a store at 71 Spruce Street, laying the foundations for the thrifty Greek community including shops, coffee houses, and most important of all "Nicky's" Macedonia Restaurant, familiar to Manchester folk today. George Copadis came in 1903, soon to be followed by

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his brothers and other members of the family, who have been leaders in the Greek colony that now numbers some seven thousand. Like the Polish people who also comprise a sizable group within the city, the Greeks have become loyal, staunch Americans, appreciative of the advantages of their adopted country. The following letter, from a Greek boy to his mother is significant. After one year in the community, he wrote, "Manchester is beautiful because here is such peace as Thessaly cannot give; here are great factories where there is work, and money such as there is not in all Greece."

On April 23, 1898, President William McKinley issued a call for volunteers in the war with Spain. New Hampshire's Governor and Council chose for this service the Third Regiment, under the command of Colonel Robert H. Rolfe of Concord, but in order to bring it up to full strength, it was necessary to call two companies each from the First and Second Regiments. Manchester's proud Sheridan Guards were ready, responding to a man. The reputation of this outfit was an enviable one and there was always a long waiting list, so that overnight the organization could be brought up to full war time strength. Patriotism was at fever pitch on that morning of May, when the Guards captained by William Sullivan paraded

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through the streets prior to entraining for camp at Concord. Mayor William C. Clarke had requested that the public schools should all be closed and that the principals should escort the pupils in their charge to Elm Street in order that they might witness, and he hoped remember, this moment when a city was sending her youth to war. Thus it was that when the marching soldiers rounded the corner from Lowell to Elm Street, they were greeted by the enthusiastic cheers and flag-waving of Manchester's combined school-strength, the private schools having joined the others for this great demonstration. On May 17, the troops were on their way south, having been ordered to Camp George H. Thomas in Georgia. Again there was intense excitement as the three trains conveying the boys from Concord passed through Manchester. The first train halted briefly after drawing into the station, but the second and third only slackened speed as they passed the madly cheering crowd that lined the tracks.

The boys were on their way—

But they never reached the front. On two different occasions, there were preliminary orders that indicated an early move to the firing-line, but final orders never came through. So week after week the Sheridan Guards

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stayed on at Camp George H. Thomas, being put through stiff drills, marches, inspections and suffering from the ravages of typhoid and malaria. Over seventy-five per cent were stricken with these diseases, some fatally. Corporal William H. Derwin was the first Manchester man to lose the battle with the fever, the first local casualty in the war with Spain. July brought the victory of Sampson's fleet, and by October the Guards were all back in New Hampshire and had been mustered out of the service.

And so the tumult and the shouting ceased, for the time being, and Manchester, resuming her normal pace, approached the opening door of the new century.





MANCHESTER CITY LIBRARY

Manchester and the New Century

In March, 1900, the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences, organized in 1898, opened its quarters in the Kennard Building. The year was still new, the century was new, and this unostentatious development of a fresh cultural factor in the city's life may be regarded as significant and as somehow sounding the keynote of modern Manchester. The values represented by this institution were the values destined to have an important bearing on the city's future—destined, indeed, to play a conspicuous role

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in saving it some decades later. Without this respect and regard for the intangibles, Manchester in 1936 might have suffered the fate of a ghost-city. But the respect and regard were there, nurtured by the strong emphasis on non-material developments so apparent in the century's early years.

It is impossible to over-stress the significance of this institution, which has grown steadily through the years, and which has performed a double service to the community. On the one hand it has stimulated and encouraged individual talent by offering valuable guidance and instruction in the various departments—fine arts, music, literature, home economics, natural science and social science. Under the able leadership of Rudolph Schiller, the Music Department has developed a symphony orchestra whose programs exhibit a high degree of skill and whose thrice-yearly concerts are a delight to music lovers. Normal and commercial art courses have the approval of the State Board of Education and award certificates to those completing the prescribed work. Extension lectures through the cooperation of the University of New Hampshire are also features of the Institute program.

Quite as important as these functions, however, is the institution's service to the com-

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munity by way of its entertainment courses which provide opportunity for sharing in the best of America's cultural offerings. These courses of lectures, concerts and cinema programs are furnished by thoughtful friends or through funds provided in the bequests of former Institute members. Since 1916, the activities of this organization, entertainments and classes alike, have been carried on within the ample and beautifully-proportioned build-



INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES 1916

ing on the corner of Concord and Pine Streets, made possible by the generosity of Mrs. Emma Blood French. She it was who caught the vision of Albert L. Clough, for many years the guide and the driving force within the Institute, and made it an assured reality, adequately housed in a structure the architecture of which expresses its purpose.

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It was Mrs. French, also, who with her brother-in-law, Frank P. Carpenter, provided another of Manchester's most beautiful buildings, the Blood Memorial Parish House, given in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Aretas Blood, both of whom had contributed so significantly to the building not only of the Franklin Street parish, but of the city. This Parish House ministers to many outside the immediate church group, its auditorium being used for meetings of various kinds and its impressively simple chapel being open at all hours for those who would seek strength and inspiration from its quietude and peace.

The Parish House was only one of the many benefactions of a man in whom were merged to an unusual and rare degree keen business sense, far-sighted vision and a deep awareness of the responsibilities of wealth: the late Frank P. Carpenter. And Manchester, the city to which he came as a young man and in which he spent almost the entire period of his adult life, was immeasurably enriched, materially and culturally, by his identification with all her interests and his never-failing response to all her needs. He gave liberally, not only financial aid, but time, thought and the wisdom of his wide experience, that his city might be served.

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His generosity and interest in the preservation of the city's past provided the beautiful Historic Association building on Amherst Street, dedicated in 1932. He was one of three, with Mrs. Walter Parker and Mrs. Charlotte Parker Milne, who donated the site of "Hill House", and he was actively instrumental in bringing to completion, in 1929, this new home of the local Y. W. C. A. When plans were afoot for the new Federal Building in 1932, it was Mr. Carpenter who provided, at his own expense, the services of Architect E. L. Tilton of New York, and made possible the finely-proportioned and adequate building that houses the Post Office and other government departments. He was instrumental in the establishment of the Carpenter Hotel, and he gave the land for the Boy Scout Camp in Auburn.

Most important of all his gifts, perhaps, is the Carpenter Memorial Library, given in memory of his wife, Elenora Blood Carpenter. The corner stone of this beautiful structure, at the head of Victory Park, facing the mountains to the west, was laid on June 11, 1913, with Mayor Charles C. Hayes the presiding officer. At the conclusion of the oration of the day, by Hon. Henry E. Burnham, a huge five-ton block of Concord granite was swung into place, and

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Mr. Carpenter applied the mortar along its length. Within the stone were sealed records, newspapers, cloth produced in the Amoskeag Mills, and other articles of historic interest. The invocation was given by Rev. Burton W. Lockhart, and Rev. Thomas Chalmers pronounced the benediction. The ceremony was one of great impressiveness, as was the dedication in November of 1914. Edwin F. Jones, chairman of the library trustees, presided at this exercise which included orations by His Excellency Samuel D. Felker, governor of New Hampshire, and Rev. Burton W. Lockhart. There was memorable symbolism in the moment when Mr. Carpenter delivered the keys of the building to Mayor Charles C. Hayes. The past, from the days when the old Atheneum ministered to the few, merged with the future when numberless men and women would find within the doors opened by these keys the knowledge and the inspiration that books provide. The occasion offered other symbolisms: the potential transmutation of wealth into wisdom, the sure and inevitable interdependence of the material and the spiritual, the creation of substantial reality from the vision of one man.

The small hilltop surmounted by the Carpenter Memorial Library might be regarded as the

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Mecca of those who seek the things of mind and spirit. Only a few rods to the north is the Institute, and a bit to the southwest is the Historic Association building, where Manchester's yesterdays are given suitable recognition and the dignity of appropriate and intelligent care. Diagonally opposite is the Catholic Center, headquarters for Catholic philanthropic work in New Hampshire.

Standing on the steps of the Library one faces the distant Uncanoonucs, those guardians of Manchester over at the west. In the immediate foreground is Victory Park, with its impressively simple monument to the memory of those who paid the supreme sacrifice to preserve the values represented by this group of buildings. It is as if the hooded figure with the scroll were keeping watch, silently warning that without the care and concern of each succeeding generation these values will perish, and these men have died in vain.

Another institution that belongs with this group, though separated from it by several blocks, is the Currier Gallery of Art. It was in 1917 that Moody Currier died, leaving his estate to his wife, with the stipulation that at her death it should be placed in the hands of a board of trustees, for the ultimate purpose of building an art gallery on the site of the

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Currier home. Moody Currier possessed a rare combination of characteristics. A banker and an able lawyer, he was also a scholar, a linguist who spoke seven languages, and a poet who wrote creditable verse for the sheer pleasure of it. Thus it was natural that he should wish his fortune to minister to the cultural development of his city. By the year 1926, the time seemed ripe to undertake the project, and the Currier mansion, occupying the



CURRIER GALLERY OF ART 1929

square between Orange, Ash, Myrtle and Beech Streets, was razed in preparation for the new building.

In October, 1929, the new building was dedicated with suitable ceremonies. With its classic architecture, its rare mosaics at the southern entrance, its beautifully landscaped setting, and its perfectly proportioned exterior, it might be

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said to symbolize the Greek ideal of harmony and balance that, bridging time and space, has become part of the growing pattern in this small New England community. Mrs. Maud Briggs Knowlton ably performed the duties of director from the gallery's opening until 1947, when Gordon Smith became her successor. The Gallery is constantly adding to its permanent collection of rare paintings and other treasures and its activities include exhibitions of the works of nationally-known artists, lectures and other entertainments in keeping with its purpose. The monthly bulletins published by the director, calling attention to the current exhibitions and offering brief biographies of the artists, are among the valuable services of the institution. The Currier Art Center, in the house directly opposite the Gallery, on Beech Street, is designed to be used as a children's museum and a meeting place for the children's art classes.

On Amherst Street only a scant few rods from the Historic Association building stands the large four-story brick structure, erected in 1932 by the Union-Leader Publishing Company. It is rather interesting to consider these two buildings and what they represent as offering a study in contrasts. In the one, old Manchester, old Derryfield, lives and breathes again.

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Strolling through the Historic Association's well-lighted galleries, pausing to study an outmoded fire engine or a portrait by Custer, one becomes satisfyingly aware of yesterday's immortality. In the other, where the keys of the A. P. machine click out sharp staccato records of Arabian uprisings or the latest report of the committee on atomic research, one senses world-news of tomorrow almost before it happens. A city's newspaper plant is its nerve center, with live fibres extending to the far quarters of the globe.

This statement is true today, but it must be admitted that up to the year 1912, the newspaper fibres in Manchester were very short. They didn't extend much farther than the boundaries of the state. And those that stopped at city limits were in the majority. In this abbreviation of reach, they only followed the trends and traditions of the day. Journalism in the 19th century, for the greater part was political propaganda plus local news with, in some cases, a brief daily resumé of foreign and domestic affairs. But in 1912 there arrived in Manchester two men from Michigan, full of energy, enthusiasm and ideas. They were Frank Knox (later to become war-time Secretary of the Navy) and John Muehling, who together had already won laurels in the newspaper field as

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publishers of the Sault St. Marie News. They came at the invitation of Robert P. Bass and Winston Churchill, prominent agents in the Bull Moose movement in New Hampshire, and they launched in Manchester an evening newspaper, *The Leader*, announcing that they would print news without fear or favor; that politically they were Progressives, and that it was their intention to fight for the election of Theodore Roosevelt as president of the United States. And they prospered mightily, prospered in spite of the fact that Woodrow Wilson swept the country, carrying the Bull Moose movement down to defeat. The end of their hopes in that direction was by no means the end of their enthusiasm for their adopted city and the *Evening Leader*. They turned their energies to the task of promoting the interests of Manchester and the state of New Hampshire. In 1913 they bought the *Manchester Union*, and in 1924 the Union and Leader Publishing Company purchased the *Manchester Daily Mirror*. Thus, the two Manchester dailies of 1948, the *New Hampshire Morning Union* and the *Manchester Evening Leader*, now under the direction of William Loeb and Leonard Finder, have direct ancestors in the very beginnings of journalism in the city.

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It is rather interesting to go back through the years and follow the trail of newspaper history in Manchester. The Mirror traced its lineage, through the Manchester Mirror and American, back to the Amoskeag Memorial founded in 1840, only a year after John Caldwell's Representative, the first paper in the city. In 1841 this paper became the Manchester Memorial, and three years later the Manchester American. In 1863 it was consolidated with the Mirror, which was founded in 1850, and was carried on with marked success by the Clarke family, John B. and his two sons, Arthur and William.

The Union, founded in 1863, had a direct ancestor in the Union Democrat which came into existence in 1851. This Union Democrat must not be confused with the Manchester Democrat founded in April, 1842, by W. H. Kimball and Joseph Kidder. George L. Kibbee, writing in the Union of 1913 said: "The Union opened its eyes upon a world shrouded in the deep gloom of the saddest days of civil war—it took its place among those champions of the Federal Union and the Constitution who believed that the union could be preserved by a new agreement with the southern states, based not upon the utter wreck of the South, but upon a recognition of the Southern point of view."

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From 1864 to 1879 the Union was under the management of the firm of Campbell and Hanscom, the former, James M. Campbell, being the powerful element in the partnership. It was a day when "personal journalism" was popular, and James M. Campbell was pleased to exemplify the trend, composing articles of such violence that there were protesting reverberations from many quarters. The paper was successful, however, and in 1874 set up its presses in a new home, on the southwest corner of Manchester Street and Nutfield Lane. In 1879 it passed into the hands of Hutchins, Riedel and Company, and very soon became a veritable state paper, with a long subscription list "up north". This was the era that saw the innovation of the early morning "paper train", leaving town as soon as the Union was off the press, thus scoring one over the Boston papers that sought to serve the same territory.

In 1896 the Union Publishing Company was formed with Gordon Woodbury at its head. Combining wide experience with excellent literary taste, Mr. Woodbury turned his energies to promoting the interest not only of Manchester, but of New Hampshire as a whole. In 1905, Rosecrans Pillsbury took control, and the policies of the paper, Democratic since its inception, became "with no fuss or flurry" Re-

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publican, to be merged eight years later, as we have seen, with the Leader when it was purchased by Messrs. Knox and Muehling.

It was a world of widening horizons that altered the emphasis in the journalism of the early twentieth century. The newspapers were quick to reflect this growing world outlook. Back in the placid 90's, who could visualize that America, separated from Europe by the comfortably-wide Atlantic and the supposedly conclusive Monroe Doctrine, would in a few brief years find herself embroiled in a world war? Who would have prophesied that the shot fired in far-away Serajevo on that June day of 1914 would so quickly reverberate in little Manchester-on-the-Merrimack?

By November of that year fully three thousand women in Manchester were busy working for the Red Cross under the general supervision of Mrs. William K. Robbins, ably assisted by Miss Mary Ella Batchelder, Mrs. George B. Dodge, Mrs. Hugh Flack, Mrs. Arthur L. Franks, and Mrs. Samuel P. Hunt. Within a few months there was a Women's War Relief Committee, and soon willing hands were making surgical sponges, folded and packed with the utmost care according to the direction of a demonstrator sent from Boston headquarters. July of 1915 saw the organization of the local

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branch of the New Hampshire League for National Defense, with the following citizens serving as directors: Sherman E. Burroughs, A. B. Jenks, Fred W. Lamb, Eugene Quirin and P. H. Sullivan. The local representatives on the State Board of Directors were Sherman E. Burroughs, A. B. Jenks, Frank Knox, Fred W. Lamb, W. T. Nichols, Eugene E. Reed and Gordon Woodbury. 1916 brought the formation of the local chapter of the Red Cross, an organization that has grown and developed with the years, performing valuable service to the community. Since 1918 Mrs. Melvin Gould has ably filled the position of executive secretary. Early in World War II, the generosity of Mrs. John L. Sullivan provided the organization with ample quarters for carrying on all its activities: Carpenter House, formerly the home of Mrs. Sullivan's grandfather, Frank P. Carpenter.

Events moved swiftly in Manchester as the nation surged ahead into the inevitable conflict. As in the emergency of the Civil War, the city worked as a unit, all creeds and nationalities welded together for a purpose. Duplicating the Civil War pattern, also, the Amoskeag Company was in the lead in war-effort. In February of 1917 it announced its readiness to raise and equip a regiment of troops, and a few weeks later the Textile Club

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offered to Governor Henry W. Keyes all the resources of its seventeen hundred members. That same year, the company donated fifty acres of land in various parts of the city for garden plots to contribute toward food production. It has been estimated that nearly twenty-five thousand dollars worth of vegetables were raised in these war gardens.

Patriotic fervor expressed itself in mass meetings, flag raisings, parades, as the solemn portents of the hour became increasingly apparent. The month of March brought Dean Laycock of Dartmouth to address a huge crowd at Palace Theatre. "War is a terrible thing," he said, "but there is one thing more terrible. That is any kind of national dishonor or national slavery." On the platform of the Auditorium, at a May mass meeting, was a group of gray-haired veterans of the Civil War. Major Frank Knox, presiding, paid tribute to these "boys of '61", pointing out to the audience that in this emergency they had offered their services "to do what they can". Thundering applause greeted this recognition of the imperishable quality of patriotism, surviving the years. Then Major Knox climaxed his speech: "Is there anyone in this audience whose heart is not as staunch as theirs?" There could have been no stronger persuasion for recruits.

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Col. Parker Straw addressed a throng of young men at the Y.M.C.A. reminding them: "This is no time for recrimination or criticism. We are confronted by terrible facts, not theories. It is a time when everyone should stand behind the president, who, armed with the sword of justice and supported by the entire nation, shall yet bring us into an honorable peace." At five o'clock on Registration Day, when eighty-three hundred men had been registered in the city, the huge flag pole, presented by the Amoskeag Company, was dedicated at Merrimack Common. It was an impressive ceremony, symbolizing the renewed loyalty of a community to the emblem that slowly rose to its position as the band swung into the strains of The Star Spangled Banner.

Late in July the National Guard of New Hampshire was called to the service, and on August 22 three long troop trains from Concord passed through Manchester, en route to Boxford, Massachusetts, where the men went into active training. Early in September, the first group of local drafted men were on their way to camp in Ayer, Massachusetts. The war had caught up with Manchester.

The Sheridan Guards, strengthened in numbers by new recruits, were assigned to Company B of the 103rd Infantry of the Yankee

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Division, and well did they acquit themselves in some of the fiercest fighting of the war. Chemin-des-Dames, Bois-de-Belleau, Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Verdun, Meuse-Argonne—the lists of these battles record the heroic service of Manchester men. Over in Sweeney Park, west of the river, is the memorial bust of Henry J. Sweeney, first of the local youths to sacrifice his life in action.*

Civilian contribution to the war effort was not lagging. The Amoskeag Textile Club conducted a Red Cross Carnival, raising well over three thousand dollars for the Red Cross. The Manchester City Library sponsored a silver thimble collection for which not only thimbles but spoons, watches, rings, bracelets, mugs, coins—anything silver and salable was accepted, sold, and the proceeds given to the Red Cross. Manchester's subscriptions to the five Liberty Loans was twenty-two million, seven-hundred-and-twenty-eight thousand, eight hundred and fifty dollars; to the Red Cross, two-hundred-

* The memory of this young soldier is further honored in the name Henry J. Sweeney Post of the American Legion, now occupying the old Armory building. William H. Jutras, the first Franco-American from Manchester to sacrifice his life in World War I, is honored also in the Post bearing his name. There is a third American Legion Post in the city, Manchester 79.

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and-four thousand dollars; to the United War Work Fund, two-hundred-and forty-four thousand dollars; to the Public Safety Fund, over eleven thousand dollars; to the Knights of Columbus Fund, twenty-three-thousand, seven hundred dollars; and for Thrift Stamps, one million. Parades, rallies, mass meetings featured the drives for the different funds. Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker came in 1917, when the second Liberty Loan drive was launched, and reviewed one of the most spectacular parades ever seen in the city. Under the direction of Chief Marshall Henry B. Fairbanks, fully ten thousand men and women marched in a drenching rain, carrying out the pre-arranged schedule and demonstrating the sturdiness of civilian spirit in time of stress. Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, was guest of honor in 1918.

The relief and joy of the armistice in November, 1918, was tempered by the influenza epidemic which had ravaged the city for weeks, since early September, and which took a toll of four hundred and thirty four lives. The Board of Health took immediate steps to cope with the situation, and the whole community, individuals and organizations alike, cooperated to the fullest extent. Mr. W. L. Shaw was appointed Director of Public Health, and the

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most stringent rules were put into effect governing stores, restaurants, bowling alleys and all gathering places, while schools were closed and even inter-family visiting was prohibited. The Notre Dame Emergency Hospital was rapidly filled to overflowing; the Knights of Columbus Club house was thrown open to receive patients as was the Cercle National headquarters in West Manchester. The Amoskeag Veterans offered the use of their armory. Volunteer nurses from the Amoskeag Company,** the McElwain Shoe Company, and the F. M. Hoyt Shoe Company, were placed at the disposal of the Board of Health. The first two above industries provided quantities of food for afflicted families. The Amoskeag donated a thousand yards of cotton flannel for emergency use, and scores of people loaned their private cars for transportation of doctors and nurses as well as for conveyance of patients to hospitals. The situation, tragic as it was, afforded another striking example of a community welded into a unit in a crisis.

The epidemic waned, the war ended, and Manchester sought to recover her balance in a

** The Amoskeag Company had for some time maintained a corps of six nurses under the supervision of Miss Mary Stearns, R.N.

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still-reeling world. She had risen to the challenge of the hour. On the wire-strewn fields of Europe, on the mine-strewn seas, her men had done their part. In uniform and on the home-front, her women had done their part. Her industries had done their part, furnishing power that a world in turmoil might continue to be served.

And who shall say that the very rhythm of the river did not reach to the farthest corner of the war-torn globe? For it was Zo Elliot, a Manchester man, who composed the melody for the famous "*Long, Long Trail*", written by Stoddard King, a melody that caught the ear with its lilting music and touched the heart with its wistfulness—a melody that was sung up and down the long, long trails of Europe by dough-boys and distinguished "brass hats" alike. Schuman Heink sang it, and Caruso and Alma Gluck and John McCormack. And when the British monarch, King George V, heard it in London, he rose and remained standing till the last note died away: royalty, symbol of pomp and power, humble in the presence of a song.

One would not presume to trace the sources of immortal music. But Zo Elliot was born and bred in Manchester-on-the-Merrimack.

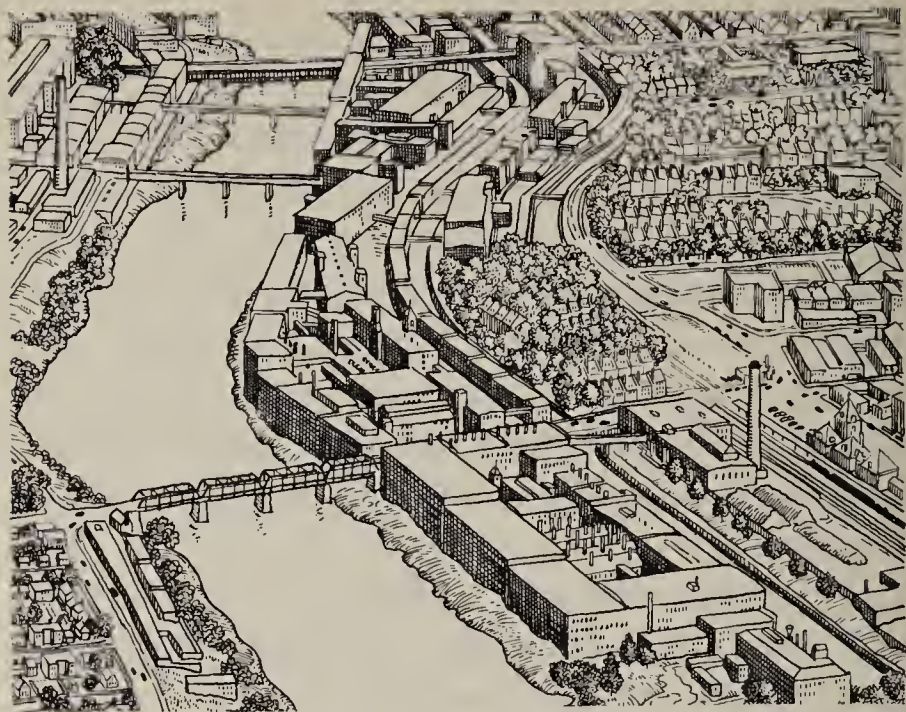
In the turn of the century, particularly after the conclusion of World War I, Manchester in

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common with the rest of the world was conscious of a weakened hold on the old patterns of living. Change was in the air. The mills felt it; the city felt it. And in the early morning hours of a quiet Sunday in August, 1920, the old Amoskeag bridge, built in 1854, slowly and without commotion or violence settled and sank into the river. No one saw it fall, and so quietly was the disintegration accomplished that only one person in the sleeping city was aroused.

Yesterday was over and done with. Perhaps it was fitting that the old bridge should make the gesture of final relinquishment.





AMOSKEAG MANUFACTURING COMPANY

The City That Would Not Die

It is an indisputable fact that never since the founding of old Derryfield and the turbulent town meetings of the early days, was the destiny of the community so menaced as during the 1930's. Never was there so much apprehension and uncertainty in the question, "Whither our city?" For only by a virtual miracle in 1936 did Manchester-on-the-Merrimack escape the fate of becoming a veritable ghost-city. The old Amoskeag, that institution by which the community had lived and

The City That Would Not Die

had its being, was at the point of death, stricken with a complication of ailments, some of them readily diagnosed, others more obscure.

In order to understand and evaluate the origin of this critical situation, it is necessary to make a brief excursion into the period antedating the 30's, to follow the corporation through its period of phenomenal prosperity, and then to note the subtle workings of the forces that all but accomplished its complete extinction.

It was in 1878 that Ezekiel Straw retired from the position of agent of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, to be followed for a brief period by Judge Daniel Clark and Colonel Thomas L. Livermore. Seven years later, in 1885, Ezekiel Straw's son, Herman F. Straw, succeeded to his father's post, to guide the affairs of the great plant and to see his efforts rewarded by an extent of growth and expansion far exceeding Samuel Blodget's exultant vision. The year 1885 was in more respects than one significant in the Company's history. Herman Straw himself, reviewing the scene in 1920, had this to say: "The decision of the late T. Jefferson Coolidge in 1885 to build the Jefferson Mill was, in my opinion, the turning point in the history of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. The early 80's

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was a critical time in the history of the company in that there was serious talk of the manufacturing business leaving this section for the south. Mr. Coolidge met the situation squarely by building the Jefferson Mill. Had T. Jefferson Coolidge decided not to build the Jefferson Mill in 1885, the Amoskeag plant might not have been very much larger today than it was thirty-five years ago."

In other words, the Amoskeag got under way in 1885 with the full-speed-ahead signal. Those were rich years. The hand of "H. F." on the helm was a skilled one, deft in avoiding dangerous rocks and reefs. Labor troubles were practically unheard of under his management, and he was known in mill manufacturing circles as the ablest cotton mill manufacturer of his day. His was the leading role, but he was ably supported by men, experts in their field, whose contributions were inestimably valuable. There was Captain Charles H. Manning, superintendent of the power department of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company from 1882 until 1913. His attainments were widely recognized in the scientific world but his service and activities were not limited to the mills. For twenty-eight years he was a member of the Board of Water Commissioners, serving much of that period as its president, and for eighteen

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years he was a member of the school board. There was also Perry H. Dow of the Land and Water Department, under whose supervision the Amoskeag dam was constructed and other important projects initiated and completed. And there was a host of executives, overseers and employees of all ranks, loyal to the company as one is loyal to a friend, by whom "the Amoskeag" was imbued with personality. Fifty years, even sixty years, were not unknown spans of tenure in posts of greater or lesser responsibility, and the lives of individuals built themselves into the mills with pride in the process and with a sense of vital affiliation with a great and growing enterprise.

In 1917, Herman F. Straw resigned his position as Agent, and was succeeded by his son, William Parker Straw, who, upon assuming these responsibilities, was the third member of the family to hold the position in three successive generations. Since 1905 he had been Superintendent, following Harry E. Parker, and his active connection with the company dated from 1899, immediately upon his graduation from Harvard. He resigned his post in 1929, and was succeeded by Arthur O. Roberts.

After his resignation, Herman F. Straw continued his activities with the company until the very day of his death in July, 1929. He

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maintained an office at the plant and gave the best of his mature wisdom and ripened judgment to the corporation into which he and his father had built their very lives. Indeed the Straw name and Amoskeag had come to be synonymous and almost interchangeable. And today when the old mills are in the hands of diversified industries, it is significant that the two banks bearing the honored old name, Amoskeag, are under the direction of two of Herman Straw's sons, William Parker Straw as president of the Amoskeag Savings Bank, and H. Ellis Straw as president of the Amoskeag National.

It is of interest to note that in the period between 1841 and 1936, almost a full century, only four men occupied the position of paymaster. The first was Charles Richardson, whose service covered the years 1841 to 1854. He was followed by his nephew, Charles L. Richardson, who served from 1854 to 1899. John W. Rowley held the position from 1899 to 1918, when Fred M. Caswell was appointed to the post. Mr. Caswell's association with Amoskeag—he is now with Amoskeag Industries—covers over half a century. He is the third generation in his family to be identified with the company. His son also was employed for fourteen years in the Amoskeag office.

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Down through the years a host of able and devoted men have served as executives in the mills. Many of them contributed generously not only to the development of the industries but also to the civic, social and religious life of the community. Among them were:

Samuel Blodget Kidder, Superintendent of Locks and Canals.

Robert Read, Superintendent of Land and Water Department.

David A. Bunton, Builder of the first stone dam at the Falls.

Horace P. Simpson, Superintendent of Jefferson Mill.

William A. Burke, Superintendent of Machine Shop.

Oliver W. Bayley, Superintendent of Machine Shop.

Marcellus Gould, Superintendent of Carding.

Cyrus W. Baldwin (inventor of the seamless bag), Agent of Amoskeag Machine Shop.

William G. Perry, early Manufacturing Superintendent.

Benjamin Wiesner, Head Designer.

Marshall P. Hall, Assistant Paymaster.

Henry L. Bailey, Superintendent of Jefferson Mill.

Henry A. Farrington, Superintendent of Cloth Finishing.

Israel Dow, Superintendent of Land and Water Department.

Freeman Higgins, Master Mechanic.

Edwin H. Hobbs, Superintendent of Land and Water Department.

Elliot C. Lambert, Superintendent of Cotton Manufacturing.

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A. H. Sanborn, Chief Draughtsman.

William K. Robbins, Superintendent of Dyeing.

Frank L. Clarke, Chief Electrical Engineer.

Albert Merrill, Superintendent of Electrical Department.

Later successors to these earlier executives included:

John C. Marshall, Superintendent of Worsted Department.

Ralph S. Nelson, Superintendent of Finishing Department.

Walter G. Diman, Superintendent of Steam Power.

Albert W. Thompson, Superintendent of Mechanical Department.

Herman E. Thompson, Superintendent of Mechanical Department.

William C. Swallow, Manager of Employment Department.

Howard I. Russell, Superintendent of Cotton Carding.

Winthrop Parker, Superintendent of Cotton Spinning.

Manley H. Varney, Superintendent of Cotton Finishing Department.

C. Fred Broughton, Superintendent of Weaving.

Forrester E. Jewett, Superintendent of Dressing.

Charles M. Baker, Superintendent of Weaving.

Henry W. Wheeler, Jr., Superintendent of Worsted Department.

Howard D. Corkum, Superintendent of Dyeing.

Alfred H. Vose, Head of Engineering Department.

Ernest W. Johnson, Superintendent of Cotton Manufacturing.

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In 1911, the Amoskeag Textile Club was founded, "one of the strongest and clearest exponents of its class to be found in the country", to quote from the historian Waldo Browne's description. One of the avowed objects of the club was to advance the acquaintanceship of the employees of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, and well did it serve its purpose over a period of many years. William Parker Straw, later to succeed his father as Agent of the mills, was the first president, with the following Board of Directors: Finance, Charles E. Chapman; Athletic, Charles F. Broughton; Lands and Buildings, Perry H. Dow; Membership, Herbert E. Richardson; Entertainment, Fred M. Caswell; Gun Club, Winthrop Parker; Agricultural, Frank R. Vose; Educational and Welfare Work, William K. Robbins; Ways and Means, Frank W. Garland; Music, Frank L. McBride; Boy Scouts, Frank L. Clarke. One of the outstanding projects of the club was the publication of the semi-monthly magazine, *The Amoskeag Bulletin*, of which William B. McKay was the first editor, assisted by Manley H. Varney as associate editor, and later by Fred W. Lamb. Even more important as an asset to the city was the development of Textile Field by the remodeling of Varick Park. On September 8, 1913, the new grounds were dedicated

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with a suitable program of entertainment under the leadership of Perry H. Dow, Manley H. Varney and Fred M. Caswell serving as committee of arrangements. A baseball game between the Boston Red Sox and a team from the community's Manufacturers' League was the outstanding feature of the program. It is said that fifteen thousand people were in attendance in the course of the day.

Another offshoot of the Textile Club was the Textile School, designed to promote efficiency among the employees and to remove the stigma of drudgery from the processes of their work. The Amoskeag Women's Textile Club was organized in 1913.

The Textile Club and its various offshoots were major indications of the general condition of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company during these early years of the century. A mere glance at the records furnishes additional proofs of the prosperity and the increasing reach of the industry during this period. At the annual meeting in October of 1917 there was the gratifying report of a profit of one million three hundred and thirty three thousand, six hundred and nine dollars. On December 5, of that year the Company purchased from the American Locomotive Company the buildings and real estate of the old

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Locomotive Works. In 1919, the profits had jumped to nearly eight million dollars. In 1920 the stockholders voted to declare a hundred per cent dividend.

This was the year also of the construction of the dam and power house at Amoskeag Falls, whereby all the power of the river was made available, providing from four to five thousand more horse power units than had been used previously. At least four hundred men were employed on this project which was completed at a cost exceeding five hundred thousand dollars. The complete motorization of all the company trucks and the retirement of the last horse in the yard followed in 1921. The first motor trucks had been purchased in 1907.

Permanent prosperity seemed to be established. And yet there was the far-off, menacing rumble of thunder. On December 6, 1920, the Company posted ominous notices. For the following two weeks the mills would run on a three-day schedule, and after that there would be a complete closing for two weeks. Upon reopening, it was announced, they would operate on a three-day a week schedule, with a twenty-two-and-a-half-per cent reduction in wages.

February, 1922, brought on even more drastic announcement: twenty per cent re-

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duction in the rate of payment for all hour and piece work, and increased working hours from forty-eight to fifty-four weekly.

The reaction was immediate. The officials of the United Textile Workers of America, of which nearly all the local operatives were members, authorized a strike vote. Twelve thousand and thirty-two signified their decision to reject the cut, and one hundred and eighteen voted to accept.

The great strike was on.

Mass-meetings, picketing, parades, campaigning and tag days to obtain funds for food and clothing for the unemployed, suppressed or open excitement—all this was part of the picture. Doubt, uncertainty and apprehension were in the air, with the bitterness of man pitted against his brother. Only the river serenely pursued its unchanging course, flowing on past the great masses of brick within which the silenced machinery and the absence of all normal activity were somehow terrible and menacing. The Manchester municipal government appointed a special committee to investigate the situation in the hope of bettering it. Chief-of-Police Michael J. Healy summoned Vice-president Starr of the Textile Workers and Denis M. Fleming to head-

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quarters and laid upon them responsibility for the preservation of law and order. The Governor and Council in Concord took the strike under advisement. The services of the State Labor Department were sought. On June 5, the sound of looms operating in the Coolidge Mill created the assumption that activities were being resumed. But twelve thousand men and women, strongly organized and thoroughly convinced of the justice of their rebellion, were not to be diverted from their purpose by any appearances of a "return to normalcy". There were prompt reprisals and the immediate disorder at the mill gates resulted in the arrest of several strikers and an injunction to restrain any further interference with the rights of any individual who wished to work.

For nine months, the strike dragged on, piling up losses and dislocations from which the Amoskeag was never to recover and which contributed directly, though by delayed action, to its eventual downfall. Finally, on November 15, 1922, seventy-five per cent of the operatives voted to terminate the strike by accepting the terms of the company. Once again the hum of spindles and the whirr of machinery gladdened the hearts of those who had begun to see the handwriting on the wall.

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The strike was over. The retroactive effects were not immediately apparent and though there was undoubtedly an awareness of the fundamental incompleteness of recovery, it was submerged under a courageous optimism. Progress and expansion characterized the following decade up to the fateful December 24, 1935.

It is well to pause and mention briefly some of the more important enterprises brought to completion in these years that immediately preceded action in the bankruptcy court. They contributed to the picture so nearly blotted out in 1936.

The new Queen City Bridge in the southern part of the city was completed and dedicated in 1923. The Manchester Water Works, under the managership of Percy Shaw, superintendent, accomplished an outstanding health-measure by diverting the waters of several brooks, open to pollution, away from Lake Massabesic, source of the community's water supply. Five years later the city's drinking water was further protected by the installation of a chlorination plant. Two new high school buildings were completed in 1922, the Practical Arts and the West Side High School. A Boys' Club camp was established in Bedford, the site being the

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gift of Dr. George Foster. The new Manchester Country Club house, located just beyond the town line in Bedford, was dedicated in October 1923. In 1924 the new and modern Carpenter Hotel, equipped with two hundred rooms, each provided with a bath, was opened. Two years later the old Manchester House, formerly Shepherd's Inn, was sold to Thomas R. Varick and renamed the Rice-Varick Hotel.

In 1927 a zoning ordinance was passed by which definite restrictions were placed upon the type and size of buildings to be permitted in the various districts. The summer of that year saw the opening of the new Public Service Company building at the corner of Elm and Lowell Streets, and at about the same time a city traffic signal system was installed and operated by this company at the instigation of the city government. In August the first steps were taken toward the construction of an aviation field, the city government authorizing a loan of fifteen thousand dollars. In June of 1928 the city authorized a bond issue of thirty-four-thousand-five hundred dollars for the erection of a memorial to the men who lost their lives in World War I. The design submitted by Lucien Gosselin, a local sculptor was

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adopted, and ground was broken on Victory Park in November in preparation for the work. This tribute to the heroes of the recent war seemed to demand a similar token of recognition of the sacrifices made by Manchester lads in the Spanish War. In pursuance of this obligation, forty-three hundred dollars was appropriated by the city and a statue was erected in Hanover Common (now Bronstein Park) and dedicated on July 4, 1929. The year 1931 brought the organization of the Council of Social Agencies, a merging of various charitable groups, resulting in greater working efficiency. In June of that year the Federal Radio Commission granted to the Hotel Carpenter the right to establish a radio station. This was the beginning of W. F. E. A., which was opened in March 1932.* The Christina Parker Wing—a memorial to Mrs. Walter H. Parker—was added to the Elliot Hospital, in April 1933, to house the maternity department. On May 12 of that year, the new Masonic Temple on Elm Street was dedicated with suitable exercises. Allan M. Wilson, Grand Master, delivered the oration.

* Manchester has now two additional radio stations, WMUR and WKBR.

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Expansion, improvement, progress. New buildings, enlargement and modernization of the old, increased educational facilities, an air-field, airmail service, a radio station, two new bank buildings. Viewed superficially, the picture of Manchester as it proceeded along the third decade of the new century was a happy one. But there were undercurrents. Things were not well with the old Amoskeag, and as we have seen, Amoskeag was the pulse of Manchester. In 1932, the Company operated at a net loss of one-million-two-hundred-thousand dollars. The year 1933 brought a strike accompanied by such disorder that Mayor Damase Caron requested military protection for mill property. From then on there were intermittent closings not all due to local conditions. Northern textile concerns were, all of them, conscious of the threat of southern competition. The years 1933 and 1934 saw much unemployment and privation in Manchester, and although the situation was duplicated elsewhere, it must be acknowledged that by late summer and early autumn in 1935 the local mills were definitely and undeniably "in a bad way".

As if an industrial crisis were not enough, the spring of 1936 brought a flood that exceeded all records in amount of damage to property and general dislocation. The river, close

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to the heart of the city, turned upon it and gave rein to one of its most violent moods of demoniac fury. It was as if it were registering a protest at the man-made conditions along its banks. Breaking all bounds and precedents, it developed into a raging torrent, rioting through the empty mill yards, flooding basements, first floors, even second story tiers; burying machinery under tons of mud and silt, robbing hundreds of their homes, creating havoc with the water supply, the lighting and telephone systems, and producing throughout the community a major emergency. All industry was at a standstill, all normal activities interrupted.

But the city rose to the crisis. The Red Cross, the American Legion, the Manchester Police Force, the Board of Health, aided by ready volunteers, all functioned with commendable efficiency. Churches and club houses were opened to refugees; food and clothing were provided by relief agencies and by individuals; Station W.F. E.A. did notable service in preventing isolation of one section of the city from another. Over two hundred guardsmen of the National Guard were called into action to protect property in the flooded areas and to prevent possible looting. Five hundred men toiled for forty-eight

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hours at the Amoskeag gate house to hold off the destruction that threatened to engulf the plant, using fifty thousand sand bags to form the emergency dam that held the raging waters. McGregor Bridge went down; the Boston and Maine railroad tracks above the falls were submerged under five feet of water; two huge oil tanks, each with a capacity of five million gallons, but fortunately empty, were swept from their foundations on the island below the falls, and crashed against the span of Granite Bridge; the North Weare railroad bridge crumpled under the impact of huge ice cakes and swept downstream. Private property loss in the community was estimated as one hundred and seventy nine thousand, nine hundred and fifty-eight dollars, while the city suffered losses totaling well over a million. Damage to the Amoskeag was estimated at two million, five hundred thousand dollars. To mills and municipality alike the flood dealt a staggering blow.

The raging power of a river, unharnessed, is an appalling thing. Frederick W. Branch, a Manchester lawyer who pursues his avocation of writing verse with outstanding success, provides in his poem "Floodtime" a rare word-picture applicable to Manchester in 1936:

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FLOODTIME

They dammed my falls and rapids for shuttle, loom
and wheel;
Their bridges leaped across me on arch and truss
of steel;
Through penstock, gate and spillway my captive
waters ran,
And I flowed, a sullen servant, to the works and
wants of Man.

They knew my former greatness, in my terraced
banks they read
The height of my ancient waters and the breadth
of my olden bed;
But they thought that I'd forgotten those Springs
when I used to go
Mad with the melt of the ice-cap and its age-old
drifts of snow.

They thought that I'd forgotten, when I could have
told them tales
Of ponds on the distant meadows and lakes on the
intervalles,
And silver salmon schooling on the level, yellow sand
Of my quiet, sunlit shallows, where their noisy cities
stand.

Under the snug, ice blanket I had spread across
my bed,
I drowsed and dreamed while Winter stamped and
shouted overhead;
And all along my valley tall, white drifts grew
taller still,
Mocking the noonday sunshine from the lee of each
windy hill.

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Then I was roused from my dreaming by the beat
of the warm Spring rain,
The sound of running water was sweet in my ears
again,
And the days that I'd not forgotten came flooding
back to me,
When I was a broad, young river, headstrong,
untamed and free.

I broke the ice above me, I rose in my narrow bed
Till over the sodden lowlands my creeping waters
spread.
Then, as I swelled and deepened to the rain and
melting snow,
I raised a roaring chantey of the days of long ago.

I called to the waking rivers, to the brooks and the
farthest rills
To pour their icy waters down from the frozen hills
As they did in those first, wild Springtimes when
the Sun had set them free,
And down the track of the glacier I rolled to a fog-
bound sea.

They joined in my hymn of floodtime, they echoed
my glad commands,
Rushing to meet me, bringing the loot of their busy
hands:
Bridges and dams and houses, soil of a thousand
farms:
Racing their plundered trophies down to my waiting
arms.

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I swallowed the busy highways, I gnawed at the
stubborn piers,
I snatched away the bridges that had tricked me
through the years,
And the lights went out behind me as my full-flood
strength arose
To still the hateful humming of the busy dynamos.

I covered my ancient shallows; I filled my lakes again;
I trooped through the streets of cities to shout at the
doors of men:
The same, mad, muddy monster I was when the
glaciers died,
Rioting down to the Ocean, Lord of the countryside.

Hardly had the torrent subsided before recruits were at work under the Works Progress Administration, cleaning up the debris which was especially a menace on the west side of the river. The Manchester Building Department and the Board of Health cooperated in condemning houses rendered unfit for occupancy and in recommending suitable alterations. In a relatively brief time normal conditions were restored.

To return to the financial crisis confronting the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company: ironically, on the very day before Christmas, 1935, the corporation filed a petition in the United States Court in Boston to reorganize its finan-

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cial structure, under the 77B clause of the bankruptcy act.

The blow had fallen.

In order fully to understand the situation in the corporation and in the city, it is necessary to review briefly the developments since December, 1932. Under the date of December 23 of that year, the holders of the Amoskeag twenty-year six per cent Gold Bonds were circularized through a statement, signed by every member of the board of trustees. This statement called attention to certain facts relating to the financial condition of the company and emphasized the difficulty of continuing the payment of bond interest. It also contained the suggestion that it would be to the advantage of the bond-holders to adopt some plan tending to increase the security of their principal and that it would be to the advantage of the company to be relieved of the necessity of diminishing its quick assets further by the payment of fixed interest charges. These two purposes might be accomplished by the conversion of the bonds into preferred shares entitled to non-cumulative dividends at the rate of seven per cent per annum. It was further suggested, as an alternative to the conversion of bonds into an equal amount of preferred shares, that a fair solution of the prob-

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lem would be to give the bondholders the privilege of surrendering their bonds and accepting thirty-five per cent of the face value in cash and fifty per cent in preferred shares of the character outlined above. Each bondholder was requested to indicate his preference concerning these suggestions.

Developments between the issuing of this circular in December, 1932, and the date of February 11, 1933, brought the following letter:

Boston, February 11, 1933.

To the bondholders of the
Amoskeag Manufacturing Company:

Very few bond holders have shown any interest in the suggestion made by the circular dated December 23, 1932, that it would be for their interest, as well as that of the company, to surrender their bonds in exchange for preferred shares, or for cash and preferred shares. The trustees have therefore come reluctantly to the conclusion that it would be inadvisable to pursue the matter further. The circular above mentioned is hereby withdrawn.

By order of the trustees----

The wheels of doom continued to grind on, and as has been indicated, the blow fell on December 24, 1935. On January 20, 1936, the United States District Court issued an order requiring the Amoskeag Company to submit

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its plan for reorganization not later than March of that year. In compliance with this order, a proposed plan was filed by the management of the company for the consideration of the Court. This plan was approved by the Bondholders Protective Committee which had been organized to protect the interests of the bondholders.

Under the major provisions of this plan, the holders of the bonds were offered a choice of (a) one share of preferred stock and fifteen shares of common stock, or (b) fifty dollars in cash and one half of one share of second preferred stock, for each one hundred dollar principal amount of bonds surrendered. The holders of first preferred stock would be entitled to receive non-cumulative preferential dividends at the rate of five per cent per annum before dividends would be paid on junior stock. The holders of second preferred stock would be entitled to non-cumulative preferential dividends at the rate of four per cent per annum, such dividends to be paid in any year before any dividends were paid on the common stock.

On March 9, 1936, the bondholders also received a copy of a letter sent to the chairman of the Bondholders' Protective Committee, signed by F. C. Dumaine, Treasurer of the

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Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. In this letter Mr. Dumaine expressed the opinion that if certain conditions desired by the management and outlined in this communication could be met and the plan of reorganization approved, a reasonable chance of successful operation of the plant would exist and reopening of the mills would be justified. On April 27, 1936, the Court referred the Proposed Plan of Reorganization to Arthur Black as Special Master, "for consideration and report on the fairness and feasibility of the plan and the objections filed thereto."

The first formal hearing was held on June 10, and at this time the management withdrew the plan which had been submitted on March 9, on the ground that it was no longer feasible. Two reasons for this withdrawal were indicated: first, the large vote for Option B, which would reduce the working capital by more than two million, three hundred thousand dollars; and second, the unexpected expenditures made necessary by the flood of March 19. This action left the whole problem in a state of uncertainty and set the stage for the final curtain in the tragic drama being enacted. On July 9, 1936, the report of Special Master Black was made public. Most of the facts herein quoted are gathered from this report

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which concluded with the following words: "For more than twelve years losses in the industry have far exceeded the gains. In spite of drastic liquidation we still have at least twenty-five per cent more spindles than the market warrants. No man has the temerity to say when an improvement will come or how far it will go. In my judgment reorganization is impossible. That being so, I believe it is kindest to all concerned to say so at once. I therefore recommend that liquidation be started at once, and that all salaries now being paid, or expenses incurred on the chance of reopening, be stopped at once. There should be no further expense, except for the preservation of the property."

This pronouncement was followed by an order of liquidation from Federal Judge George C. Sweeney, and on August 8 announcement was made by Samuel T. Freeman and Company, Auctioneers, that the Amoskeag plant, including all real estate and equipment, would be sold at auction at an early date. Attorney Black appointed Frederick C. Dumaine, Joseph P. Carney and William Parker Straw as the three liquidating trustees. Joseph O. Tremblay, Thomas S. Prendergast and Arthur N. Sheldon were appointed to appraise mills, machinery, tenements and all other real estate. The value

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of the Corporation was placed at approximately five million dollars.

The possibilities, indeed the probabilities, inherent in the situation during that summer of 1936 were appalling. The humiliation of the auction block for the proud old corporation was unthinkable in the minds of those whose lives, like the very life of the city, were identified with it. And what of its destiny thereafter? There was every prospect that many of the sturdy old structures would be demolished, the very bricks that formed them scattered, and that those remaining would be reduced to empty shells and left to crumble into decaying wrecks. Then—whither our city? The men of Manchester caught visions of catastrophe; they foresaw the very spirit of ruin creeping, like a menacing fog, up over the hill from those dismal relics, enveloping the busy activity of Elm Street, shrouding the tall tiers of the new Amoskeag Bank building, the new Merchants' Bank building, spreading its ghostly fingers out in all directions and settling like a deadly pall over the stricken city.

And the men of Manchester would not have it so. They were aware of the glory and the obligation of proud heritage. Stark, Blodget, Straw, Blood, Bean: there were names to conjure with. They had builded well, watching

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that no weakness be allowed in the laying of those old foundations. And the vigor of their spirit animated these descendants, challenged with the task of guarding the superstructure and of saving it from complete annihilation.

The events of that autumn in Manchester attracted attention far and wide, as the story of the city that would not die spread out beyond the boundaries of New England and was recounted all over the country. It was a story of faith and a story of courage. When, in this materialistic age, a group of men, trained in the hard school of modern business and familiar with the uncompromising pattern of modern commerce, unhesitatingly offer their time and their money, their energy and their thought to save a city, there is drama in the performance. They were aware of the hazards of the situation, these men who undertook the venture; they faced the risks to their capital and visualized the sacrifices of convenience and leisure the pursuit of their purpose would demand. But they did not flinch.

And so, the Amoskeag Industries of Manchester was launched, buying out the old Amoskeag Manufacturing Company which, by court order, must be sold. Instead of the degradation of the auction block a more orderly procedure by private sale was planned

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by which the entire plant, machinery, equipment, tenement houses—all the physical assets in the company were purchased by this group of loyal citizens. Even after the auctioneers were on the premises, affixing price tags to furnishings and equipment, these men marshalled their forces and advanced their plan with incredible swiftness. The property had been appraised at five million dollars. The Public Service Company of New Hampshire bought the hydro-electric plant at Amoskeag Falls for two million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Five hundred thousand dollars, paid immediately to bind the bargain and forestall the auctioneer, was raised "right on Elm Street". The five Manchester savings banks loaned three million dollars, and it was assured that the outlying property scattered here and there within city limits could be disposed of advantageously enough to take care of the greater part of the remainder.

October 13, 1936, was the date of the incorporation of the Amoskeag Industries, and the following officers took over the task of guiding its destinies: Arthur E. Moreau, President; Frank P. Carpenter, Vice-President; Harry L. Davis, Treasurer; John R. McLane, Clerk. The directors were Harry L. Additon, Norwin S. Bean, Frank P. Carpenter, Marston

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Heard, Harry C. Jones, Arthur E. Moreau, and Willard D. Rand.

The significance of that story of vigorous resourcefulness and faith is a living thing today, not only on the banks of the Merrimack by Amoskeag Falls, but throughout the country. Here is democracy in action. Here is the record of a plant including seventy-five factory buildings lining the river for a distance of well over two miles and employing some sixteen thousand operatives, being faced with catastrophe and being saved, not by marches on Washington begging favors, not by appointing committees to study the situation, not by burdening a municipal government with a long-term debt; but by honest, straight-forward, unselfish action.

And so from far and wide reputable concerns were encouraged to bring their projects to Manchester, to build their hopes and stake their belief in Manchester. And Amoskeag Diversified Industries became a reality. Today there are one hundred and twenty business enterprises occupying space in the old mill buildings and providing employment for twelve-thousand-five-hundred individuals, many of whom otherwise would have joined the ranks of the uprooted, those whose livelihood through no fault of their own has become a

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precarious and uncertain thing. The adjective "diversified" applies not only to the different forms of industry busily turning out needed products, but also to the activities of the group of men who direct Amoskeag Industries in this year of 1948. Following is a list of officers and directors:

Arthur E. Moreau, President
Arthur O. Roberts, Vice-President
William Parker Straw, Agent
Willard D. Rand, Treasurer
Fred M. Caswell, Assistant-Treasurer
John R. McLane, Clerk

Directors

Harry L. Additon*	Arthur E. Moreau
Norwin S. Bean	Albert J. Precourt
Aretas B. Carpenter	Willard D. Rand
Joseph W. Epply	James D. Smart
Arthur L. Franks	Avery R. Schiller
Marston Heard	Harry M. Bickford
Edmund F. Jewell	Joseph H. Geisel
Harry C. Jones	

* Deceased.

Thus capital from diversified sources has made possible the importation of skills and purposes and capabilities equally diversified,

The City That Would Not Die

and the hum of resumed activity up and down the river after the dark years that threatened desolation is a goodly thing. In a world disorganized by upheavals and dislocations of overwhelming proportions, Amoskeag still carries on, and Manchester-On-the-Merrimack is a vigorous and living city.



Today

On May 29, 1940, the Manchester Electric Street Railway functioned for the last time, when one lone car made the farewell run from the car barn on Depot Street to the northern terminus on Elm Street, carrying some officials of the company and invited guests. Already, on May 26, the present system of bus transportation operated by the Public Service Company of New Hampshire, had been initiated, beginning with a fleet of eighteen busses as equipment. 1940, 1895, 1877: significant dates marking retrospectively the milestones of progress in street transportation, the bus, the trolley car, the horse car. Back of the horse car was the democrat wagon and the pung sleigh, in the days when only the venturesome journeyed to Boston or Portsmouth by stage coach.

And when the streamlined busses are outmoded, what next?

What next? The inevitable question concerning not only transit, but relating to all the varied factors in community life, so infinitely multiplied and complicated since the clattering horse cars conveyed one, so the signs read, to Depot, Elm Street, Squog and Hotels.

Today

"Depot, Elm Street, Squog and Hotels" were safe and predictable destinations in a small inland city in the then more or less isolated New England. Today airplanes whir and whine above the Merrimack. Air travel is part of the familiar pattern, Grenier Field is part of the city, having functioned first as the setting for a Civilian Pilot Training program, and then, after 1940, as one of the outstanding Air Corps Bases in the country, with activities involving well over two thousand officers and enlisted men at one time plus a large corps of civilian employees. Huge fleets of planes, flying in formation for practice or taking off for undisclosed destinations were commonplaces during the war years, and Manchester's widened reach symbolized by the flights of these "birdmen" to the farthest corners of the globe is projected into these uneasy days of the peace.

By this "widened reach", Manchester has its fingers on the pulse of America and the world, politically, economically, culturally. The touch is close and personal. The war years called Frank Knox from his desk as editor of the Manchester Union-Leader into the very forefront of world turmoil as Secretary of the Navy, demanding his time, his strength and finally his very life. It found native born John

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L. Sullivan already in Washington as Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, later assuming the burdens of Assistant-Secretary of the Navy. Today he is Secretary of the Navy in the newly-formed Department of Defense. The same crisis found James F. O'Neil given leave of absence from his duties as chief of police and sent him as a special naval assistant to strategic points in the far islands of the Pacific. The national scene has continued to be the background for Chief O'Neil. As Commander of the American Legion he has travelled from one boundary of the country to the other, addressing millions of Americans in the course of some two thousand speeches within one year. World War II contributed more than twelve thousand Manchester men and women to the armed services, and of this number, three hundred and forty nine gave their lives. The far-flung outposts of the world have become familiar ground to the followers of John Stark's little band of soldiers for whom the rail fence at Bunker Hill seemed built on foreign territory and the road to Bennington a long trail. No longer is Manchester-on-the-Merrimack an insular community.

Over the horizon looms tomorrow, and the little community once known as Derryfield is part of the great and growing democracy, America, with its unpredictable possibilities,

Today

part also of the overwhelming changed new world for which strife must spell destruction, and the only hope of which is spiritual wisdom to govern the terrifyingly increased material power. Reference has been made, in an earlier chapter, to the very noticeable "parallel developments" in the unfolding of Manchester's history: the concern of the founders not only for factories and business blocks but also for the intangible forces that give lasting value to any life, be it that of an individual, a city, a nation or the world. The heritage is a proud one, and the community has all the equipment for the unfolding of a rich promise.

Imagine, for a moment, a visitor from some distant city making a brief but carefully conducted tour of inspection around Manchester-on-the-Merrimack, a visitor anxious to carry away with him some distinct impressions, some interpretations, that may provide him with a sense of the sweep of history as applied to our community—a sense of the continuity of time. In the course of the tour one would bid him to pause, first at one particular point on North Main Street and again on Amoskeag Bridge, where the wide beauty of the river, bounded by line upon line of mill buildings against the background of the city proper, is a sight to quicken the pulse, especially when the setting

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sun reaches over the flowing water and lights fantastic fires in a thousand windows. One would quote for him that description of this very site from the pen of an old observer—"a waste of sand surrounded by bleak forests." But here, today, is the realization of Samuel Blodget's dream, increased a thousandfold. One would take the stranger to the vantage-point of Union Street Hill or up the winding road to Derryfield Park, point out the Institute, the Currier Gallery, the Carpenter Library, the Historic Building, show him the panorama of homes and churches and schools, abiding places and symbols of the less tangible but equally powerful values that have grown even as the mills have grown. Cyrus Wallace, William Jewett Tucker, Father McDonald, Bishop Bradley, John Rand—a long line of devoted pastors and priests and teachers down through the years have built their dreams into these structures of brick and wood and stone that stand for the corresponding structures of aspiration and hope within the hearts of men.

Then the visitor would be shown the three hospitals, two on hilltops at opposite ends of the town and one in the heart of the city, where the men of science carry on their ministrations of restoration and healing, following the pattern of devotion to a high calling wrought by

Today

their predecessors who jogged over the rutted roads in a Goddard buggy or carried their pills and pellets in saddle bags. The tour would take the visitor to Stark Park where a granite shaft marks the resting place of Derryfield's Revolutionary general. An equestrian statue is about to be dedicated, further honoring John Stark who served so conspicuously in the struggle that saved a nation. Standing there by the grave of a hero and paying tribute to his service, one cannot but be aware of the contribution of the unsung multitudes who "also served", not only in battle, but in the humdrum of commonplace living. Today or yesterday, the heroes standing alone would be frail figures of futility. Going on with this thought, one would point out to Manchester's visitor, searching for impressions, the worth of the community's rank and file, in this year of 1948. There are the service clubs: the Rotary, the Kiwanis, the Lions, the Exchange, their purpose and objectives expressed in the term, service. There is the Council of Social Agencies, valuable and efficient, "because the road ahead for better social and health programs becomes clearer through joint planning and a common effort." There is the Community Chest, "a symbol of the strength of our community in building a good place to live, in caring for its

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families and children, its sick and troubled." Benefiting by these organizations are such groups as the Visiting Nurse Association, the Family Welfare Society, the Jewish Community Center, the Scouts, the Girls' Club, the Boys' Club, the summer camps.* In addition to these there are other health and character-building agencies, and there are the Women's Club, the College Women's Club, the Y.M. and the Y.W.C.A., already previously mentioned. All these organizations are pursuing the same objectives: community uplift, social betterment, reclamation, preservation of the best in individual and group life. All are exemplifying in some branch of their activities the modern approach to the old query, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The interested visitor would discover here in the city by the river, built by the faith and

* The swimming pools and recreation grounds maintained by the Parks and Playgrounds Department of the municipal government and carefully supervised by the chairman, T. Edward McIntyre and trained directors should be considered as part of the "welfare work" of the community. Included in welfare work also should be the various projects sponsored by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, organized in 1919, and composed of a group of public-spirited citizens. Edward T. McShane is the present head of this organization.

Today

the force of many yesterdays, all the materials for the rearing of an enduring structure, if only the hands of the builders are strong and sure. Dr. William Jewett Tucker, late president of Dartmouth College, in an address given here in 1896, closed with these ringing words which might be regarded as a challenge to those entrusted with the tomorrows of Manchester-on-the Merrimack: "Open your hearts more and more, I pray you, to the spiritual capacity of your city, so that its material supremacy, while thereby ennobled and ensured, may yet be overshadowed by the power of the city for righteousness."

Whither our city?

Over at the west lie the mountains, protective, reassuring in their unchanging stability—symbols of all the ageless secrets of unnumbered yesterdays. And winding through the heart of the city flows the river on its eternal quest for to-morrow. In the wordless wisdom of these, perhaps, one may seek and find the answer.

Manchester on the Merrimack

Mayors of Manchester

Year	Name	Party
1846-1847	Hiram Brown	Whig
1847-1848	Jacob F. James	Whig
1848-1849	Jacob F. James	Whig
1849-1850	Warren L. Lane	Democrat
1850-1851	Moses Fellows	
1851-1852	Moses Fellows	
1852-1853	Frederick Smyth	Whig
1853-1854	Frederick Smyth	Whig
1854-1855	Frederick Smyth	Whig
1855-1856	Theodore Abbott	
1856-1857	Theodore Abbott	
1857	Jacob F. James	Republican
1858	Alonzo F. Smith	
1859	Edward W. Harrington	Democrat
1860	Edward W. Harrington	Democrat
1861	David A. Bunton	Republican
1862	David A. Bunton	Republican
1863	Theodore Abbott	
1864	Frederick Smyth	Republican
1865	Darwin J. Daniels	Republican
1865-1866	John Hosley	Democrat
1867	Joseph B. Clark	Republican
1868	James A. Weston	Democrat
1869	Isaac W. Smith	Republican
1870	James A. Weston	Democrat
1871	James A. Weston	Democrat
1872	Person C. Cheney	Republican
1873	Charles H. Bartlett	Republican
1873	John P. Newell	Republican

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Year	Name	Party
1874-1875	James A. Weston	Democrat
1875-1876	Alpheus Gay	Democrat
1876-1877	Ira Cross	
1877-1878	Ira Cross	
1878-1879	John L. Kelley	
1879-1880	John L. Kelley	
1881-1882	Horace B. Putnam	Republican
1883-1884	Horace B. Putnam	Republican
1885-1886	George H. Stearns	Republican
1887-1888	John Hosley	Democrat
1889-1890	David B. Varney	Republican
1891-1892	Edgar J. Knowlton	Democrat
1893-1894	Edgar J. Knowlton	Democrat
1895-1896	William C. Clarke	Republican
1897-1898	William C. Clarke	Republican
1899-1900	William C. Clarke	Republican
1901-1902	William C. Clarke	Republican
1903-1904	Eugene E. Reed	Democrat
1905-1906	Eugene E. Reed	Democrat
1907-1908	Eugene E. Reed	Democrat
1909-1910	Eugene E. Reed	Democrat
1911-1912	Edward C. Smith	Republican
1913-1914	Charles C. Hayes	Democrat
1915-1916	Harry W. Spaulding	Republican
1917*	Harry W. Spaulding	Republican
1918-1919	Moise Verrette	Democrat
1920-1921	Moise Verrette	Democrat
1922-1923	George E. Trudel	Republican
1924-1925	George E. Trudel	Republican
1926-1927	Arthur E. Moreau	Republican
1928-1929	Arthur E. Moreau	Republican
1930-1931	Arthur E. Moreau	Republican
1932-1933	Dr. Damase Caron	Democrat

Manchester on the Merrimack

Year	Name	Party
1934-1935	Dr. Damase Caron	Democrat
1936-1937	Dr. Damase Caron	Democrat
1938-1939	Dr. Damase Caron	Democrat
1940-1941	Dr. Damase Caron	Democrat
1942-1943	Wilfred A. Laflamme	Republican
1944-1945	Josaphat T. Benoit	Democrat
1946-1947	Josaphat T. Benoit	Democrat
1948-1949	Josaphat T. Benoit	Democrat

* Special Election, one-year term: Separating Municipal Elections from State, County and National.

NOTE—From 1846 to 1857 the term was yearly, expiring the third Tuesday of March. From 1857, the term expired on the last day of December, until 1873, and then changed to the third Tuesday in March, up to 1880; from this year on the term of Mayor became a two-year term.

Governors from Manchester

Name	Year	Party
Frederick Smyth	1871-1872 1874-1875	Republican
James A. Weston	1865-1867	Democrat
Ezekiel A. Straw	1872-1874	Republican
Person C. Cheney	1875-1877	Republican
Moody Currier	1885-1887	Republican
Charles M. Floyd	1907-1909	Republican
Albert O. Brown	1921-1923	Republican
Charles W. Tobey	1929-1930	Republican

Governor of Massachusetts

Name	Year	Party
Channing H. Cox	1921-1924	Republican

United States Senators from Manchester

Name	Year	Party
Moses Norris Jr.	1849-1855	Democrat
Daniel Clark	1857-1866	Republican
Person C. Cheney	1886-1887	Republican
Henry E. Burnham	1901-1913	Republican

Manchester on the Merrimack

United States Representatives from Manchester

Name	Year	Party
Mace Moulton	1845-1847	
George W. Morrison	1849-1851 1853-1855	
Samuel N. Bell	1871-1873 1875-1877	
James F. Briggs	1877-1883	
Luther F. McKinney	1887-1889 1891-1893	
Cyrus A. Sulloway	1895-1913 1915-1917	Republican
Eugene E. Reed	1913-1915	Democrat
Sherman Burroughs	1919-1923	Republican
A. B. Jenks	1937-1943	Republican
Alphonse Roy	1938 (part of session)	Democrat

Members of President's Cabinet from Manchester

Zachariah Chandler	Secretary of Interior under Grant	Republican
Col. Frank Knox	Secretary of Navy under Franklin Roosevelt	Republican
John L. Sullivan	Secretary of Navy under Truman	Democrat

Executive Assistants from Manchester

Gordon Woodbury	Assistant Secretary of Navy* under Wilson	Democrat
John L. Sullivan	Assistant Secretary of Treasury 1940-1944 Assistant Secretary of Navy for Air 1945 Undersecretary of Navy 1946-1947	Democrat

* Bedford





